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M. F. Lyon

PASSAGES

FROM

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

By SYDNEY, LADY MORGAN.

"LEST AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT."

Old Scotch Song.

NEW YORK:
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY,
346 & 348 BROADWAY.
M.DCCC.LIX.

A147/587

Bayerische
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PREFACE.

THE following pages are the simple records of a transition existence, socially enjoyed, and pleasantly and profitably occupied, during a journey of a few months from Ireland to Italy.

They were not written for the special purpose of any work, but were mere transcripts of circumstances incidental to that journey, which was delayed in its progress by all that could interest the feelings or gratify the mind. I lingered in this "path of dalliance," this "delicate plain of ease" (as dear old Bunyan calls it), with the same careless enjoyment as "Little Red Riding Hood" must have had on her way to her granddame's hut, pausing only to pick a flower here or a pebble there, insensible to the proximity of the grim wolf who was waiting to devour her. I, like Little Red Riding Hood, loitered to pick up a flower or secure a pebble that lay in my way, whilst the proximity of that grim wolf, TIME, which sooner

or later devours all things, was unheeded. But the flower gathered still retains its fragrance for me, and the pebble, like the scarabæus found among the antique rubbish of Egyptian tombs, bears the divine impress of genius.

During what was then deemed a perilous journey to Italy, I followed up my old habit of occasional diary; and one still older and dearer, a constant correspondence with my dear and only sister. These homestead letters—these rapidly-scrawled diaries, written "*à saute et à gambade*," form, I believe, the *materiel* portion of this volume. The more *spirituel* and interesting part will be found in the letters of some of the most eminent men and women of the times they illustrated by their genius, their worth, their cultivation of letters, and their love of liberty.

Egotism is the sin of autobiography, and vanity naturally takes the pen to trace its dictation. The vanity, or, to give its better name, the pride with which I give these letters to the public, with the permission of, alas! the few survivors, and the concurrence of those most interested in their posthumous reputation, is attributable to the enduring friendship and support with which the writers honoured me, foremost among whom I place General La Fayette, Baron Dénon, and Catherine, Countess of Charleville.

The genuineness of the little work lies in this irrefragable testimony of the autograph letters, from which uncopied they have been printed; amongst the rest my letters to my sister, which, frivolous and domestic as women's confidential letters generally are, convey some idea of the habits, times, and manners when they were composed. There they are! records of the passage of more years than I am willing to reveal, with their old horrible postmarks of two-and-sixpence and two-and-tenpence (which now would be a penny a head), or the franks

"By many a statesman, many a hero scrawl'd;"

and it is only due to the patience of the printers and their devils to acknowledge the difficulties they have had to overcome.

"Little do the landsmen know
What we poor seamen undergo!"

My original intention was to publish an autobiography from my starting-point on a certain Christmas Day—an anniversary I this day celebrate: but failing health and failing sight have delayed the undertaking; to assist in which, however, my late dear brother-in-law, Sir Arthur Clarke, made me the following proposition. The letter bears such an impress of genuine good-will and ambitious affection, that I may be excused for giving it here in all its original integrity,

knowing myself how warmly he championed me on to the task.

Dublin, 1854.

"My dear Sydney,

"I have made up my mind to seek for my retiring pension, and devote myself to your service. I am up to my eyes now, though they are not quite well in 'Moore's Memoirs,' in which I take great interest; but every page I read makes me wish that our own Wild Irish Girl would sit down and dictate her own memoirs, (if she cannot write them,) which nobody living but herself can do. I now offer myself for her amanuensis, when my retiring pension will enable me to withdraw from professional business. Why should you not reap the benefit of the most amusing work you ever published, and what might bring large profits, not only without working the brain for new inventions, but merely stating the old facts? Your European correspondence with many of the most celebrated characters of the age for literature and rank must be all arranged. I have no talent for writing, but I think I have an organ for condensing and arrangement. You will laugh at me, perhaps, for my vanity in thinking I could be of any use in such an undertaking; but industry and perseverance, which it is thought distinguish my habits, may assist and be useful to one of a higher order. Now I do hope, dear, to live to see

your life and memoirs published by yourself and for yourself.

"Ever yours, my dearest Sydney,

"ARTHUR CLARKE."

Alas! this hope was never realised; had it been I should have considered it as one of the greatest advantages of my literary life.* The death of this dear old friend, the increasing infirmities of my sight, and, finally, an illness all but fatal, interfered with my hope of producing a work, into the execution of which "the flattering world had talked me," as Lady Townley says of her beauty. I found for the present I was obliged to give it up, and to present to that dear public, which has ever been my best friend, a promis-

* *From a Dublin Paper.*

9th Nov. 1857.

SIR ARTHUR CLARKE, M. D.—Ireland has to lament the loss of this eminent physician and philanthropist, who died on the 10th inst., in his eighty-fourth year. He was respected and popular with all classes of all persuasions in Ireland, and had filled responsible professional positions under successive governments with deserved credit and authority. Among his good works, we may mention the foundation of a Fever Hospital, of an Establishment of Baths for Sick and Wounded Seamen, and of an Hospital for Decayed Gentility, after the plan of the French *Maisons de Santé*. Sir Arthur Clarke was married to Sydney Lady Morgan's only sister, whom he survived. It was, we believe, Lady Morgan who, in 1816, brought from Paris the plan of the *Maison de Santé* which was established in Dublin by Sir Arthur Clarke, under the highest patronage. One of the most useful and popular of Sir Arthur's medical works is his Essay "On the Exhibition of Iodine in Tubercular Consumption"—a treatise which reached ten editions. We may add that Sir Arthur Clarke had been for fifty years a respected magistrate in his native county.

sory note, in the form of an odd volume, which at some future day may drop into a more important series, where I may yet be able to wind up the confessions of "my life and errors," as the old Puritans phrased it, and obtain absolution without going into the confessional.

I cannot conclude this little appeal to the indulgence of my dear public without acknowledging the services I have derived from the younger energies and clairvoyance of Miss Geraldine Jewsbury, already known to the public by her own charming works.

Christmas Day, 1858.
11 *William Street, Albert Gate, Belgravia.*

NOTE.—I hope I may not be accused of disrespect to my readers by the careless simplicity of a style which the Prince de Ligné calls the *style parlé ;* it is the same in which I have already thrown together the pages of the "Book of the Boudoir," and the "Book without a Name," —books of whose passing success I had no reason to complain.

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DIARY

OF

LADY MORGAN.

JOURNAL.

Kildare Street, Dublin,
August, 1818.

WELL! until this blessed day we have remained uncertain and uncomfortable about our wished-for journey to Italy.

The indecision arises from feeling, prudence, and precaution. I do not like to leave my dear sister in her present delicate situation. The expense will be enormous, and the pecuniary return is uncertain, till at least we hear from Colburn, to whom we have notified our intention.

The decree against my works by the French Government still hangs *in terrorem* over me; and the attacks of Tory detractors in England—at the head of whom stands the "Quarterly"—are not encouraging. They all turn *moi*, *pauvre chétive*, into political capital in the fund of Illiberals. How-

ever, we are both inclined (our husband and ourself) to proceed on our mission of doing good by telling truth according to our impressions. I, in my little way, and my dear husband in his more competent and useful views—in the interests of humanity, or, at least, what we deem to be such.

We are deep in the lore and literature of old Italy; but we have seen no books upon it in its present state. Eustace's elegant and classical work is still the book of a churchman and Catholic partisan. We want to get at living Italy as she now is, after the passage of so many recent and important events. Still we are somewhat nervous on the subject of such a journey and such an enterprise. We want something to give us an impulse and set us free from the comforts and family intercourse of our own Irish home. It would seem as though I had the *knack* of writing what is called travels, for Colburn has brought out the third edition of "France" within the twelve months, and has accepted an Irish novel of extravaganza, which shows me that I stand well "in the market."

This day's post brings us a charming letter from General La Fayette, to cheer us on, and to assure us that if any political annoyance awaited us in Paris, he would be the last to tempt us over, as he has done by his invitation to his Château de la

Grange. He says that Lord and Lady Holland are to come to him in the course of the autumn; and they lie under the same interdiction as ourselves, which, *au reste*, he seems to consider merely a form held out to please the Ultras, who may say to me, as the man says to the intrusive old woman in the play, "Au plaisir de ne vous revoir jamais!"—also a brilliant little note from Dénon, beginning, "Venez donc, chère drôle de corps, tout le monde vous attend avec impatience, et moi avec enthousiasme comme tout mon cercle." Here is the general's letter: I pin it in, for I consider it the first page of my *compte rendu*.

I am giving my last touch to "Florence Macarthy," which I shall leave in Colburn's hands. I really think it is good fun, particularly the sketch of the "Castle Hacks;" for last night, as Morgan was strumming over his eternal Handel, and had got as far as "Angels ever bright and fair," and I was writing in a scene of my Attorney Crawley—my favourite of the whole batch of Irish originals—I laughed so heartily, that Morgan started up exclaiming, "Good heaven, Sydney! what is the matter?"

"Well," I said, "Old Crawley is so droll, that I cannot help laughing." If one could only insure equal hilarity in one's readers!

And now for packing up and packing off.

From General La Fayette to Sir Charles Morgan.

La Grange, 12th August, 1818.

THE last letter I received from you, my dear Sir Charles, informed me that five weeks after the middle of July you would be near your departure for the Continent. This good news has caused a lively satisfaction in the colony of La Grange, which you will find increased by a new little boy presented to us by my daughter-in-law, and who completes the dozen of my grandchildren. I hope that the expression, "for a short time"—the only one in your correspondence of which we can complain—will not be realized, and that you will give us a long time, which will always appear too short. You have enough to spare before you are compelled to continue your intended route to Italy. If I knew exactly the date of your arrival in Paris, I would contrive to meet you at the first moment. Write to me as soon as you are there, and let me know your travelling arrangements, reserving, we all beg of you, the longest possible period for La Grange.

It affords me much satisfaction, before your departure, to dissipate your fears respecting disturbances in France, of which the political articles in your journals have given you the idea. The papers in the interest of the two parties, Ministerial and Ultra, which dispute power with us, have excited more attention to the conspiracy in London than it

has produced in Paris. It seems quite true that the Ultras have addressed themselves this year, as in the years preceding, to foreign powers, calling for their armed intervention in favour of the prejudices and interests of an incorrigible minority. Very reprehensible conduct, no doubt, and against which the patriots have a right to throw the first stone. It appears, also, that with the same party, and in a more important proportion, I believe, than the small number to which it was ostensibly confined, there has been a question of active intrigues, and even of violent measures, to obtain a change of ministry; while the ministry, on their part, have not been sorry to discover in these hostile, and more or less real projects, a means of gaining some favour in the opinion of the patriotic section. But you will be surprised, on arriving here, at the tranquillity with which the French public, in turn, regard, what your newspapers have predicted to you as the harbingers of trouble and confusion. No pretext will be found therein for prolonging the stay of the foreign armies. Perhaps, ministerial influence at the elections may not be much augmented by these causes. At all events, this conspiracy, and all the others that have been spoken of, ought to have no weight whatever in your travelling plans, or in your anxiety for Lady Morgan.

I see with pleasure that you are well satisfied with your elections. Ours will soon come on, at least for the division of the Chamber of Deputies. The actual state of our exceptional laws relative to the press, of our jurisprudence with regard to personal liberty, and of our administrative system under the relations of ministerial influence, give the government so much advantage, that it is difficult to foresee what will be the isolated chances of the independent opposition. Those of the Ultras are extremely weak. I cannot look on the European elections—on those of France, sometimes confined to two classes, and sometimes to the ratepayers of three hundred francs; on yours, divided between corrupt pollings and tumultuous assemblages, to the exclusion of many principal towns—without admiring the progress of American civilisation. In fact, throughout the United States, the right of universal suffrage to all who pay the smallest tax, so appalling for your most ardent patriots, is exercised on all occasions by thinly-scattered populations, as well as in the crowded capitals, without leading to the slightest commotion or embarrassment.

I know not whether you received, in time for your third edition, some observations which Dr. Montégre undertook to submit to you. He is not appreciated in this country. Allow me to repeat to

you how much I feel touched and flattered by the additional note you have had the kindness to send me. You ask for information respecting a work which merited your interest. Alas! the amiable authoress, Lady Morgan's correspondent, has been taken from her friends; and amongst the many regrets of which she is the deserving object, none have been more acutely felt than mine. Her unfortunate husband has gone to the distant provinces. Her intimate friend remains in Paris. I believe that both will be there when you arrive. I shall hasten to introduce them to you. They will be able, much better than I, to answer a question which, during the last melancholy days, it was impossible to put to them.

All my family desire me to convey to Lady Morgan and yourself the sentiments of gratitude, attachment, and impatience to see you again, with which they are impressed. We had flattered ourselves with a long visit; allow us to still retain the expectation. We hope that "Florence Macarthy," the "Sketches," and the Third Edition will accompany you. Accept both, with your usual goodness, the expression of tender and grateful friendship which my heart has devoted to you.

LA FAYETTE.

August.—This morning, as I was on my knees, all dust and dowdyism, comes the English post—old Colburn—no! not old at all, but young enthusiastic Colburn, in love with "Florence Macarthy," and a little *épris* with the author! "Italy, by Lady Morgan!" he is "not touched but rapt," and makes a dashing offer of two thousand pounds—to be printed in quarto like "France"—but we are to start off immediately, and I have "immediately" answered him in the words of Sileno in "Midas"—

"Done! strike hands—
I take your offer,
Further on I may fare worse."

Morgan, of course, consenting; he is, in fact, charmed. How he will come out with his Dante and Tasso! above all, with his favourite Macchiavelli, of whom he has been longing to give a new reading, the very reverse of generally-received opinions. For me, I must rub up my Goldoni, and flirt and flutter with Pastor Fido and Metastasio.

Alas! that money should have so much influence over our noble intentions! Knowledge power? not a bit of it! Money is power; it subsidises all powers, and

——"rules the court, the camp, the church;"

that is our improved reading on the twaddle "grove." Oh, but intellect? Philanthropy? *C'est égal.*

And so we start on our expensive pilgrimage, not dropping a bead, nor muttering a prayer, nor fixing "a scallop on our hat before" after the manner of pilgrims, but looking out for a comfortable travelling carriage; for I hear that travelling in Italy is beyond everything desolate and unaccommodated—worse even than a journey to Connemara, where people still travel by the stars.

But my poor darlings in Great George Street!* how am I ever to leave them? My dearest sister's present situation fills me with doubts and fears, and throws a cloud over the otherwise sunny prospect before us; but if I go on in this way I shall never start. Journalising is a dangerous temptation to the garrulity of women. One reason why they love their doctors and confessors is, that they are allowed to talk to them "à cœur ouvert et à langue déliée" also!——a journal represents both.

Diary.—Well, I have taken my last leave of my darlings in Great George Street. I put my brother-in-law in our secret; but my blessed Olivia suspected nothing. She wanted me to go up to

* For thirty years the residence of Sir Arthur and Lady Clarke.

the nursery as usual, but I refused on plea of fatigue.

"And can I leave my pretty doxies?"

Dear little toddles! I am sure that nepotism is an organic affection in single and childless women; it is a maternal instinct gone astray. In popes and princes it is a frustrated ambition, a substitute for paternity. It is a dangerous tendency. Aunts and uncles never love wisely, but too well; besides it brings with it responsibilities without authority, and imposes duties without giving rights.

And so bye-bye, babies!

From Lady Charleville on receiving a new edition of "France." *

June 30th, 1818.

THERE are not many so pleasant moments in life as those where past and pleasant feelings are renewed with an increase of whatever gave birth to them; and though, perhaps, it may be that this arises in some degree from the self-complacency of having not originally judged wrong, yet, for the sake

* Finding this note, I cannot resist giving it in this place, although it is a little ante-dated, as I well recollect the cheer it gave me, coming as it did at the moment when the reviews were at their blackest and bitterest against me. They were the paid hirelings of party: this is the testimony of a noble and independent mind.

of the warmer and kindlier natures, I will aver, in your case, that I am delighted with the great and important progress in literature—in thinking, in style, in grace and playfulness (where they might embellish a desultory subject), for your own sake and for my country's.

I have just received your note, and I have long finished the work.

I do not pretend to deserve any one of the materials for criticism you ascribe to me; but eight years' residence in France with a large portion of literary people perhaps entitles me to the sort of tact I may possess to judge of French people and French ways; and the unceasing interest I have felt from first to last in the great events affecting them the last thirty years since I quitted the country, has prevented my deciding in the superficial manner I often hear done concerning them.

To conclude: your work charms me; it breathes a fair spirit of philanthropic inquiry and observation of facts and effects, most interesting to every friend of humanity. The style is clear and nervous, and at the same time playful, and suited in its tone to the lighter matter, though the graver observations are given *en philosophe*. I think the writing as excellent as the materials are interesting and well digested. I would not intrude all this on you,

but that you tell me you have not heard from home, and therefore to know the impression it must make and has made is satisfactory.

Yet of course it will not be let to glide down the stream without opposition; but that is no matter: the river broken by rocks and shallows is more beautiful than the torpid, smooth, glassy lake, all points of which are equally uninteresting. I honour the manly instructive writing, and the knowledge communicated in the Appendix. I already observed what is there said on torture, and I supposed it is more critically exact than I was; as, living at the time in the old Duke of Nivernois' house, with his daughter, the Duchess of Cossé, I heard only of the praises bestowed on the fact of his (Louis XVI.) having abolished the *question ordinaire* and *extraordinaire*, &c.

I believe as to the nursing, that, in the provinces (where I was almost entirely), suckling was as universal as it is now in England; but I doubt not the fact of Paris fine ladies having adopted it but partially. I am sure Jean Jacques thought right on this subject, at least; but I am not equally certain that many a poor infant has not suffered by the exchange from robust peasants' milk to fine ladies'.

What a dreadful thing it is if your book be cut and garbled by those vile inspectors of a tram-

melled press, for I really hoped some solid good might arise therefrom, seeing how liberally and how justly an Englishwoman could appreciate their good qualities and account for their errors. It seems to me, on the whole, that you are the only foreigner who has entered into the spirit of the people. Better, tenfold, than any Scott, Williams, or, in short, any of those writers who have fallen in my way.

As I live here so much, I should rejoice in your doing so; but to give up a place under government, and probably established practice in Dublin, seems adventurous. That you should be on the spot at the time when your books are printing is true and obvious. As to society, there you will gain much, but for that very reason you will write less.

The *pours* and *contres* are before you. May the path you choose lead you to honourable distinction and fortune! and that you may enjoy both in health and the happiness of domestic, confiding attachment, is the sincere wish of your very faithful servant, C. M. Charleville.

P. S.—Mr. Lewis is abroad. His sisters* have

* These conscientious ladies, frightened at the heterodoxy of their brother's works, wrote a pamphlet to assure the public they did not

published disgraceful nonsense, because it is stupid. Sir William Gell I did not see often before his departure; he has got ridiculed about royalty, and Lord C. didn't like him. Lady Cork says she will have Talma to-morrow night (who is in London on a visit), and is growing old in active dissipation, and too completely occupied by the number and names of the *haut ton* invitations for me. I like, if I was able for it, the *coup d'œil* well enough; but the deep and eternal plans and counterplans for the repetition of a scene so seldom productive of a real hour's amusement, tire me to death. My children are at your feet, and I hope will all know you well and enjoy your approbation.—C. M. C.

To Lady Clarke (my sister) at Great George Street, Rutland Square, Dublin.

MY DEARS ALL— Holyhead.

AND, above all, my darling Olivia—be of good cheer, though we have had a bad passage. Did not get into Holyhead till near midnight, and had not the benefit of excellent Captain Skinner's convoy. He met us, however, as we got out of the

participate in his opinions. Like Sir T. Robinson, who, when called on to deny being the author of "Junius," began his exculpation—"This is to *scratify*," &c.

packet, and wanted us to go home and sup with him, which of course we didn't, but were made very comfortable at our dear old inn.

I am so upset by sickness that Morgan is determined we shall not proceed on our long journey to-morrow; but my greatest anxiety, dearest Olivia, is for you. I shall expect a letter at Colburn's on my arrival in London, so do not fail. This evening was so beautiful after the stormy night that we walked to dear Penrôs;* it was really a pilgrimage to the shrine of a pilgrim saint. This is the first time I arrived at Holyhead without the hope of seeing my dear Lady Stanley standing at her own gate, with Sir John on one side and Susanne on the other, with her lady's shawl and dog. The gates were now closed, and all looked gloomy and desolate. The family are, however, expected, and much as I admire the present Lady Stanley, no one can ever replace my dear old friend.

We start at daybreak to-morrow for Shrewsbury, but Morgan will not let me stop an hour to see my uncle, we are so pressed for time. *En avant* is now our motto; so, God bless you all, my dear darlings, for my heart is very full. Morgan kisses you and

* Lady Stanley of Penrôs, mother of the late, and grandmother of the present Lord Stanley, of Alderley, one of my earliest and truest friends.

the babies tenderly, and begs you will let him know soon whether he is an uncle or an aunt. S. M.

Diary.—London, August, 1818.—We left Dublin in more than usually low spirits on such occasions; my poor sister still painfully and patiently expecting her *mauvais quart d'heure.* What a penalty and what a distinction that the most important incident in the great scheme of the creation should have fallen to the lot of the feeblest and finest organisation!

I dined with them, but concealed the fact that we were to sail that evening; and so I spared the painful formalities of parting for an indefinite time.

A very bad voyage to Holyhead: a tedious land journey, and we arrived in London—drove to lodgings in Conduit Street taken for us by Colburn to be near him, as I have still some of "Florence Macarthy" to write, and proofs to correct.

Immediately after our arrival, we despatched the kind Duke of Leinster's letter to his brother-in-law, Lord Kinnaird, who was to give us letters for Italy, where he resides with his family.

Italy! *Est-il possible* that I am going to Italy?

Lord Kinnaird answered the letter in person this morning. Oh, what a charming man! After

all there is nothing so charming as an Englishman when he *is* charming ("cosa rara"); he is the real thing, and no mistake. However, when I return from Italy, "I will," as Sir Benjamin Backbite says, "tell you more another time."

Lord Kinnaird said, in answer to some of our rather apprehensive suggestions, "Leinster desires me to give you letters for Italy, but it is quite unnecessary; you are better known there through your work on France, which, *entre nous*, just now suits their book, than you are at home. Do you speak Italian?" "Oh yes," said Morgan; "the Italian of Tasso and Metastasio." "That will do to begin with," said he, laughing; "but your Italian *valet de place* will get you up a language more to your purpose." We said we did not think of starting from France for a month, where we had so many friends, notwithstanding our proscription by *Louis des Huîtres*. "Come," he said, "you ought not to complain at being put on the same list with Lord Holland. My brother Douglas is going to see Byron, and I return immediately to Milan, where I have left Lady Olivia and my family;" and so with his pleasant *sans adieu* and *au revoir* at Milan he took his leave. I asked Morgan why he did not request letters to Byron. "I don't want to know him." "What! the writer you adore

beyond all others, and whose books you read every night like your Breviary?" "Yes, but I don't want to know him personally." I knew the *bout de fil* and said nothing, but laughed in my sleeve—God forgive me!

My note and card to Melbourne House was answered by a note and basket of fruit from Lady Caroline, who is at Brockett. What a true heart and what a fanciful head! She is to be in town immediately.

We dined yesterday at Col. Roderic M'Neil's, the Laird of Barra. He came in from some review as Colonel of the Guards in full costume, and looked splendid. His brother-in-law, the divine Charles Brownlow, was of the party. He is worthy of a conversion to liberalism, and I intend to try my hand on him when I return. He will be won by pathos and sentiment, but never through reason. Pretty Jane M'Neil, and Lord and Lady Darnley, the aunt and uncle of the party, were there. Fine types of the Whig aristocracy of England; for they came into Ireland with Cromwell, where they obtained immense property, but have returned to England with all the old prepossessions with which they had started two hundred years before! Race and temperament go for so much in influencing opinion! It has struck me here that the Tory

ladies are more Celtic, and have more poetry about them: they are frisky and confident in their present political supremacy. I had a clinical study of them at Stanmore Priory.*

We have delayed our departure from necessity; we wait for our passport for Miss Florence M'Carthy; and Morgan declares his "Philosophy of Life" cannot stand against the tedium of the delay.

To Lady Clarke.

8, Conduit Street, Hanover Square,
August, 1818.

MY DEARS ALL,

I DESPATCHED you my despatch to inform you of our safe arrival two or three days back, which I trust you got safely. We found a packet of pleasant letters waiting for us at Colburn's—your most cheerful and cheering one the most welcome of all. The announcement of our arrival in London (a puff, I am sure, by Colburn) has brought down upon us a flock of friends, great and small; and London is not, as I expected, burned out! First amongst the first was that truly dear and constant friend, Lady Arran: handsome Flora M'Leod came with her ladyship. She brought me a very kind message from her daughter, Lady Cecilia, and her husband,

* The seat of the Marquis of Abercorn.

Sir George, to request we would join a family party at tea in the evening. We were delighted to do so. I longed to hear something of the Priory family, and a more detailed account of the illness and death of poor Lord Abercorn than Bowen sent us in his short letter; so we went to Cumberland Place early. We found Lady Cecilia and Sir George, Lady Arran and Lady Isabella, and Mr. Douglas—Lady Arran looking as pretty as her daughters, though Lady Cecilia is improved beyond everything you can imagine, and Lady Isabella all bloom and good looks. It is curious that we had none of us met since we were married. We only wanted the Hon. Mrs. Browne, who was married about the same time, when, lo! she entered with her mother, the beautiful Lady Elizabeth Monck, another of the charming clan Arran, who for grace and beauty, when they were in their prime, could not have been matched in Europe. Lord Arran ought to have had some prize for the specimens of physical perfection he gave to the world in his daughters.

Sir George is good-humoured and courteous, though a *petit diable boiteux* in person. It was a marriage *de convenance* on the part of Lady Cecilia, to please her family (for he is old enough to be her father); but she looked as happy as if it had been

made to please herself. Sir George is enormously rich, and she has as fine diamonds as any duchess in the land, *par compensation*. Oh, those diamonds! We were in the midst of some Dublin *cancan* when the door opened, and His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex was announced. *Grand mouvement!* We all rose up, and then all sat down. Morgan and myself were presented to him: the rest were old acquaintances. The duke kept up a pleasant bantering conversation with me on the subject of my work on France, not agreeing with me in many of my opinions, occasionally appealing to Morgan, and saying many civil things on his part of the work, which pleased me more than any *éloge* he could have given on mine. "But, sir," interrupted Lady Cecilia, "do tell us something about the royal wedding now;" and Lady Arran pressing him close, and wanting to learn details, he said, "Why, ma'am, you did not expect me to have stayed for the wine-posset and the throwing of the slipper?" At which we all threw down our eyes, and affected prudery. His royal highness, I thought, looked grave, and said, after a pause, "A wedding is no joke, and least of all a royal one." He probably thought of his own marriage, recently broken, and the similar position of his brother, still, perhaps, devoted to the mother

of his beautiful children. "How did the duke look, sir?" said Lady Arran. "Humph," said he, "not very brilliant." "And the Duchess of Clarence, sir," said Lady Cecilia; "is she as plain as is reported?" "Quite," said the Duke of Sussex, emphatically; "but so amiable and gentle: her goodness is unmistakeable." He then, I thought, rather hastily threw off the subject, and talked to Morgan on French politics. We were all chatting *entre loup et chat*, and more people had dropped in, when the *grands battants* of the back drawing-room were thrown open, and exhibited an interior brilliantly lighted, with a card-table on one side, and a buffet with refreshments of all sorts on the other. The Duke, Sir George and Lady Cecilia, and Lady Arran sat down to cards. The Douglases and ourselves attacked the buffet, and chatted of our Priory days; and so we parted, they for Argyll House, to inquire for his sister, Lady Aberdeen, who is not well, and we for home, and a pull at the proofs of "Florence M'Carthy." But I must not toss off my royal duke without giving you my impressions of him. In person, sensual; like his brothers, full and florid, his voice alternating continually from a soprano to a deep barytone. He seems eminently intellectual, unaffected, and kind;

he is also a thorough-bred gentleman, which is not what can be said of all princes.

I send this in a frank of Mr. Courtnay's, who walked to see us the other day with his dear little boy.

And so, dears, good-bye.

S. M.

Lady Cork has found us out. I send you a note of hers, which reminds one of "Arlequin ambassadeur,"—"Sire, voilà mes dépêches, et voilà mes contres-dépêches."

A VERY, *very* agreeable man dines with me on Sunday, the 4th. Will you and your spouse honour my poor board that day? But do not mention your coming, for I profess never to see company upon the *Sabbath*. We shall be only a snug party: Morgans, two; Carlisle, one; self, one; friends, three.

Fool that I am! I forgot I was engaged on the 4th. It must be Saturday, the 3rd, that you must dine here. Say *Yes*.

Yours,

MARY CORK AND ORRERY.

From the Baron Dénon to Lady Morgan.

Paris, 1818.

DEAR GOOD CHILD,

MR. DALTON has handed to me your letter. From the pleasure I have felt in reading it, I judge how ill-considered it is to remain so long without writing to those we love; but this is really your own fault. It is you who have created my *cabinet à la mode*, which occupies my entire morning; the evening I give up to parties, and all this without any advantage. You were contented there, because you had a friendship for me, and we chatted together so delightfully, that we always parted with mutual satisfaction. But we do not chat with everybody, which makes people say, "Is this all we are asked for? It is a silly, thoughtless woman who has deceived us." But, after all, dear friend, we are not the less worthy, nor shall we be the less charmed to see you again. I never doubted the attraction of your last work; you have a wonderful faculty of drawing from nature, and all your pictures are perfect; but I am delighted that you have sold them well. The money derived from our works is our most exclusive property, and that which we value the highest. Remember that you owe me a comedy. This is the road to the highest celebrity, particularly in your country; where the

ground is scarcely cleared. We will debate this subject on the days when we are inclined to talk rationally. You will find all here your friends. You will only have to allow others to come, and the number will increase, for all will seek you. The great secret is—not to appear anxious for celebrity, and to possess real merit. It is true this is not practised by all the world. People are beginning to forgive your work here, and to render it justice. You are abused, but purchased, in English. You see, therefore, that your affairs are not going badly.

I took a liking to M. Dalton at first, from all that he said to me. You will find everything here as you left it, and we shall now begin to talk of expecting you. The amiable idler, who loves you sincerely, is always determining to write when I do; but I fear I shall betray her this time.

I hope the serious labour of the work on which Sir Charles is engaged has not made him lose any of his delightful cheerfulness, and that we have many pleasant evenings in store, and shall invent some good charades.

Adieu, dear friend. That my letter may reach you, it is necessary I should finish, and send it to the post.

I still hope to receive a letter from you before

your departure from Dublin. I love you with all my heart.

DENON.

Diary, August.—If there is anything more delightful than another to witness, it is the spontaneous outbreak of a good and kind heart, which, in serving and giving pleasure to others, obeys the instinctive impulse of a sanguine and genial disposition—waiting for no rule or maxim—not opening an account for value expected—doing unto others what you wish them to do unto you. This, in one word, is Lady Caroline Lamb; for if she does not always act wisely for herself, she generally acts only too well towards others. On hearing of our arrival in town, her first self-indulgence was to send us a basket of fruit and flowers; the next was to invite us to Brockett Hall; and finding we could not go, she overlooked all inconveniences of her London house at this season—carpets up and curtains down—she had her couchette put up in one of the sitting-rooms at Melbourne House, and there she is stopping whilst we remain, with no other motive than to be of use to us. Since I first made her acquaintance, before my marriage, this has been invariably her conduct towards me. Here is her first note:—

Sunday, Brockett Hall.

My dear Lady Morgan,

Name any day you like this week, and I will drive up and see you; but if it is as hot as to-day I think I should like to set out at six, to be with you at nine in the evening. I have no house or bed, and shall either come back here or go to an hotel. Pray bless Miss Spence's eyes with your presence while you are in town, as she has raved about your coming. Oh! that I could prevail upon you to come here for one day—it is a paradise, and full of flowers and fruits:—it only wants inhabitants.

Yours most sincerely,

Caroline Lamb.

We expressed a wish to see "Faust"—the great attraction just now. We might have had a fairy godmother, for this note came directly after she left.

Mind the opera. Come early I beg you, for they say "Faust" is beautiful. I will leave word at the door—it is the private door near the king's box. Ask for the king's box, and they will show you the door; then ask for me in the Duke of Devonshire's box. *I am certain* you will find no difficulty. Will your very interesting-looking friend come? She is like Miss O'Neill—I like her countenance much

—and tell Sir Charles I am enchanted with his aunt. I had a great mind to ask her blessing—"Bless me, even me, also," when she was about it. Had I been like her, I should have looked on beauty as a hussy.

Ever yours,

CAROLINE LAMB.

You must all come and sup with me to-night, to show Sir Charles my room.

Whilst with us in the morning, she had met my husband's aunt—a very fine old lady, and with quite as much character as herself. Lady Caroline had been much struck with her. It amused me to see them side by side—the lady of supreme London ton, and the wealthy old lady *de province*, who has more than once turned the scale of an election, and who boasts of her illustrious race as being descended from Morgan the buccaneer and "sister to the brave General Morgan in India." She told Lady Caroline she had never married because she would not give any man a legal right over her; nor would she have any but women in her house (boarding her men-servants at the hotel). A gang of housebreakers having broken into her house at

Grantham in the middle of the night, she went alone to discover what was the matter, and found a man getting in at the window. She caught him by the leg, and held him long enough to make herself sure of recognising him. He was taken, tried, and hanged at the county town on her evidence. The gentlemen of the town had advised her, as a matter of prudence, to refuse to prosecute, as she was a lone maiden lady, and would be a mark for the revenge of the rest of the gang. "Be it so," said she; "but justice *is* justice, and the villain *shall* be hanged!" Nobody ever molested her afterwards. The contrast between the lisping, soft voice of Lady Caroline, and the prim, distinct tones of the old lady was curious and amusing.

To Lady Clarke.

Conduit Street, August, 1818.

My own dear Olivia,

Here I am seated in very nice apartments, cheek by jowl with Morgan, who is writing to Clarke on subjects political and medical, having despatched our despatches to Colburn for the day I hope, being twenty pages of proofs. But here is a *changement de décoration!* We are not to start for France for a fortnight; that is, until I leave the whole of my

MS. of "Florence Macarthy" in Colburn's hands. Part of it is not yet written. His reader is charmed with it, and he himself is in extasy with his *third edition* of "France." Meantime, having signed and sealed for the future "Italy," he will not let me allude to it now, or take up my mind with any subject but my Irish heroine. Colburn, as usual, has indulged his puffing vocation by sending our arrival to the "papers," as if anybody cared about it. This has brought down a shower of visiting-cards and notes to me.

"I once more take the road, the hour of attack approaches,
Hark! I hear the sound of coaches!"

Lady Charleville's the first—her two tall footmen actually looking in at our drawing-room windows from behind the carriage. I ran down to her, and she insisted on my going with her to Grosvenor House, to meet Sir Thomas Lawrence in the Picture-gallery. I was delighted with the opportunity, never having seen him since I was at the Priory: so I sent up for my hat and scarf, and off we went. We had a charming conversation *chemin faisant*. The Charlevilles have exchanged their maisonette in Berkeley Square for Queensberry House, Piccadilly, and, with their usual kindness, have invited us to two dinners and one rout whilst we remain.

She is not only the truest and best of friends, but, to my mind, one of the first of women. She is, however, a Tory, or at least an aristocrat, whilst I, God save the mark, am—

Your poor, affectionate sister,

S. M.

P. S.—Among the calls here to-day are cards from Lady Besborough, Lady C. Lamb, Lady De Ameland (Duchess of Sussex), and lots of men—the Hammonds all out of town, and the Sollys off for Paris, as are the M'Neils, &c.

To Lady Clarke.

August 26th, 1818, Conduit Street.

MY DEAREST LIVY,

I THOUGHT it best not to write to you for some days past, that I might have something to tell worth reading; but events have so crowded on me *en attendant*, that I scarce know where to begin. We live in a sort of tornado between business and pleasure, and my head literally turns round. Our reception here is, beyond all expectation, delightful, and my poor much-abused "France" (in reviews and newspapers), so far from operating against us, has made us more noticed than ever. All my old

great friends are still in town, and have come forward to make London delightful, and I have been presented to lots of new ones. The Duchess of Leinster was one of the first who called on me. Unfortunately I was out, but I saw her and spoke to her a moment at the Opera: she is grown thin, but still pretty. The Dowager Lady Cork almost lives with us, or rather we with her. Her most curious and beautiful house is in the next street, and every morning I am sure to have a note from "Mary Cork and Orrery,"* brought by an elfin page. She takes us about everywhere, and makes parties for us of all sorts of colours—pink, blue, gray, and a colour I have supplied her with (not from the rainbow), dun-ducketty mud colour—I must explain. She said to me one day, "My dear, I have pink for the exclusives, blues for the literary, gray for the religious—at which Kitty Birmingham, the Irish saint, presides—for I have them all in their turns; then I have one party of all sorts, and I have no colour for it." "Oh," said I, "call it 'dun-ducketty mud colour.'" She laughed,

* Her mode of signature led to a funny *quid pro quo* the other day. She wrote to an upholsterer in the city, to send her some expensive *meuble* that had caught her eye *en passant* in his shop. His answer was—"D. B. not having any dealings with M. Cork and Orrery, begs to have a more explicit order, finding that the house is not known in the trade."

and adopted it. I must send you some of her notes, for they are *impayable*. With all her oddity, she is good-nature itself. A wealthy and bachelor friend of Morgan's, his godfather by-the-by, Mr. Const, has a box at the opera, which he has lent me while I remain in town. We went last Tuesday, and took Lady Susan Douglas, and sweet Lucy Drew, her daughter, whom I think you saw at Lord Cloncurry's. Lady Susan is sister to Lady De Ameland.

As the Duke and Duchess of Clarence were there, the house was full and brilliant, but the women were nothing to compare in beauty with Dublin. The opera was very bad, but the sole lustre with which it was lighted with gas (I believe for the first time) was beyond all description, and well worth going any distance to see. In spite of its beauty and brilliancy, the women are outrageous about it, as they declare it makes them all look frights. The Duchess of Clarence, in this respect, leaves all competitorship behind. We stood near her in the cloaking-room for five minutes, so that even Morgan could see her, who sees nothing. Her skin is yellow, her hair lemon-colour, her eyes pink, and her features sharp. She looked timid, poor thing, but curtseyed very gracefully when "God save the King" was played *à son*

intention, and applied to her honour by the audience. His handsome royal highness honoured me with a salute of recognition, in memory, I suppose, of our conversation at Harrington House, years ago. The duchess, an Albino in appearance, is an angel in character, although "angels were *not* painted fair to look like her."

The next night was one of Lady Charleville's *conversaziones*. There was the Rev. Mr. Milman there, author of "Fazio," the play *à la mode*,—which he might be himself, if he chose to take the trouble; but he was retiring, and kept in the background, where, however, many sought him. My old crony, Mrs. Opie, was there, *en grand costume* as usual, and lots of grandees, ambassadors, and ambassadresses, &c. My hero of the night, however, was Jekyll, the wit *par excellence*, but always so much pleasanter than wits generally are, particularly as he made my "France" the subject of his conversation. He told me he was at Lord Sheffield's when the book came out, the circle chiefly consisting of the Ministerial people; and the sensation it made among them was very curious: and even old George Rose said he could not let it out of his hands till he had read it through; "and," added Jekyll, "what was comical, he said, with a dry air, 'and I believe in my heart every

word of it is true.'" But what pleased me most was, that he said Morgan's Appendix had opened the eyes of many, for people had known so little of the interior of France till lately; and what he, Morgan, had said, were considered as things of authority by all parties, as they were evidently written with great temperance and simplicity. "As for the 'Quarterly Review,'" said Jekyll, "that, instead of exciting, has damped party prejudice against you, and by none was it more cried down than by some of the Ministerialists themselves; in fact, they are ashamed of it."

This was all curious, coming from the personal friend of the Regent, which Jekyll is. He is certainly the most delightful creature I ever met, partly, perhaps, because he flatters me up to my bent, and partly because he *is* delightful. He was very inquisitive about the Irish bar, and so, being in high fun, I thought I would amuse him a little by parading the whole Irish system of things before him, and particularly the attempted degradation of the Irish bar by the Government: and I made him laugh not a little at the expense of the Counsellors O'Shaughnessy, &c., &c.; but the anecdote of the dialogue between the Chief Baron O'Grady and his brother Darby, the Secretary, muttered before the whole court, nearly killed him! You remember

it, "Be aisy, you omadaun!"* but though I had many auditors, I had none who seemed to relish my Irish nonsense so much as a tidy little old gentleman, who was afterwards presented to me as the Vice-Chancellor! (the "Lady Leech" of the "Morning Chronicle"). Jekyll's rival wit, Luttrell, was not there, although one of Lady Charleville's especial *clique*. He made a *mot* the other night to Lady Cork, which was certainly one of the very wittiest things ever said, but too broad to repeat.

* An anecdote, forgotten now, but only one of the many which occurred every day in the Irish courts. The Chief Baron O'Grady had for his secretary his brother Darby, who, sitting under him, occasionally threw back his head to communicate some fact or incident of the moment. One day, seeing a very handsome girl brought into court as a witness, he looked up at his brother, and muttered, loud enough to be heard, "Chief! there's a *colleen* for ye!" (Irish for a handsome girl.) The chief justice, assuming a solemn look, stooped down his head as though communicating an important fact to his secretary, and retorted, "Be aisy, ye omadaun!"

Darby O'Grady—a very humorous and agreeable member of Dublin society, and the hero of many *mots* not unworthy of record—smuggled himself one day to the top of the dinner-table, next to the Right Honourable Robert Peel, who was dining with Darby's brother, the chief baron, and had just arrived in Ireland to take office. Mr. Peel dropped into a conversation with his unknown neighbour on the subject of O'Connell's legal abilities. "Why then, sir," said Darby, "in regard of the law he is no great things, no more than the mare that ran for the whiskey." "But he has great power over a jury," said Mr. Peel: "how would you explain that?" "Why, Mr. Peel, d'ye see—first he butthers them up, and then he slithers them down, and then the divil himself is not equal to him." If Mr. Peel was not satisfied with this explanation, he must at least have been amused; and Darby's *classical* brogue added great piquancy to his conversation.

In the days of Swift, however, it would have been thought good fun at Lady Betty Germain's.

The next day the dear kind Lady De Ameland came to take me to drive out wherever I liked. We drove first to Melbourne House. The groom of the chambers told us Lady Caroline received in her bedroom, which turned out to be the beautiful saloon which looks into St. James's Park. The immortal chair in which Byron sat for his picture to Sanderson* is fastened to the ground in the bow window. She was lying on a couch rather than a bed, wrapped in fine muslins, full of grace and cordiality, but more odd and amusing than ever. She embraced me with all the cordiality of authorical sisterhood, and insisted on my meeting her, with my husband, this evening at Almack's, for which she gave me tickets, desiring me to send a note to Lady Besborough, Cavendish Square, who would come to take me with her. When I hesitated, the duchess advised me not to think of refusing. She said half the fine ladies in London could not get such a ticket *à poids d'or*. She mentioned Lady Saltoun, and a great Irish lady, a friend of ours, who is not sure whether she will acknowledge me here or not; *perhaps* she will to-night—if she gets in!

* This valuable picture was bequeathed to me by Lady C. Lamb, and is now in my possession.

All this was said apart, whilst Lady Caroline was examining a page, sent her by Lady Cork, of whom more hereafter, *c'est à mourir de rire.** I despatched my note to Lady Besborough, according to orders, and then Lady Cork called on us at seven, and took us to dine at Sir George Cockerell's, the richest nabob in London. Such a palace! on Pic-

* Lady Cork's fading sight induced her to borrow eyes from everybody who dropped in, in the course of the morning: I was frequently on service. One morning she said in her peculiar way, when I asked her how she was, "Well, child, of course I am well, but I want you to write me two notes. I am going to get rid of my page."—"What! get rid of your pet?" "Don't talk, child, but do as I ask you." So I took up my pen, and wrote under her dictation, "To the Duchess of Leeds. My dear Duchess, this will be presented to you by my little page, whom you admired so the other night. He is about to leave me; only fancy, he finds my house not religious enough for him! and that he can't get to church twice on Sundays. I certainly am not so good a Christian as your Grace, but as to the Sundays it is not true. But I think your situation would just suit him, if you are inclined to take him. Ever yours, M. Cork and O." "Now," said she, "fold that up, and put on the address, for fear of mistakes. Now, my dear, begin another to your friend Lady Caroline Lamb, who, 'tis said, broke her page's head with a teapot the other day."—"A Tory calumny," said I; "Lady Caroline was at Brockett the very day the adventure was said to have happened at Whitehall." "I don't care whether it's true or not," said Lady Cork; "all pages are the better for having their heads sometimes broken; now write, please: 'Dear Lady Caroline, will you come to me to-morrow evening, to my *Blue* party? I send this by that pretty little page whom you admired so, but who, though full of talent and grace, is a little imp, whom, perhaps, *you* may reform, but I cannot.' (*Par parenthèse*, the page just described as a little saint was the "little imp" I was now desired to *prôner*.) 'He is very like that boy you used to take into your opera box with you, and was so famous for dressing salad. I would not advise you to take him, if I did not think he would suit you. Ask any one you like to my Blue *soirée*, particularly Mr. Moore. Yours, in all affection, M. C. and O.' Now, my dear, put that up, and

cadilly Terrace. We dined in an apartment that opened on gardens in Hyde Park. All was luxury and splendour. The dessert was literally an Eastern apologue—elephants, pagodas, rajahs, forests, and flowers: it looked fabulous. I sat next a yellow Indian judge, just arrived *en passant* par St. Helena, and who offered me a written account of his interview and conversation of two hours with Napoleon. There was an assembly in the evening, for which, of course, we did not wait; but, by-the-by, I saw three handsome brothers all in a row, looking very *hautain*—their name is Lygon. Lady Besborough called to pick us up, with her usual kindness and courtesy: Lady Caroline met us at the entrance with a beautifully-embroidered *sac* upon her arm. "What have you there?" said Lady Besborough. "Well, dear mamma, it is a piece of very curious rhubarb, quite like a *bon-bon;* I brought it to recommend it to Hartington (the Duke of Devonshire). It will do him all the good in the

good morning to you." This scene was only one of many of the same sort at which I assisted in Mary Cork and Orrery's *Bureau des affaires étrangères.*

To me Lady Cork was always amusing and instructive, as "the Little Dunce" of Dr. Johnson, and "the honourable and charming Miss Monckton" of Miss Burney's Memoirs. She was a great tradition, and a most amusing one. I have the honour of being the historian of her macaw, under the title of "History of a Macaw of a Lady of Quality." See "Book without a Name."

world, mamma: he is looking so ill." But the duke had not yet come, so on we went. The great Irish lady now sailed in and looked at me

"With eyes malign askance,"

and was passing on, when, perceiving that I was leaning on Lady Besborough's arm, she approached to speak to me, and I had not the heart to refuse her my patronage! and so I bowed just as she would have done to me at a ball at the Rotunda, when she was of "the Lady Lieutenant's" party.

I found after a little I knew many people. Mrs. Wellesley Pole was particularly civil, and asked for you. Mr. Cornwall, the aide-de-camp, was there. There was some pretty quadrille-dancing; all the girls in gauze frocks, with ropes of satin, and tulle flounces, and abundance of scarlet flowers on the bottoms of the petticoats in bunches. The heads worn in every way, but all flat, and the hair chiefly divided down the centre to show the skull (like your own way), and then jutting in curls behind the ears. The Duchess of Argyll—who, with the exception of Mrs. Fitzherbert, was the handsomest woman in the room—had a beautiful black crop with no ornament: the Duchess of Richmond, with the "ancient old" castle diamonds;

and the Duchess of Rutland, beautiful as ever; the girls and young women frightful; more beauty in a little Dublin party than in all London. We left it soon, though Lady Besborough begged of us to stay to hear a little Russian girl recite verses. However, as we had seen her dance with a Russian boy in full Russian costume, and were not particularly amused, we went off. This Russian girl is an object of sentimental fashion. She was found among the heaps of slain near Moscow. She has the face of an old Calmuc Tartar, and was dressed in a blue and silver tunic, with a turban and feathers. The ladies were crying "Charming!" but I never saw such a fright. Friday (yesterday), we dined at Lady Cork's, with Jekyll, Lord Carhampton, and some other famous wits and men of pleasure about town—a most delicious day. Lord Carhampton made Lady Cork give this dinner that he might meet me, for he raves about "France;" and you may be sure I was not sorry to meet the once famous Colonel Luttrell, the opponent of Wilkes, and the victim of Junius. He is odd, but clever and pleasant, and the conversation was delightful. We retired after dinner to a room, opening into a curious garden, with parrots and macaws flying about, music heard among the trees, and rose-water spouting out of fountains, and es-

sences and perfumes carried in red-hot ladles by servants, till we were enveloped in clouds of incense. At eleven o'clock we all set off for Lady Charleville's concert, which was deemed one of the finest things given this year. Morgan entered the room with Mrs. Opie on one arm and me on another. Conceive the formidable sight. The music (professional) was very fine; Sir George Smart presided at the piano; Crivelli (an heroic singer in the *grand sérieux*) was divine; and Ambrogetti sang all Leporello's songs from Don Juan with exquisite humour. I think he is the finest buffo I ever heard. A young lady of fashion played the harp with one hand, and with the other the piano. The ladies of fashion were all ready *de pâmer d'aise*, and Sir G. Smart and ourselves exchanged looks of disgust. It was execrable playing. I played a little, and sang "Kate Kearney." While I was talking to Lady Lonsdale and Lady William Bentinck, the Duchess of Richmond came most graciously forward to salute me. I have met her every night since I came to London, and she has always looked kindly on me; though, observe, she never took the least notice of me in Ireland—indeed, I never was introduced to her. I was presented last night to the Duchess of San Carlos, the Spanish ambassadress, and ambassadors of all

sorts. The person that interested me most was Lady Sarah Bunbury, the king's first passion, and once the most beautiful woman in England: imagine a dignified though infirm old lady, stone blind, led in! Mrs. Fitzherbert sat next me; I never saw such lovely blue eyes. She appeared to me what I thought her when I was a little child and saw her picture—fat, fair, and forty. We have refused two invites for to-day.

Diary—London, 1818.—Dined at Lady Cork's, and most agreeable company: the Duchess of Sussex (or Lady De Ameland,* *comme il vous plait*), the first by all right, divine and human, the second by an Act of Parliament and the Prerogative Court. Oh, these men and their laws! so lightly made, so lightly broken! as passion or expediency suggest; from Henry VIII. and his pope, before and after. Mr. Milnes, as celebrated for his maiden oration as "Single-speech Hamilton"† was for his;

* The Duke of Sussex in 1793 married Lady Augusta Murray, and in London again the same year, also at Hanover. This marriage, in spite of the threefold ceremonies of the church, being considered a violation of the Royal Marriage Act, was dissolved in 1794; "but without the slightest reflection on the honour of His Royal Highness." In 1806 the ex-duchess assumed, by sign manual, the title of Countess De Ameland to mark her descent from the ancient family of that name.

† 1858.—This speech was made on the proposal of peace with France

his beautiful wife (Miss Monckton, daughter of Lord Galway), carrying on the hereditary connexion of Moncktons and Milnes; General Monckton and a young Monckton, a family party congregated under the roof of Johnson's "little dunce"—pretty Maria Monckton; with the addition of the amusing Sir A. Carlisle, who entertained us with an account more amusing than proper, of a fairy child who had been made a show of in London, and which, after its death, he had preserved in spirits. This caught Lady Cork's attention, and the following little dialogue ensued:—

Lady Cork.—My dear Sir Anthony! will you let me have that little curiosity to-morrow night? It will be very curious.

Sir A.—Well, madam, I don't think she can come on so short an invitation. She is like other lions, with the exception of the "learned pig," who never required pressing.

Lady Cork, peevishly.—Well, but I have had the pig, and it is a humbug. To-morrow is my "Blue" night, and your little anatomy—what do

in 1808. He was offered the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, when only twenty-three, by Mr. Perceval. George IV. offered him a seat in the House of Peers, which Lord Palmerston repeated; but he refused this and all other public honours. He was made of the true metal of the old English great country gentleman. See Miss Burney's "Memoirs," for an account of Lady Cork when Miss Monckton.

you call her?—would just answer the "Blues," they are so fond of science and that sort of thing; and then, Sir Anthony, you would give us a little discourse, as you did at the College of Surgeons. You will meet two reviewers and the editor of the "Court Journal." It may be of service to you; indeed it may, they cut up folks so! What do you think, Sir Charles Morgan? you are a physician.

Sir C. M.—Well, Lady Cork, Sir Anthony is so distinguished for his own skill in "cutting up" that I would not trust your "reviewers" near him, for fear of the effects of a *jalousie du métier*.

Lady Cork.—Well, you are both very tiresome: clever men are so sometimes—there's Horace Smith whom I invited for this evening particularly, and he had the pertness to write me word he was engaged to the elephant.

"What has your ladyship done with your Irish saint, Kitty Birmingham?" asked I.

"Oh, she is coming to-morrow, my 'Gray' evening."

A general titter followed, which was cut short by Lady Cork saying, "Duchess, shall we go?"*

In the drawing-room, whilst we were taking coffee, the duchess drew me over to her sofa, with

* See "Book of the Boudoir," for my first party at Lady Cork's.

all her former kindness and cordiality, and invited us to dinner. What a noble creature she is, and looks! She always reminds me of that beautiful description of "La belle Hamilton" in Grammont, "grande et gracieuse dans ses moindres mouvements." No doubt she is the type of her cousin once removed, Mary Queen of Scots. She is, I believe, lineally descended from the Regent Murray, and, the Scotch will have it, nearer to the English throne than the progeny of the Electress Sophia.

Although it was Lady Cork's "Pink night," the rendezvous of the fashionable exclusives, we got away as soon as Sir Charles came up, being *voués* to dear Lady Charleville's. There we found an agreeable party already assembled. Lady Charleville, wheeled in her great chair from one drawing-room to another by her handsome son, Lord Tullamore, his rich bloom and her pale thoughtful countenance making a fine contrast. The "two great marchionesses," Hertford and Salisbury, were there, the latter still giving her "Sunday evenings," to which all the saints, as well as all the sinners, were anxious to gain admission. I met several old Priory* acquaintances, amongst

* Stanmore Priory, the seat of John James, Marquis of Abercorn, where my happy residence gave me the advantage of knowing so many distinguished persons, whose friendship has come down as an inheritance to the third generation.—(1858.)

others Berkeley Craven, Mr. Mercer, who played like an angel—of fashion—at the piano, the Rev. Mr. Milman, one of the superfine Vernons, the Misses Fanshaw, the eldest of whom had been gouvernante to the Princess Charlotte of Wales, Tom Moore, who wouldn't sing till a larger audience of pretty women were collected, we being all in the dowager line. William Spencer* was there, but I suspect he was waiting for Captain Morris, whom I was longing to meet and to hear; but he is so engaged at Oatlands that Mercer told me he was sure he would not get away from his duchess of York: "Besides," said he, "he is getting lazy; and since his romantic passion for Mrs. Sheridan was disappointed, he is much changed. His poetical love of wine has been reduced to too severe a practice; he finds in everything

"'A reason fair to fill his glass again.'"

"I suppose," said Morgan,

"'He takes to drinking ratafie,
And thinks upon Miss Bailey?'"

* "William Spencer may be regarded as much the representative of a class as John Clare or Robert Burns. The style of his verse, eminently airy, polished, and graceful, as well as his personal qualities, combined to render him the idol of that society, which, by common consent, we are content to call the best. His varied accomplishments enlivened a country house, his brilliant wit formed the delight of a dinner-table; while his singular charm of manner, and, perhaps, of character, gave a permanency to his social success by converting the admirers of

Lady Hertford's nieces, the fair Misses Meynell, came in, escorted by their brother, the navy officer.

But I missed many dear old faces; Mrs. Abington, the last fine lady of the dramatic court, not excepting Lady Derby (Miss Farren); above all, poor Monk Lewis, who died the victim of his own benevolence. He visited his estates in the West Indies for the express purpose of liberating, or at least ameliorating, the condition of his slaves. He failed, and his health broke down under the disquietude and opposition which he experienced there. He died on deck, in his passage back. His last act was to write on the crown of his servant's hat a request to his heirs that they would add three holidays yearly to those already enjoyed by his slaves. As he could not give them their rights, he tried to multiply their enjoyments.

He was the founder of the dramatic school of novel writing—the novel of action since developed and followed up by Walter Scott. Lewis is in many respects comparable to Gil Blas; but his novel of the "Monk" fell justly under the ban of *lèse moralités*. His "Castle Spectre" and "Tales of

an evening into friends for life. The grandson of two dukes, and coming into fashion when wit and fancy, and the higher graces of person, were most cordially welcomed by the higher circles. Among his contemporaries were Sheridan, Moore, and Byron."—*Recollections of a Literary Life, by Mary Russell Mitford.*

Wonder" are full of dramatic power, and broke in on the monotony of the rhyming sentiments which preceded the brighter and grander outburst of Byron. I asked Spencer for a copy of his verses to Lady Anne Hamilton. He said he would give them to me in Paris—a charming rendezvous!*

I was still lingering in the hope of hearing Captain Morris, but Morgan, in the most husband-like and arbitrary manner, said, "Come, come, we must go home!" so I sulked all the way, singing to vex him—

"Then who'd be grave,
When wine can save
The heaviest heart from sinking,
And magic grapes
Give angel shapes
To every girl we're drinking."

* *To the Lady Anne Hamilton, by William Robert Spencer.*

Too late I stayed, forgive the crime,
Unheeded flew the hours;
How noiseless falls the foot of Time
That only treads on flowers!

What eye with clear account remarks
The ebbing of his glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks
That dazzle as they pass?

Ah! who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of paradise have lent
Their plumage for his wings?

These verses are so elegant, and perhaps now so forgotten, that I cannot resist reviving them here.

Morgan and I always have a little tiff going home—I always wanting to stop longer, and he wanting to come home sooner.

Everybody seems bound for Italy: the papers announce the Duke of Devonshire's departure to-day: Duchess Elizabeth is already off: Sir Thomas Lawrence going to Rome to paint the Pope's picture. Everybody, it seems, is to muster at Paris, and I wish you were of the party! And so God bless you, dear, and good night.

S. M.

P. S.—Dear old Bowen, the Abercorn chaplain, came to see us to-day, kind and good as ever. Lady Abercorn is very ill; when able she will go to Italy with her sister, Lady Julia. Toques like yours are very much worn. Send me word all about the babies and yourself. Morgan's kisses and loves to you all. He loves you better than anything but me, and I see no such husband anywhere: the women all think him handsome, and the men very clever, and I am very proud.

S. M.

I never looked half so well, and am grown quite fat, fair, and ——a beauty!!!

August, London.

My dear Love,

Notwithstanding the voluminousness of my last epistle, I have not got half through all I had to say, and at ten o'clock this morning the printer's devils were at my elbow: they are getting on so rapidly with "Florence Macarthy," that I tremble for my own strength to write the original matter with which I am obliged to fill out the third volume, in which, by-the-by, I have changed the closing scenes, I think advantageously. Now add to all this, that, intending to rig myself out in Paris, I have had to set myself up with an evening dress; and though materials are extraordinarily cheap here, *work* is wonderfully dear, so dear, that I cannot get a plain dress made up under a guinea and a half. I am now sorry that I did not bring sulky Annette with me; however, I have made myself a very pretty dress with my own two hands—white satin, with a deep lace flounce. With the skirt I got on beautifully, but as to the corsage, fortunately there is scarcely any, what there is being covered with falls, frills, and lace, so it does not signify how the body is made. Over the flounce is a rouleau of satin, which you make with a quarter of a pound of lamb's wool, which you pull out to the thickness you please. Dear Morgan has brought me a beau-

tiful lace scarf, the most beautiful I ever saw, or rather ever possessed! Only think of Colburn's liberality! On reading over the proofs of the Second volume of "Florence Macarthy" (he cannot read manuscript, you know), he sent me a handsome letter and a red leather case containing a beautiful *parure* of amethysts! necklace, cross, and brooch! Did Sir Richard Phillips ever do as much for the "Wild Irish Girl" (poor dab!) in the height of his passion for her? Dear Nanny * is not yet come to town: she is still with dear grandpapa at Champneys, where they are angry we do not go to them; but we cannot leave town for a minute, so she is to be lent me for a day or two before we start for France.

I have been all over London for a fawn-coloured shawl for you, but can find no such thing; nothing but red and white, three guineas and a half, as handsome as mine; but one for five guineas much handsomer, a deep border all round. Shall I send you a bit of lace? it is so cheap. I shall send with them two dressed dolls for the two babies, as modes. Would you venture to send this hasty letter to Mrs. J. Bushe or Lady Charlemont? they will like to know how I am getting on. Nanny just arrived—

* Sir C. Morgan's daughter by his first marriage.

such a handsome little creature! but so awkward Her father would be so delighted to take her with us to France; but when I alluded to it grandpapa exclaimed, "What, madam! to make an atheist of her, or a papist at a French school? No, indeed!"

Colburn is delighted with Morgan's work, and thinks it will have a great run: he is to send him some articles for his "New Monthly," so we shall *pay our way;* but our expenses are enormous.

As to France, don't be alarmed at all you hear about it; it is "fudge" got up by the "Courier," and the "conspiracy" talked about was some intrigue of the French princes against the king, at which the French people are highly amused. But when I tell you it is said that De Cazes, the premier and king's favourite, is to be married to the pretty daughter of the Prince de Beauveau, with whom we lived so much at Paris, and have corresponded with since, I think you may believe we shall not be in much danger. However, to secure all, we have written to our French friends, to know how the land lies, and we shall be determined by their answers. You may depend on it we won't stir if there is the least symptom of danger, but return quietly to Dublin.

We went to the Coburg Theatre on Saturday. The Duke of Sussex was there, with Lady Arran,

Lady Cecilia and Sir George, Colonel Gore, and the whole family of Gore: they were all, as usual, kind and courteous to us.

S. M.

From Lady Cork to Lady Morgan.

I THOUGHT to have borrowed Lady ———'s carriage, but she has given up her horses; she would be proud to have a job, believe me. Lady A. Lindsay, and some right honourables of my acquaintance, go in hacks, and I shall be happy to accompany you in one, rather than broil in my chair. Lady Cockerell would be glad to send one of her three carriages, but 'tis not worth while troubling her; she shall send us home. Here is an English milliner with French fripperies; pray see her, she is cheap. We shall meet you at dinner to-morrow. Yours affectionately,

M. CORK.

From Lady Caroline Lamb to Lady Morgan.

Melbourne House.

So you will not vouchsafe one word to me,—what, not one?—are you afraid? Call upon me; name your hour, for I am going abroad as soon as

I recover my strength a little. My brother, William Ponsonby,* wishes me to speak to you very much, but I must tell you I can only see you before four, or after eleven at night, as I am out in the cool of the evening.

Yours, most truly,

CAROLINE.

From Baron Dénon to Lady Morgan.

12th August, 1818.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THINGS are going on better and better. The papers tear you to pieces. This strengthens your party; you are read. Your translation is found much fault with; the English version is eagerly asked for, and everybody seizes on the few copies that are here. Your anonymous detractors are looked upon as hired. They copy from each other, or merely indulge in paraphrases. The pamphlet I send you with this letter is by the pretended author of "Fifteen Days in London," who has adopted an entirely new style to write against you. I add to it a justificatory note, of which you will make what use you think proper. If you print a second edition, you can, without changing your opinions,

* The late lamented Lord de Morley.

show that you have just reason to be offended with those who have such weak pretensions. Would not this be highly profitable to your publisher?

Mr. Moore is extremely amiable. You are requested to say that we shall see him again with much pleasure, that we often speak of him, and that I am commissioned to tell him so. Adieu, dear friend. I fear that Mr. Fletcher will leave this to-morrow, and not find my despatches ready. I embrace you both with all my heart.

Here is a letter from the mother * of the amiable family. I shall send you a portrait of the whole circle in the course of the present month, and in the meanwhile receive this sample.

Dear friend, the breeze subsides. I send you the "Mercury" I have just received, in which there is a freely-written article, as just as can be expected. To obtain a little good, we must submit to the accompanying evil. I shall write again by Mr. Fletcher.

DENON.

Paris, August, 1818.

Diary.—Never employ your bookseller or publisher to take lodgings for you. Dufar, who stands

* The family of the Prince de Beauveau. The sketch, now in my possession, was done by Dénon himself.

in both those honourable positions (having published the translations of "The Novice of St. Dominick," "The Wild Irish Girl," and "France"), has settled down at the Hôtel d'Espagne, Faubourg St. Germain. Oh, such a darling dusty old *fabrique!* just as it was in the time of Louis XIV., or even of the Roi Dagobert; *qui sait?* As we drove up to Dufar's house, Quai Voltaire, he was actually waiting for us at the door, all bows and scrapes; and then putting on his *casquet*, ran beside the carriage like a running footman. Only think of the Johnsons, or Millers, or Murrays doing this! Dear friendly Mr. Warden sent his *bonne* to inquire if we were arrived; and while I was writing him a note, I saw her eyes fixed on my little Irish harp case, with divers exclamations of "Mon Dieu, est-il possible! comment donc!" I looked up at her, and she answered my inquiry with "*C'est un petit mort, n'est-ce pas, Madame?*" She explained that she thought it was my dead child that I was travelling with for the honour ot entombment in Père-la-Chaise! It was now *my* turn to exclaim, "*Mon Dieu et comment donc!*" and her answer was "*Mais, Madame, vous autres dames Anglaises, vous êtes si drôles!*" The *drollery* of travelling with a dead child!

Dear old Warden,* looking more cowardly and

* Minister from the United States, and author of a very clever work on America.—See "France, 1816."

frightened than ever—looking like "the thief that fears an officer in every bush,"—for he has never recovered the Reign of Terror,—took us with him to dine at Vérey's, aux jardins des Tuileries, and after our *demi-tasse*, we jumped into a fiacre, and away to the Vaudeville: *quels délices! was* I tired! And so ends my *rentrée* into charming Paris, under the scourge of proscription. By-the-by, Warden told us many pleasant anecdotes at dinner. He said the Comte D'Artois was the most ridiculous personage in the drama of the Restoration; that on the *rentrée* of the royal family, he kept bowing and scraping, and showing his immense tusks, answering the paid vivas of the populace with one of his *jolis mots*, "*Mes amis, il n'y a qu'un Français de plus!*" The next day the shops were full of a caricature of the giraffe (whom he resembled, and who had made his *entrée* into Paris the day before, on his way to the Jardin des Plantes), with a label in his mouth addressed to the gazing multitude, "*Mes amis, il n'y a qu'un bête de plus!*"

He observed, that the French had a prompt but an unenduring sensibility. On the execution of Louis XVI. there appeared in the English journals the day after, this *annonce*, "Aux émigrés Français, on est prévenu qu'on ne donne pas des fêtes aujourd'hui." Two days afterwards, the brilliant

Count de Vaudreuil gave a *réunion*, where the *proverbe* played was "*Il n'y a point d'éternels douleurs*," a parody on the song, *Il n'y a point d'éternels amours*.

Paris.

Diary.—A delightful rencontre at the Opera last night with a charming man, Berkeley Craven, the man in the world I wanted most to meet, as he and Sir William Gell are living in Italy (Naples), and, I believe, both with his mother, the Margravine of Anspach, whose books were the first books (not school books*) that chance threw in my way; and as to Sir William Gell, does he not fill a large space in my autobiography, which is to come out some day or other? It was he who inspired me with a desire to write in favour of Greek liberty; and I have still the plan of Athens which he and I drew out at a side table one night at a party at the Dowager Lady Donegal's. "Ida of Athens" appeared three months after, for which Messrs. Longman gave me 700*l.* *tale quale*. Well, Mr. Craven said he and my old beau, Gell, would take care of us when we got to Naples, where his mother reigned supreme, with the prime ministry

* "Travels by Lady Craven."

of good dinners and private theatricals. We settled everything, though Mademoiselle Mars was on the stage, giving Elvire in "Le Tartuffe," with all the grace and quiet force which belong to her genius and her knowledge of what constitutes a fine lady in real life. He is off to-morrow for Italy, and so we parted with *à revederla* in the land of the Syrens.

August.—This morning, a long and admirable letter from Lady Charleville, who also talks of going to Italy. What a woman! and how proud I feel of her early distinction of me when I was a poor girl, if not an obscure one. Her friendship, demonstrated by every circumstance that could be advantageous to my youth, and protective of my respectability, has never flagged.*

* 1858.—Since I penned the above lines (now forty years ago), I have lost this inestimable friend, and London has lost one of the most distinguished members of its aristocratic and literary society. The following tribute to her memory, by one who knew her well, and enjoyed the advantage of her intimacy, appeared in one of the public prints. I cannot deny myself the pleasure of quoting it.

"*The late Dowager Countess of Charleville.*

"The late Dowager Countess of Charleville, who died on Monday last, at the advanced age of ninety, was one of the most estimable and remarkable women of any age or epoch. Had she been born a Frenchwoman and lived in France, she would have been assigned a place in social history with the Sevignés and the Du Deffands, for she possessed in an eminent degree the qualities to which they owe their fame, without a particle of their frivolity or their heartlessness. Her maiden name was Dawson, and she was a member of the family which was en-

Extracts from Letters to Lady Clarke.

Paris, August, 1818,
Hôtel d'Espagne.

MY DEAREST DEAR,

THIS morning we trotted off to Dénon, calling *chemin faisant* at our old Hôtel d'Orléans. Alas! we found our venerable hostess dead—the fine old

nobled in the person of the first Lord Cremorne. She received the principal part of her education at a French convent, and her memory was stored with curious traits of French manners prior to the first revolution. But Dublin, in its most brilliant days, was her favourite theme. She had mixed familiarly with all that was most distinguished for talent, eloquence, wit, or patriotism, during the concluding quarter of the eighteenth century, in the Irish capital. Lord Clare and Grattan, notwithstanding their marked oppositiou of character and party, were equally her friends. She was with Grattan in his last illness, during the memorable interview with the late Lord Castlereagh, when that noble lord announced to him that he was to be buried in Westminster Abbey. She was the person to whom Lord Clare communicated the remarkable fact (left unnoticed by Moore), that when Lady Edward Fitzgerald entreated Lord Clare (then chancellor) to give her an order to see her husband in prison, Lord Clare replied—'I have no power to give you an order, but I can take any one I like with me to visit any prisoner, and my carriage is at the door.'

"Her first husband was a gentleman of family and fortune in the county Louth. He died in 1797, and in the following year she married the late Earl of Charleville. Soon afterwards her firmness and conjugal affection were put to a severe test. During the Irish Rebellion, Lord Charleville was acting as one of the district Generals in King's County, whilst she remained in Dublin. She resolved on joining him, and effected her purpose with no other escort than her maid, but armed with pistols, one of which she had occasion to present at the head of a troublesome innkeeper, who thought proper to usurp the duties of the police. Her name has been popularly associated with literature in a manner which always gave her unmitigated pain. Early in 1798, and prior to the marriage, the late earl (a very clever and accomplished man) printed for private circulation a translation of Voltaire's 'Pucelle.' In one of the notes to a satirical poem from the pen of an Irish barrister (now

man (seated under his vine, as usual) dying, while Pierre and Marie nearly kissed our hands off. Pierre danced about roaring to his master, "Mais, c'est M. Morgan et Madame, levez-vous donc;" he assured us we were well off in the Hôtel d'Espagne, as Josef the *frotteur* was his "*ami intime*, un garçon très-aimable, à qui je pouvais me

an English privy councillor of no inconsiderable note in politics and literature), it was insinuated, that 'lawn sleeves and gauze petticoats' had been associated in some manner with his lordship in this work. The 'lawn sleeves' were understood to belong to the late Bishop Marlay, and the 'petticoats' to indicate that Lady Charleville had lent her aid. The work is now exceedingly scarce, and much prized by book-collectors; and, to enhance its value, it is almost invariably advertised as by Lady Charleville. The fact is, she had nothing whatever to do with it. Her distinct disavowal, for which we can vouch, will fully satisfy all her personal acquaintances on this point—for she was the soul of truth and honour. They also—at least those who lived much with her—must know that nothing could be more alien from her tone of mind, taste, and intellectual tendencies, than the translation in question. It is rendered into vernacular English, and abounds in phrases with which no woman in Lady Charleville's rank of life could be familiar. She thoroughly enjoyed wit, but had comparatively small relish for humour, and was instinctively repelled by the smallest approximation to vulgarity. Now, in this translation, the wit of the original is very frequently broadened into humour, and coarsened without warrant from the text. Judging, therefore, solely from internal evidence, we should no more believe that the English version was, wholly or in part, the work of Lady Charleville, than that a woman was the author of 'Tom Jones.'

"The part of her life to which Lady Charleville herself recurred with most pleasure, and in which she took most pride, was that which she passed at Charleville Castle, King's County, in the midst of her late husband's tenantry and dependents. She was bred up in Protestant ascendancy principles, and had imbibed strong family prejudices against Roman Catholics. But her mind was far too liberal and too enlightened to miss the true course to be pursued by an Irish proprietor. She established schools open to both creeds alike, and lived on excellent terms with the Roman Catholic clergy in the neighbourhood, who—

confier." This Josef is ready dressed for a figurant at the Opera, his white shirt fastened with a large ruby, a bouquet in his green jacket, and his hair frisé à ravir.

We found dear Dénon surrounded by English fashionables, from whom he rushed, when we were announced, into our arms alternately. We met at dinner chez Madame d'Houchien, who received us like her children. We found some of the old habitués there; but Dénon and Morgan set me down at our hotel early in the evening, I was so

seeing that proselytizing was the last thing in her thoughts, and that she was simply anxious to elevate the moral as well as to improve the physical condition of the peasantry—cordially co-operated in her views. It was her fixed belief, founded on careful observation and deep reflection, that a State provision for the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland was indispensable to the lasting tranquillization of the country.

"She lost the use of her lower limbs from rheumatism before she passed middle life, and she was entirely dependent on others for locomotion; yet her spirits were excellent, except under the immediate pressure of affliction, to which she was exposed in no ordinary degree from her warm heart and affectionate disposition. It would be impossible to cite a more memorable example in disproof of the commonplace doctrine—that the heart and the imagination necessarily grow torpid and inactive in old age. We strongly suspect that, when fancy and sensibility appear to pass away with advancing years, they never, in point of fact, existed, and that the flush, flutter, and vivacity of youth, were mistaken for them. Her chief amusement, almost to her last hour, was painting, and the style of art which she cultivated was the very highest. Her generosity was boundless, and whenever any sacrifice, personal or pecuniary, was demanded of her, her only anxiety was to do what was right. The moment she was satisfied in this respect, the struggle was at an end. Her conversation was eminently entertaining, instructive, and improving. But we have said enough to complete our tribute."

tired, and they proceeded to the Bishop of Blois (Grégoire). The bishop actually embraced him, heretic as he was, before all the company, although there were two Italian bishops present, praised my work on "France," and assured him it had done infinite good. You may, therefore, be perfectly easy about us. We are to dine to-morrow with Dénon. Humboldt asked to meet us.

The Princess de Craon sent us a message through M. Lattin, that notwithstanding our difference of opinion, she would come and see us immediately. Benjamin Constant has written us a beautiful letter expressive of his desire to make our acquaintance. He has married a German lady of high rank, who left her card for me. This is all very flattering. The clever little Inez Esménard tells me that my account of her in my first "France" has brought her into great fashion, and she has already made 2000*f.* by her pictures since my *affiche*.* A Doctor Morgan is settled here, and people supposing him to be our relation, have followed him very much. All our friends say that if Morgan would remain here, and resume his profession, he would make a fortune in a short time. So you owe us a fortune, mind! for

* The story of this little lady will be found in my "France, 1816;" she was the daughter of the ex-minister of police under Napoleon.

nothing would bring us back to Ireland but you and your babies—the tiresome family in Great George Street! I have sent you some ribbons for poor Molly, by Miss Nugent. Curran, whom we saw yesterday, brings you another packet of more consequence for yourself. Dress here is much dearer than in London. A little dress of coloured muslin, for which I paid ten shillings in London, I was here asked forty for; but *en revanche*, I got four pairs of beautiful satin shoes for fifteen shillings. There is a *tricoté* silk scarf which they wear here round the head, *en turbane*, which is really very elegant. I have sent you one by Curran. I have promised to sit for two pictures for Dénon—one for engraving (seated by-the-by in one of his magnificent Egyptian chairs, with a curious lion's head on each side), and the other picture for the Exposition du Louvre, 1821. I have already given *une séance* for the first; but the man was so much more occupied in sketching the lion's head than mine, that, after three hours' sitting, I declared to Dénon I would not *poser* any more unless he muffled his lions, at which he laughed heartily. The second is to be a very grand affair; it is to be done in the school of David, and by his most eminent disciple and pupil, Berthon; it is to be finished before I start for Italy. Direct to me here before I get to La Grange, La Fayette's. We

are every hour expecting a good account from Clarke: our anxiety about you embitters all our pleasure. Describing to Madame d'Houchien your situation, and my anxiety about you, she exclaimed, "Pourquoi, Madame, fait-elle ce vilain métier-là!" French women of condition, she said—"des femmes comme il faut"—never have more than two or three children at most! So you see, my dear Olivia, they manage these things better in France.

Susan Morgan, our half-sister, is here at a celebrated English school. Here is M. Thierry, my great admirer from Metz. He brought his handsome son with him. He invited us most cordially to pay him a visit at Metz.

P. S.—Your letter just arrived has set our hearts at rest for the present. At the same time I do think you might have found a larger sheet of paper to tell us more about yourself and everybody. Several letters from Colburn; one from Mr. Harris, of Covent Garden. It is most polite, respectful, and kind: he appoints a day to call on me to talk over your play, which he seems inclined to bring out, although two months have elapsed since his letter was written. I have thought it better late than never, so I have written to recommend your play. Let me beseech of you *not* to bring it out in

Dublin under any circumstances: the success of my little opera was not due to its merits, it was a *pièce de circonstance*, and upheld by a party.

By the same packet I had a letter from Miss Drew—the daughter of Lady Susan Douglas, and niece to the charming Duchess of Sussex—with an account of the death of Lady Cecilia Leeson, daughter of Lady Cloncurry. It has shocked me much—so young, so clever, and so good! In haste, and bless you all! S. M.

From General La Fayette to Sir Charles Morgan.

La Grange, Monday morning.

My dear Sir Charles,

The letter which announced to me your arrival in Paris, and the approaching pleasure of soon seeing you here, reached me on Wednesday last; too late to reply by the same post. My friend, M. D'Argenson, who left this on Thursday morning, offered to take charge of my answer; by which means I gained a day. This advantage seemed the more important to me, as I understood you would be free from Friday. You have not yet realized our anxious hope, which we readily account for by the many engagements or objects of curiosity that may have detained you. We should regret even

more, if in this matter you did not consult your entire convenience; while the impatient desire to see you again is the sole motive we have for preferring one time to another for your welcome, and, as we hope, long visit. Meanwhile a sudden apprehension has seized us that some accident may have happened to my answer. Two young friends of mine leave this morning by the diligence: they have promised me to call on you the moment they arrive, and I take this opportunity of repeating to you that I have no engagement or business to call me from La Grange, or prevent me from enjoying the whole time you may feel inclined to pass there. They say the elections are postponed. These will occupy three or four days in October, at a distance of eight leagues from hence. No other duty can interfere with my liberty, and you see that they are a long while off. Besides, if we were fortunate enough to keep you till that time, I should ask your permission to absent myself for the purpose. I beg Lady Morgan and yourself to accept the expression of our affectionate regards, and of the anxious impatience of the whole family.

LA FAYETTE.

From Benjamin Constant to Lady Morgan.

Rue St. Honoré, No. 366,
September the 1st, 1818.

Though M. Benjamin Constant is informed of Lady Morgan's intended visit to La Grange, he would not wait till her ladyship's return to express his regrets at being still confined, and prevented from paying his respects to her. He takes the liberty of reminding Sir Charles that he kindly promised to let him know when he and Lady Morgan will again be in Paris, and hopes then to be able to go out and make amends for what he is now unfortunately deprived of. The high reputation of Lady Morgan, her liberal opinions, and excellent works, must make every person worthy of conversing with her ladyship lament at such a pleasure being uncertain or delayed.

Diary.—We began this day with the "Bibliothèque Historique," which I wanted to consult on the subject of my Italian journey, for I am *cramming* for Italy all the time I am hustling and bustling about. After which, we drove to several *portes-cochères;* but the general answer was, "*Parti pour les Eaux*," or "*Pour leur campagne.*" We got admission, however, to the venerable Bish-

op of Blois, Grégoire, and found him at home and alone, gracious and kind as ever. He talked with flattering admiration of my work on France, and of the eulogium I had made on him. On our return to our hotel, we found the member for Metz waiting for us, who fancies himself an English country gentleman because he wears top-boots. He talked to Morgan on the British Constitution, and asked me "what I thought of 'Betsy *Thatless?*'" (Betsy Thoughtless). A letter from General La Fayette, fixing our visit to La Grange for the third of September. He sends us *carte de voyage*, and the carriage is to meet us at Grande Ville—"a village," he says, "on the confines of civilisation."

To-day we walked to the *Barbe bleue*, *Marché des Innocents*, where I bought myself a *chapeau de soleil*, with corn flowers stuck in the side of it—a regular Leghorn—twenty francs. In London I was asked three pounds for just such another. We then got into a cabriolet, and drove to *Eaubonne*, to see, or at least to inquire for, poor dear Madame Ginguené.* Alas! she was not there. What desolation! and yet, by what immortal names is not *Eaubonne* consecrated—Ginguené, Rousseau, St. Lambert, Madame d'Houdotot, &c., &c. We put up our cabriolet, and dined deliciously as to the *menus*,

* "France, 1816."

though not gaily, for four francs, at a little guinguette, under the heights of Montmorenci, over the door of which was inscribed, "*Ici on danse tous les jours.*" They were clearing out for the ball, and so we cleared ourselves out for Paris. Oh! England, if you would only have guinguettes where "*on danse tous les jours*," instead of drinking porter and gin, what misery and murder might it not spare! The worst of the English temperament and habits is, that they lead to sullen fanaticism, which restricts innocent amusements, and leaves the field clear for brutal indulgence. The man who has no scruple to get drunk on gin of a Sunday would shrink scandalised from dancing and *eau sucrée* on that day "appointed by the Church to be kept holy." Porter and piety can go hand in hand; and so the orthodox

> "Compound for sins they are inclined to,
> By damning those they have no mind to."

On our return, found that Humboldt had called. It is too provoking! He left us a little billet instead of a card:

"Le Baron de Humboldt est venu s'informer du retour bien tardif de Sir Charles et Lady Morgan."

Note from Madame la Marquise de Villette, the "Belle et Bonne" of Voltaire.

August 27th, 1818.

MADAME DE VILLETTE presents many compliments to Lady Morgan, whom she proposes to visit at noon this day. For two days she has wished to pass a moment with her, but the bad weather has kept her at home.

She sends her Fables, which she has been desirous of lending to Lady Morgan in exchange for St. Clair. Madame de Villette regrets to hear of the approaching departure [for La Fayette's,] which she could have wished to see indefinitely postponed; and all who have the pleasure of Lady Morgan's acquaintance concur in the same feeling.

Letters from Lady C. Lamb, which have made le tour du monde.

Melbourne House,
Saturday, 11 o'clock evening.

I AM returned from riding alone, to find myself in these large rooms alone; but I sent for some street minstrels to sing to me, and whilst they have been thus employed, I have scribbled over a bit of paper without in the least intending it; so, as you profess to like these odd twists of my pen, I shall answer your kind note with this truly edifying

frontispiece.* I would you had stayed a few days longer; your head, with far more of genius, has much better sense in it than mine; and besides, you have a much better temper, and you have gone through more, formed yourself more, seen the ne-

* Two specimens of Lady C. L.'s artistic facility, both in the grotesque and elegant, accompanied this letter.

The following poem, printed afterwards in "Glenarvon," accompanied the letter and the sketches:—

"Waters of Elle! thy limpid streams are flowing
Smooth and untroubled through the flowery vale;
O'er thy green banks.once more the wild rose blowing,
Greets the young spring and scents the passing gale.

"Here 'twas at eve, near yonder tree reposing,
One still too dear first breathed his vows to thee;
'Wear this,' he cried, his guileful love disclosing,
'Near to thy heart in memory of me.'

"Love's cherish'd gift—the rose he gave—is faded;
Love's blighted flower can never bloom again.
Weep for thy fault, in heart and mind degraded;
Weep, if thy tears can wash away the stain.

"Call back the vows that once to heaven were plighted—
Vows full of love, of innocence and truth;
Call back the scenes in which thy soul delighted,
Call back the dream that bless'd thy early youth.

"Flow, silver stream! though threatening tempest lower,
Bright, mild, and clear thy gentle waters flow;
Round thy green banks the spring's young blossoms flower;
O'er thy soft waves the balmy zephyrs blow.

"Yet all in vain, for never Spring arraying
Nature in charms, to thee can make it fair;
Ill-fated love clouds all thy path, portraying
Years of past bliss and future of despair."

cessity of, in some degree, considering the opinions of others, although for the matter of that, you have got yourself exiled, so that you have not sacrificed your principles to your interest. Now my case is this; if I were alone to consider my own interest, it is to bear all very gently, be very friendly; say nothing, think nothing, feel nothing, but, studying the present very unbecoming French fashion, to join my cousin the ambassador, make love to every one in power, look askance at those who are not, and climb up that slippery rock—fashion—from which I chose to throw myself down as in an avalanche or parachute—quite plump;—the only question being into which pond, lake, or chasm I like to rest. But it is not my character, and the torrent will take its course. I go, therefore, off, and you will probably see amongst the *dead*, in some newspaper—Died, on her voyage to Bonneberga Hague, Lady Caroline Lamb, of the disease called death; her time being come, and she being a predestinarian.

Thank you for "Absenteeism," which I am now going to read. I hope you saw my brother.

How did you like your *séjour* in London? Will you return? Do you like the "Crusaders?" I will send you a letter of Lord Byron's, to keep; there are some verses to me which I think pretty;

they were written in a moment. I shall send these when I hear from you; in the mean time, believe me, with much truth,

Yours,

CAROLINE LAMB.

Brockett Hall.

MY VERY DEAR LADY MORGAN,

BELIEVE me I have, as Ariel did for Prospero, obeyed your commands; but like Ariel, I am tied in a gnarled oak (that is, I am too ill to go about), so I came to live quietly, until after my wedding-day, at Brockett Hall. My brother William is in trouble that you have not received my letter, because it was such a stupid letter. I dare say he would not send it until he had added to it what you wanted. "Ada Reis" I sent to you long ago, with some little pride—that Ireland, for whom you, as well as I feel interest, should uphold it; here, all I have asked of Murray is a dull sale or a still birth. This may seem strange, and I assure you it is contrary to my own feelings of ambition; but what can I do? I am ordered peremptorily by my own family not to write. All you say is true, and so true, that I ask you, my dear Lady Morgan, if one descended in a right line from Spenser, not to speak of the

Duke of Marlborough, with all the Cavendish and Ponsonby blood to boot, who you know were always rebellious, should feel a little strongly upon any occasion, and burst forth, and yet be told to hold their tongues and not write, by all their relations united—what is to happen? You cannot do me a greater favour than to recommend and set abroad "Ada Reis." I will send you three copies, and with them the letters I have received from Gifford, Lady Dacre, and several others whom you know. In the mean time, I am doing all I can for your future work upon Salvator Rosa,* but until I go to town, I can do but little. I have written to my father, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Palmerston, Lord Cowper, and I have received from each of them very kind answers, in which they say they will certainly obey your orders. You must wait, but depend on the information. Now, in the mean time, will you do me this favour—will you, in return for three "Ada Reises" which I shall send you, and which I value at sixpence a head—will you read the enclosed list, and serve me, if you can, by trying to secure me a vote in Westminster

* Lady C. Lamb having mentioned to me that some of the finest works of Salvator Rosa were in the possession of certain members of her family, I wrote to beg she would procure me a list of them, as I had some idea of collecting materials for the life and times of that poet and painter.

Hospital, in the case of a vacancy for a physician? it may not happen this year, and it may in a month. All I ask you is to write, and to beg for Lady C. Lamb, never mind anything else: but to you I communicate that I am anxious to serve a physician who is with me, whose name is Dr. Roe, who was and is highly recommended; and as we both love Ireland, let me speak it, to the honour of that country, that he sprung from it. He has done everything he could for my dear and only child; I therefore have done and will do everything for him. As you estimate talent so highly, and place mine so high, what must I not say of you? will you at least use your influence discretionally, as there is no vacancy at present, and without naming him, do what you can for me? It is Scotland, Ireland, and England that are opposing each other. You know you are all-powerful with the Opposition, and I hope, for Ireland, you will do your best. I will do all I can for Salvator Rosa. Depend upon me, and you will see how zealous I will be very soon. I received both your letters, but I could not answer you myself; and now, I am obliged to dictate, being far from well. You talk of talent—look at home.

Ever yours, sincerely

CAROLINE LAMB.*

* N. B.—These letters followed me to Italy. I give them as I find them.

Diary.—To-day being our last day in Paris for the present (we go to La Grange to-morrow), we made a tour of public libraries—dined at Vérey's —home—dressed, and went to Baron Dénon's in the evening. The Prince de S—— and his wife were there. General Sebastiani dropped in, and the dear Comte de Ségur, with a green shade over his eyes, and almost blind, still in deep despondency for the loss of his noble son. Humboldt came in, and was unusually pleasant; gave us anecdotes of the emperor and Josephine, and threw new light on the cause of their separation. Dénon spoke of his indulgence to Marie Louise, and his love of children. He saw him twice take the son of Hortense* to council. He said the little King of Rome *jouait son rôle de roi* to admiration. One day when Dénon came to the emperor upon business, the little Napoleon was playing with some toys on the floor. The emperor called him, and put his little hands into Dénon's, saying, "Remerciez donc, M. Dénon, qui a tant travaillé pour nous."—"Je serai charmé, M. Dénon, de travailler quelques fois avec vous," said his tiny majesty. "From that moment," said Dénon, "we were great friends, and I invented some pretty toys for his little palace in the Tuileries gardens." Turning to me he added,

* The death of this promising child much affected the emperor.

"That unfinished drawing of Isabey's, which Inez Esménard gave you, Lady Morgan, would have been perfect had he been allowed to finish it."

During the "Hundred Days," Isabey, to please the emperor, went to Vienna, where the poor little Napoleon was residing with his grandfather, the Emperor of Austria. He took his unfinished drawing in *acquarelle* to work out his design, if possible; but when admitted to the little dethroned sovereign, he found his fair locks cut off, his head powdered, pomatumed, and covered with a cocked hat; and himself dressed in the white uniform, turned up with red, of an Austrian general, decorated with the order of Maria Theresa, military boots, and white leather breeches. Isabey never waited on him again: the next day the news came of the battle of Waterloo, and that Napoleon was a captive to England.

A note from the general: here it is:—

From General La Fayette to Sir Charles Morgan.

La Grange, September 3rd, 1818.

MY DEAR SIR CHARLES,

YOUR letter of the 31st only arrived yesterday, too late for the same day's post. This disappointment is repaired by the departure of M. d'Argenson, and you will receive to-day our thanks for

your kind intentions in regard to La Grange. The news of your coming has circulated much joy here. All my family are collected here, with the exception of my two sons-in-law. You will also find, in addition, Madame de Tracy, mother of my daughter-in-law; Madame de Maisonneuve, sister to M. de Maubourg;* and a young painter of much distinction, brother of the liberal writer, Scheffer. I feel convinced that this addition to our circle will be agreeable to you. The happiness of receiving Lady Morgan and yourself will be participated by our guests. We all agree that the sooner the better. Do not trouble yourself about the elections. They must be preceded by the assembling of the Holy Alliance at Aix-la-Chapelle, although it does not seem very clear what they can have in common with foreign diplomacy. It however appears quite certain that the meeting of electors will not take place before October. I hope it is superfluous to tell you, my dear friends, with what impatience you are expected, and how happy we shall be to renew the expression of our affectionate and grateful sentiments.

LA FAYETTE.

* Sister of the celebrated Count de Maubourg. She obtained permission to join him at Glatz, and only quitted him when he was transferred to Austria.

The pleasure of seeing you overcomes the mortification I feel in thinking that La Grange, the object of your kind partiality, will again be presented to you in a deformed state, owing to the want of rain, which will make you blush for your praises. May the inhabitants, towards whom you are so indulgent, not find themselves in the same condition!

Madame la Marquise Villette to Lady Morgan.

29th August, 1818.

Madame de Villette salutes Lady Morgan, and expresses her regret at not having once more embraced her before her departure. She sends her the Epistle of Chénier, which she seemed desirous of having. With respect to the note relative to my brother, the Chevalier de Varicourt, that which has been already drawn up is too voluminous to send to Lady Morgan. It would occupy too much space. For the memory of the Chevalier de Varicourt a short notice will suffice, which will recommend itself sufficiently when it appears in your ladyship's works. On the night of the 6th of October, the Chevalier de Varicourt was on guard over the queen, and perished, the victim of honour and fidelity, while resisting the attacks of the popu-

lace long enough to afford the queen sufficient time to save herself in the king's apartments. If he had not been my brother I could add many details which would elevate still more highly his heroic conduct."*

We are off to-morrow for La Grange; post-horses to Grandeville, and such a *calèche et chaise de poste!*

Château de la Grange,
September 6, 1818.

Diary.—At Grandeville, where the general's carriage met us, occurred an incident so dramatic that it might have served for an interlude at the Opéra Comique.

Whilst our trunks were changing to the general's carriage, we joined a group who were standing *bouche béante* opposite the window of the *auberge.* Their curiosity was directed to an open window, before which every now and then a most fantastic object presented itself. I asked "a nice young man" standing near us what it meant. He

* The family of Varicourt having been reduced from wealth to poverty, Voltaire adopted the children, and married the eldest daughter to his friend and ward, the wealthy and noble Marquis de Villette, one of the brilliant wits of Paris—when wits abounded.

said, "Oh! c'est Miladi Morgan, qui a si bien parlé de nous autres industriels dans son petit livre sur 'la France;' elle attend la voiture du Général La Fayette."

At that moment the "Lady Morgan" came to the window. It is impossible to describe anything so grotesque, though such figures are still seen in France. A head, powdered and *crêpéd*, two feet high; several *couches* of rouge on her cheek, and more than one on her chin; black patches *à discrétion;* a dress of damask silk with scarlet flowers. She had on what was called a *mantille de vieille dame:* she was apparently any age after seventy. She was fanning herself, and seemed highly flattered by the homage paid to her charms (she could suspect no other source).

In a few minutes she came out, and entered one of those curious little vehicles called a *désobligeante*, such as one still meets with in the *chemins de travers* in France. It was driven by a little dumpy coachman, in a livery as old and rusty as if he had served in the Fronde; in short, it was a scene from Molière realised, the "Comtesse d'Escarbagnas and her page Criquet." She smiled and bowed graciously as she passed the crowd, and was evidently a *grande dame de Province.*

Hitherto Morgan had kept me quiet, but my van-

ity at last broke bounds; my charming *chapeau de paille*, with its poppy flowers, my French cashmere and my coquetry, which, young or old, will go with me to my grave, could stand it no longer.

"'Odious in woollen, 'twould a saint provoke,'
Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke."

As I was stepping into the La Grange carriage, I turned to the "nice young man," who handed me in, and said, "Je suis, *moi*, la véritable Lady Morgan." He said he guessed as much, and announced to the *bons gens* who I was, and we drove off amid *vivats* and laughter.

We arrived at sunset last evening, and the old tower, covered with the ivy planted by Charles Fox, shone out in strong relief from the dark woods behind; but the brightest of all sunshine was the dear La Fayette's own noble countenance, beaming with smiles and cordiality, as he stood at the castle gate to receive us, surrounded by his children and grandchildren, and other members of his family. What a joyous reception! There were also some strangers whom I had not seen before, but who were presented to us individually as soon as we reached the *salon*. And what names! Auguste Thierry, the most promising *littérateur* of the day; Scheffer, a young but already celebrated

artist, who was then painting the general's picture; Carbonel, the most delightful composer *de salon* that France has yet had; (and Béranger, charming as he is, owes him much for his happy adaptation of his poetry to his music, of the school of the truest old French melody); two Americans; and two country gentlemen, who took their leave just after we arrived. One of them had expected to find La Fayette eighty years of age, and a cripple, if not a dotard! I asked the Englishman where he had picked up the notion. He said, "Why, I read in the 'Quarterly Review' on your ladyship's work on France that La Fayette was a dotard.'"

We had scarcely finished our toilet, when the sound of the well-remembered old tocsin summoned us to the evening repast, which was made rather more substantial than usual *à notre intention*. The whole family of three generations were assembled in the fine old *salle à manger*, the stone hall with its groined roof, and at a table where every one dropped into their own place just as I had left them, the strangers taking theirs under the direction of the ladies who did the honours, Madame George La Fayette and Madame Lastyrie. By-the-by, the company at La Grange was seldom less than from twenty to thirty guests, the venerable chief occupying the centre of the table between

his two youngest grandchildren. Gaiety and contentment were upon every countenance; all gold and silver vessels were banished from the table, and the refreshments, without being *recherchés*, were varied and *appétisants*. The dear children were much grown since I parted from them at the same table in 1816. Their charming education, and, perhaps, also their fine original natures, prevented their being importunate or troublesome, and not one *enfant terrible* was to be found among these noble descendants of the two great races, Noailles et La Fayette. They were certainly better educated than the royal pupils of Madame de Maintenon, the pert *précoces* Dukes de Maine and Burgundy. The natural man is the most selfish of all created beings; but early training will break even him in, like "the beautiful hyena which never was tamed," according to the *éloge* of the showman at the Tower. The youngest grandchild, little Oscar de La Fayette, had taken a most passionate love for me in 1816, and he was, like the rest of his sex, faithless in 1818. I said to him across the table, "*M'aimes-tu toujours, mon cher Oscar?*" He hesitated, looked earnestly at me, and then, turning round with a look of extreme fondness at his *bonne*, who was standing behind him, he replied, "*Oüi, miladi; mais j'aime mieux ma vielle!*"

We had a charming *après-dîner*. Carbonel sang some of his delightful songs, particularly "*Il est passé le bon vieux temps*," and "*Je ne vous le dirai pas!*" the words of both by Béranger. The celebrated General Carbonel, his uncle, ancien chet de l'état, major de la garde nationale, and a great friend of M. George La Fayette, is expected to-morrow. Lord and Lady Holland are announced for the end of the month. The description of Lady Holland's arrival at the castle of the republican general is most amusing. She is always preceded by a *fourgon* from London, containing her own favourite *meubles* at Holland House—her bed, fauteuil, carpet, &c., and divers other articles too numerous to mention, but which enter into her ladyship's *superflu*, *chose très-nécessaire*, at least to a *grande dame*. One of her female attendants and a groom of the chambers precede her to make all ready for her reception. However, her original manner, though it startles the French ladies, amuses them.

To-morrow I am to sit to Scheffer for my portrait.

After the departure of the children, who kissed all the *grands parents* and made the most graceful little salutes to the stranger guests, we fell to discourse. I inquired after my old friend the Abbé

Morellet, whom I visited at Paris, on what I believe was his death-bed. No memoir has yet been written of him, though the general says he had a most extensive correspondence with all the literary and celebrated characters of the eighteenth century.

He was a member of the French Academy so far back as 1785, and though all present were anti-Bourbon, *jusqu'aux bouts des doigts*, all gave due honour to his present majesty for the restoration of the pension which he had enjoyed under Louis XVI. What is curious about the pension is, that it was originally obtained for him by an English peer, the Marquis of Lansdowne,* when Earl of

* 1858.—Doubting the accuracy of the anecdote, I wrote a few days back to Lord Lansdowne for information on the subject, when his lordship thus answered:—

"Saturday.

"Dear Lady Morgan,

"I should have answered your note sooner, but could not immediately tell whether I possessed the Abbé Morellet's works here. Unluckily, I find, after a diligent search, those I have of them, not large or numerous, are at Bowood, where, as I have only servants in the house, nobody could find them till I am there. They would have been otherwise very much at your service. I can, however, answer your queries. The Abbé Morellet was not my tutor—he was too old for that—but an old friend of my father's, whom, in consequence, I saw a good deal of the first time I visited Paris. He was then considerably above eighty, I believe near to ninety years of age—one of the last of the Academicians then alive.

"My father signed the Treaty of Paris in 1782.

"I am obliged to write in haste, just leaving town.

"Very faithfully yours,

"Lansdowne."

Shelburne, who having signed the peace between England and France, in 1782, asked and obtained a pension on the ground that the French writer had *liberalised* his ideas; that is, had contributed to fix in his mind those principles which would have a tendency more closely to connect the two nations for the happiness of both.

Auguste Thierry observed, that he heard that he had collected many anecdotes, both from books and society, which would be a curious illustration of the history of the times. We all expressed a wish that the manuscript might fall into the hands of Auguste Thierry, who will, I prophesy, be the greatest historian of France, though now young in life and letters.

Château de la Grange, Blesneau, Pas de Rogoy,
Department de la Brie,
September 10th, 1818.

My dear Livy—

Nothing can equal our uneasiness at not hearing from you. We lingered in Paris day after day, still expecting a letter and good news, until General La Fayette wrote to us to say how anxiously we were expected here this some time back; and in the hope that your letter would follow us immediately, we set off for La Grange, Mr. Warden,

Bayerische Staatsbibliothek München

our American friend, having taken charge of all our letters, which he is to forward us as they arrive. As almost the whole route to La Grange lies through cross roads, and partly through the forest of Senars, our coachman, a most ignorant and obstinate fellow, lost his way, and owing to this circumstance we got into the most intricate roads, into little remote hamlets, vineyards, and woods, that afforded us an excellent view of the interior, especially as we were obliged to alight every half-league to ask our way on, because we were afraid of being overturned. At a very pretty little inn where we stopped to dine, and were turned (literally) into a plantation of peaches and grapes to amuse ourselves while dinner was getting ready, a carriage full of gentlemen drove up: they alighted and told us that the best thing we could do was to return to Paris, because we were in the directly *wrong* road! This was pleasant news; but there was nothing for it but to keep moving—going back was not to be thought of. Some of the gentlemen having ascertained our names from our luggage, expressed themselves much pleased with this accidental introduction, and said some very fine things about our "France;" and so they bowed themselves off, and seemed pleased with the accident that afforded them an

opportunity of seeing us. It is curious that I should be better known here than in my own country. We had another little adventure at Grandeville, which I shall keep for another letter, as I have other matter for to-day. They advised us to return to Paris; but nothing could persuade our coachman, and so he took us across the country, where I am sure no coach-wheel ever went before, and of course doubled the length of our journey. Imagine, however, that it lay through vineyards bowed down with grapes, and orchards that strewed the way with apples. It was curious to see the peasants, even the children, working and walking through them with as much indifference as our people do through their potatoes; but maybe we did not wish for the children, only I am afraid they would kill themselves here in the shortest given time! Nothing could equal the kindness, cordiality, and affection of our reception here. We found the general younger by a dozen years; another grandchild, making twelve, in addition to his family; also a delightful old lady, Madame la Comtesse de Tracy, whose brother, Monsieur de Scoval, married a sister of Lord Kinnaird's, and whose daughter is married to young La Fayette, the colonel; but her greatest illustration is that she is the wife of one of the most eminent men and

celebrated metaphysicians in France. A very clever young artist, who is painting the general's picture, Monsieur Scheffer; and one of the most delightful musicians I ever heard, a Monsieur Carbonel, whose playing and singing is such a treat to Morgan that he keeps him to it from morning till night. He goes through whole operas, and his French songs would delight you as much as Moore's. He is also a charming composer, and seems partly amateur, partly professional: he assists in the academy of the children—for it is literally an academy—as does also Monsieur Scheffer. There are, besides, in the house a music-master and an English governess. Before breakfast I find all the young people at their easels painting from models in the anteroom; then they go to their music (there are three pianos); then they all turn out into the beautiful park for two hours, and then resume their studies for two hours more. But I never saw such happy children; they live without restraint, and, except while at their lessons, always with the grown people. If the little ones are noisy, they are sent into the anteroom; but their gentleness and good conduct are astonishing, considering, too, that eleven of the twelve are always with us. Oscar and Octavie, a little boy and girl of three and four years old, are great friends of

mine. Octavie puts me so much in mind of darling baby, that I have her often with me. She said yesterday to her mamma, "J'ai cherché une rose pour cette petite dame, qui est si bonne pour moi, mais le jardinier m'a fermé le grille (the garden gate) au nez;" would you not be surprised at such a gallantry on the part of Miss Baby? it amused me much, as being so French. But the children are amazingly forward here; they breakfast, dine, and sup with us, and nothing amuses me more than to see them conversing with all their little airs and graces, and not the least noisy. What would amuse you most is to see them breakfasting on soup, made dishes, and drinking Burgundy after it; it is a knockdown to all Morgan's arguments and mine. Morgan breakfasts like the rest; but I have coffee, by particular desire, after breakfast. Every one drinks tea and coffee as after dinner; and though this substantial meal is taken at ten o'clock, every one is ready for the abundant and excellent dinner which is served at four; coffee comes immediately after, and tea at ten. I never saw such a beautiful picture of domestic happiness, virtue and talent. The general has proposed inviting Humboldt and Dénon to join us. If they come, Europe could scarcely present such another circle of talent and celebrity. Morgan (when our minds

are at rest about you) will be too happy. He is now seated under the towers of La Grange by the side of a pond fishing; add to this a fine library and Mozart's "Don Giovanni" played and sung in the best style, and you may judge of his happiness. He is quite recovered, and looking "charming well again." Whenever Carbonel sings his delicious vaudevilles we think of you; I have heard a great many curious anecdotes of my "France" since I came here. The first copy that arrived at Madame de Stael's, Benjamin Constant, and La Fayette, and several persons of celebrity were present. She was herself in her last illness; but expressed herself extremely anxious to see me, and much pleased by what I said of her. As soon as her daughter, the Duchess of Broglie, returns to Paris, she is to visit me; but I hear of so many that are to do so that I believe I must beg an apartment at the Tuileries to receive them. There is at this moment twenty times more liberality and public spirit in France than in Ireland, or even in England. Every shop is crowded with the pictures of La Fayette and other patriots, and pamphlets are published here which would be prosecuted with us. Many of them are so here; but there seems but one sentiment through the country. There is no liberty of the press for newspapers, though they are miser-

able things, without news or discussions; but the people make themselves amends in pamphlets and caricatures. Here is Morgan come in, after having been overtaken in a storm of rain, thunder, and lightning; I fancy, too, by his appearance, he fell into the pond; but he has had great success—"one nibble." As we were walking in the Champs Elysées with Susan Morgan, who is at school there, we met Miss O'Connor; she was very good-natured, and consented to carry you a knit silk scarf, provided she might wear it travelling; they are so strict at the custom-house: so I thought it would not be much worth at the end of her journey, and I will wait till a better opportunity. I dream incessantly that I am attending you, and trying to keep the children quiet; but that Molly will make a noise: this is my nightmare. Here is Morgan wants to say a word—"My dear Livy—I suppose Sydney has told you how anxious we both are about you. I fear it will be yet some time before we shall hear how matters have gone with you; by this, however, you must be out of the scrape, I trust to your entire satisfaction. Sydney, who takes everything in heroics, is not, however, so easily satisfied, and is impatient to know all about it. If *he* is a boy, have him named after me, and I'll make him a good Christian, and teach him to hate all heretics and

schismatics with all his heart. We conclude Clarke has written to us, and that the letter is *en chemin;* but write to us again as soon as you receive this, lest the last should have miscarried. Old Barois, at the Hôtel d'Orléans, is dying of dropsy, and has let his house. You must therefore direct for the present *chez* Monsieur Warden, Rue de Pot de Fer, No. 12, F. St. Germaine. I suppose Syd. has told you all the news, and how delightfully we are situated here. We have a musician from Paris in the house with us that *bates* the world; he has long pieces of vocal music by heart of Glück's that would enchant you, full of force and vigour, with the sweetest melodies. Salute our brethren the wicked, and whip the children.—F. C. M."

Diary—La Grange.—A wintry evening kept us in the *salon* after coffee. The weather is quite changed. The general entered to us, saying, "Allons, mes amis, point de pelouse, et vivent les bûches!"

The next moment half a forest blazed on the cavernous hearth, kindling the dead white ashes of former times, where more than one Duchesse de Noailles may have warmed her little feet.* We all cried out bravo! The ladies took to work, the

* The château of La Grange was inherited by the general in right of his wife, the daughter of the Duc de Noailles.

children to play, and ran off to their schoolroom. All my Irish turf-fire habits came strong upon me, and the idlers followed my example, and "mettaient les pieds sur les chênets," that *foyer* of gossipry in France as in Ireland. Carbonel, however, went to a piano that looked very like a spinnet, and muttered *sotto voce*, "La Sainte Alliance," the most anarchical of Béranger's songs. It is charming! and didn't we all join in the refrain!

'Vivent les rois qui sont unis,
Vivent Algier, Maroc, et Tunis!"

It was encored; and then he sang us an unpublished one, called "Mon petit coin." It begins,

"Non, le monde ne peut me plaire."

Carbonel said, "It is not only unpublished, but it is not even written down by himself; for he never writes down his songs, but leaves them to his friends to pick up as they can when he sings them."

"And where *does* he sing them?" asked Morgan; "for one would go on a pilgrimage to hear him."

"Au caveau,"* said Carbonel, laughing.

* *Le cavcau*, he rementioned, may date back to the time of Henri IV., who, like our Charles II., was prone to *de courir les aventures*. He

"And where is that?" I asked.

"The caveau is his favourite haunt, and from time immemorial it has been sacred to good wine and good fellowship."

Morgan observed, "These joyous cellars were derived from monkish times; for the good fathers often left *l'hôtel* for *le caveau*."

"By-the-by," said I, "when I was a child, I recollect hearing my father say he was going to the 'October cellar,' which was in Trinity College. 'The Silent Sister,' as Oxford and Cambridge call her, was, to say the least, as famous for her 'October ale' as for her Greek and Latin. The junior

wrote one of the best drinking-songs, and addressed it to his stern minister, Sully. It begins—

"Je bois à toi, Sulli!
Mais pour les divins appas
De la Duchesse ——
Chapeau bas!"

It afterwards became a rendezvous for wits and humorists, and was frequented by Piéron, Panard, Collet, and the two Crébillons, *père et fils*. Even in prudish England the Cyder Cellar has survived Crockford's and occasionally been the resort of learning and fashion. Porson is said to have composed his best Greek epigrams there, and Alvanley to have frequented it. The charm of these cellars was probably their obscurity to those who thought with Comus—

"'Tis only daylight that makes sin:"

it—reveals it! Sheridan, in his Duenna, was the last to bring forward the jollifications of the "Monks of the Screw" for the amusement of the public in his opera of the "Duenna;" and the Irish Catholics, when it was played in Dublin, assisted—an applauding audience!

fellows had the privilege of inviting their friends one evening in the week to drink and make merry in their Protestant caveau, which was brilliantly lighted up for the occasion, and their orthodox ale was considered as their *eau bénite*.* But, general," continued I, "why don't you invite the charming Béranger here?"

"Because," said La Fayette, "he won't come. I have asked him, and he has refused, on the same principle that he declined to dine with Talleyrand and the Rochefoucaults—because I am *trop grand seigneur*. I commissioned Manuel, the only one who has any power over him, except it be *la belle Lisette* of the moment. His answer was, 'My instinct leads me to the caveau, and not to the château.'" †

"That," said I, "is rather the reverse of Moore, whose instinct lies quite the other way."

To my great surprise, those present seemed to know very little of Moore. I can understand how difficult it would be to translate his works. Even

* It is curious to observe that the most frequented taverns in Dublin were opened underground in the crypts of the two cathedrals and other churches: probably a good old Catholic custom, sanctified by the place.—See "History of Dublin," written by J. T. Gilbert, Hon. Sec. Irish Archæological and Celtic Society.

† Since the above scene occurred, here narrated, Béranger himself has given a similar version of his refusal; but he does justice to the noble character of the "seigneurs" with whom he declined to associate, and, above all, to La Fayette.—See "Life of Béranger, 1858."

the exquisite verses adapted to Irish melodies are more classical than national, and would answer for any country as well as Ireland, with the exception of a very few Irish heroic names and allusions. Moore is the *chansonnier* of the British aristocracy, and belongs to gilded saloons and grand pianofortes.

Béranger has that *fonds gaillard* of French vivacity which Rabelais and Molière alike possessed (he always sang at table without accompaniment), and which makes him in every sense the *chansonnier* of France alone, whilst he is also the ardent and unswerving friend of her liberties.

Moore, in his love of the society of the great—Béranger, in his aversion to it—only show in inverted forms the same *over* value for external and accidental advantages.

Vulgarity is setting store by "the things which are *seen*." They who are poets by the grace of God, ought to be able to look indifferently on outward show, to leave coronets and the household gods of "plate and gold, basins and ewers" and all their catalogue, to their lawful guardians and bounden worshippers of the Heralds' Office and the Butler's Pantry, neither rejecting the amenities of politeness (be the rank of the person what it may), under pretence of being independent, nor seeking to affect familiarity, where there can be no social equal-

ity.* It is, however, curious that both these men of genius should have sprung from the people, the master race of energetic ability!

The general, turning to me, said, apropos of nothing, "What first induced you to write, Lady Morgan?"

"My instinct," said I; "for I certainly had very little encouragement."

"Oh," said Morgan, "do relate your *débût* with your first MS. in the bookseller's shop."

The suggestion was received with acclamation, and I accordingly told them the "Birth, parentage, and education of Mrs. Denis Bulgruthury," which produced shouts of laughter, though they could not understand the brogue or Irish gesticulation with which I gave it, in which lies the greatest merit of the Irish *raconteur*. I sang an Irish song for Carbonel, which I think surprised more than charmed him.

Sept. 14.—The happy news of my sister's happy *accouchement* arrived this morning before we were

* If I missed making acquaintance with Béranger on this occasion, ten years after I went along with my husband to visit him in the prison of La Force, and had the honour of being received by him with cordial courtesy.—See "France, 1829–30." Béranger took the place of Paul Courier, and had his apartment in the state prison of France. "Les envieux meurent, mais non l'envie;" and though the Fouchés, and Marchangers, and the Villèles, and the Blacas, have made their exit, there will always be entrances for their successors when the agency of such men is required.

up. A BOY at last! I am sorry for it: those boys bode no good, particularly the only son, as this may be, of one who is all over morbid maternity.

Yesterday we accompanied La Fayette on a ramble through his farms, and partly to meet the Prince and Princesse Charles de Beauveau. As we passed the *ci-devant* Pont Levis, I paused to look through the open gates of the court at the fine old château, with its souvenirs as far back as Louis le Gros, and all the Noailles that ever were, the niece of Madame de Maintenon included.

"These are dangerous fragments," I said, "of olden times. They almost make one in love with feudality. Quel beau héritage pour vos enfants!"

He answered, "Ma chère amie, il n'y a qu'un beau héritage; c'est une bonne éducation, morale, intellectualle, et physique."

"Et en donnant une bonne direction à leur intelligence," added Morgan, "for the benefit of society."

"Do you remember," said La Fayette, "Béranger's verses, 'La plainte d'un vieux vagabond?'

"'Comme un insecte, fait pour nuire:
Hommes, que m'écrasiez-vous?
Au plutôt, vous deviez m'instruire
À travailler au bien de tous.

Mis à l'abri d'un vent contraire
Le ver fût devenu fourmi;
Je vous aurais chéri en frère,
Vieux vagabond; je meurs votre ennemi.'"

"Good verses," said Morgan, laughing, "but bad philosophy. Nothing would make an ant of a worm."

We laughed at this bit of natural history from the physiologist, or, as the "Quarterly Review" would call him, the materialist, and hand him over to Mr. Reynolds, the Christian advocate of Cambridge, for prosecution or persecution, as it might turn out.

As I thought the general limped a little, although Morgan gave him his arm, I proposed, as we reached the extremity of the *grande pelouse*, that commands such a beautiful view of the château and its five towers, that we should sit down to enjoy the scene on one of the many wooden benches with which the grounds abound. The shade of two fine trees offered us repose and shelter from the sun, and, above all, one of those charming *causeries* with the general, to which he unsuspectingly lent himself. In those low, slow, modulated tones, which gave to everything he said such emphasis, he answered our questions by replies, that might almost be called historical.

"Is it true, general," I asked, "that you once went to a *bal masqué* at the Opera with the Queen of France, Marie Antoinette, leaning on your arm, the king knowing nothing of the matter till after her return?"

"I am afraid so," said he, "she was so indiscreet, and I can conscientiously add, so innocent; however, le Comte d'Artois was of the party, and we were all young, enterprising, and pleasure-loving. But what is most absurd in the adventure was, that when I pointed out Madame du Barri to her—whose figure and favourite domino I knew—the queen expressed the most anxious desire to hear her speak, and bade me *intriguer* her. She answered me flippantly, and I am sure if I had offered her my other arm, the queen would not have objected to it; such was the *esprit d'aventure* at that time in the Court of Versailles, and in the head of the haughty daughter of Austria." I said, "Ah, general, you were their Cromwell Grandison."

"*Pas encore*," replied he, smiling, "that *soubriquet* was given me long after by Mirabeau." "I believe," said I, "the queen was quite taken with the American cause." "She thought so, but understood nothing about it," replied he.

"The world said at least," I added, with some hesitation, "that she favoured its young champion,

le héros des deux mondes." "*Cancan de salon!*" he replied, and the subject was dropped.

I asked him if it were true that the Emperor Napoleon had served under him? He replied, "No; my intimacy with his compatriot Paoli gave rise to the supposition. Napoleon was the general-in-chief when his name first penetrated into my dungeon at Olmutz. I was even ignorant of the events that followed the siege of Toulon. Buried alive, and, as I believed, almost forgotten, my countrymen began at that period to speak aloud of the prisoners of Olmutz, and allusions were made to us —the Comte de Maubourg and myself—in the journals, the theatres, and even at the tribune. The leading generals expressed an interest in our fate, and the first act of one of the chiefs of the directory,* Barthélemi, the moment he heard of his nomination, was to write on my behalf to the Emperor of Austria. So did the directors, Carnot, Barras, and Rubel. The directory, in fact, charged the French plenipotentiaries with our deliverance, without any particular condition against my return to France; but I knew nothing of this negotiation until after my liberation. Bonaparte interested himself much for us, and hastened our deliverance by some

* May, 1797.

months; our letters of acknowledgment were addressed to the ministers of foreign relations, Talleyrand, General Clarke, and General Bonaparte."

"I should like to see your letter to the citoyen général-en-chef," I said.

"Remind me, Sir Charles, that it is given to you in the evening," said the general; "I thought I had already done so. I was rather surprised not to receive an answer from Bonaparte, particularly as he had told my friend, Madame de Stael, that he intended to write to me; but I discovered that he was very angry at my returning immediately to France. He said, 'If he exposes himself to the chance of being taken by the English, the coalition will never give him up.' He added, 'La Fayette has the talent of making friends; if fortune were to abandon me, il ne me resterait que ma femme, et peut-être mon frère Joseph: on a toujours la personne avec qui on couche.' When Bonaparte returned from Egypt, I was in Holland; my friends wrote me word that he was well inclined to me. He was already powerful, as every one felt that he was *l'homme du circonstance*. He said to his brother Joseph, that I ought to be named generalissimo of the National Guard. Alexandre Romæuf brought me a passport for France, and the commandant of Utrecht gave the *mot d'ordre*, 'Liberté,

Paris, et La Fayette.' I then retired with my family, whom I gathered round me, to the mountains of the Haute Loire, in Auvergne, and I once more found myself in the old feudal territory of the La Fayette. My letter displeased Bonaparte. He did not want me to return to France. Talleyrand had given me a rendezvous at St. Jean d'Angely. Madame La Fayette, who was then in Paris, was however graciously received by Bonaparte. He told her that my sudden appearance entraverait sa marche. 'I know best, Madame, what is to be done for his interests; I beg of him to avoid all éclat, je m'en rapporte à son patriotism.' But he spoke of me with lively interest to Sièyes.* Volney joined me, and I benefited much by his counsel to keep myself quiet. Bonaparte adopted perfect silence in respect to me, and when the *éloge* was pronounced on the death of General Washington at the Invalides, he desired the orator not to mention my name in the oration, and was even angry that my son was invited to the ceremony. During his government as First Consul, I was frequently *en rapport* with him: he was a charming *causeur:* we had many curious conversations together. Talleyrand was permitted to offer me, and even to press me to accept an embassy to the United States; a

* See letter from La Fayette to the Consul-Provisoire Bonaparte.

proposition backed by the ministers. I answered that I was too much an American to present myself in the part of a foreign diplomatist. Talleyrand afterwards pressed on my acceptance a seat in the senate. I declined it laughingly, saying, that probably the very day after my admission, I might find myself under the necessity of denouncing the administration of the chief. The *mot* was carried to the First Consul, who said to General Dumas (father to the novelist), 'Je n'aime pas à passer pour un tyran: le Général La Fayette semble me désigner comme tel.' I replied, that if Bonaparte would serve the cause of liberty, I would serve him with *dévoûment*, but that I would not serve or associate myself with an arbitrary government. On my return to Paris, notwithstanding all these little *tacquineries*, I was in frequent *rapports* with him, and after the infernal explosion, I waited on him; the intention was simply to congratulate him on his escape from one of the nearly successful attempts of the Jacobins: the Chouans had their share of the suspicion, while other reports traced it to England. He told me that Louis XVIII. had written to him to disavow the crime; a good letter, said he, smiling, but finishing by begging that I would place him on the throne; promising me a statue, in which

I should be represented as placing the crown on the king's head!"

The glimpse of a carraige, winding its way amongst the trees, interrupted this interesting con versation.

Sunday. — This is always a happy and a joyous day at La Grange; a day in which the blessed commandment, "In it thou shalt do no manner of work," is strictly fulfilled. Religious service at the parish church, a walk, a dinner—as well as I remember, a cold dinner—a delicious lounge, *sur la pelouse*, every one at ease, every one enjoying themselves; and, to crown all, a dance in the great hall, which, like Yorick's "dance of grace," was, in its innocent enjoyment, like this smiling celebration of the Sabbath. The great hall (where the mark of one of Marshal Turenne's balls had lodged during the Fronde, is still visible) filled rapidly at eight o'clock with the peasantry of the neighbourhood, the servants of the castle, and all the company; two or three gensd'armes looked in *en passant.* The ball opened with the steady solemn dance of *la ronde*, to the music of the violin of the *concièrge*, with the addition of a nondescript instrument, something like an English dulcimer, furnished by a poor Savoyard passing by, who had a franc for his pay. All the company danced in the

first *contre danse*, with the exception of the general, who stood looking on, and leaning on his stick, the happiest of the happy. A little scene took place which really gave the fête an air *dramatique*. While the dance was going on, a party entered the outer door from the court, and passed behind the dancers, through a door which led to the interior of the castle. They were a young gentleman in deep mourning, and one something older, in travelling trim, followed by a clumsy livery servant, with a most Diggory-like appearance, and a portmanteau over his shoulders; a groom with a trunk followed. The general started up, exclaiming, "Mais c'est mon cher Auguste de Stael!" This *annonce* brought all the house of La Fayette on their legs, who followed the interesting guest who so unexpectedly, but so welcomely arrived.

I was very desirous to know him as Madame de Stael's son, and favourite son. Of her elder one who died young, she was wont to say, "Pauvre garçon, il est imbécile comme son père!" Le cadet, on the contrary, might have walked out of a page of Mademoiselle Scuderi's sentimental romances. He perpetuates *une grande passion* for a fair dame, who can never be his, simply because she is another's. It is said he is conscience-struck as well as heart-struck and consults his *curé* at Ge-

neva on the mortal sin of his attachment. He is a pious Calvinist, and, for probity and honour, a worthy grandson of old Necker. So much for what I had been told. As to my own opinion, formed on a long conversation yesterday evening when we returned to the *salon*, I thought him a *charmant jeune homme, et voilà tout* for the present. So much for that day.

Diary — Tuesday. — Point de Beauveau,* an apology, and so no Vaux until they come, because it would have been a great treat to me to have visited the glorious château of the Praslin-Choiseuls, where every square inch of earth and water is consecrated to a history, from Fouquet and La Vallière down to the present fair representative of a race of charming women. The Princesse Charles de Beauveau is the daughter of the present Duc de Praslin-Choiseul.

Charming days, more charming evenings, flow on in a perpetual stream of enjoyment here. The general and myself sit alternately to Scheffer for our picture; Carbonel, full of some new composition, drops in, and then drops down at the piano,

* See "Book of the Boudoir," for a notice of Vaux and Fouquet's party.

and mutters and strums some pretty phrases, and then runs off to his room to note them. Auguste Thierry gives us an historical anecdote now and then worthy of all Rollin ever wrote, or any German historian ever will write; the young ladies *brodent;* Madame George La Fayette and the Comtesse Lastyrie, and the Comtesse de Maubourg are busy with the children, and do not appear; then we walk or drive; yesterday to Vaux, which upset us all; after dinner *conversazione*, sometimes *sur la pelouse* as long as the light lasts, and then in the *salons*, where we get the general on his legs, and set him a-talking, particularly as to his *rapports* with Napoleon; for having voted against the consulate for life, all intercourse between them ceased; but he ended in saying last night, "Cependant, Bonaparte avait toujours de l'attrait pour moi."

From Sir Charles Morgan to Lady Clarke.

La Grange, Seine et Maire,
September 16, 1818.

My dear Livibus,

Clarky's letter arrived this morning, and relieved us from an anxiety that was becoming every day more insupportable. Sydney, whose imagination is always afloat, had composed a romance of

God knows what misfortunes; and even I was beginning to think there was something amiss. You may suppose we are both in high spirits at your safety, and at the good time you have had: but, upon reflection, we are afraid, you have fared so well, that you will be "having these frolics often," and then, you know, "it will be pleasant spending a summer with you." For God's sake, however, think better of it; at best it is a *vilain métier*, and if you will take the pains to read three thick volumes of Malthus on Population, you will find it not a very profitable one. I suppose you are in love with the warm bath; La Fayette tells me that the Duc de Broglie's sister (sister-in-law to young De Stael, who is now here on a visit) is usually put into a bath under similar circumstances—a practice which is now becoming fashionable. Tell this to Clarke. But, above all, I congratulate Molly* upon the turn affairs have taken: she, who is a connoisseur and an amateur, will have great pleasure in the event. We are leading a most delightful life here: the place is heavenly, the weather good, and our host what he always is. We have a constant succession of visitors, all more or less distinguished. Young De Stael speaks English with

* This faithful old servant had nursed both my sister and myself.—S. M.

the accent and manner of our English men of fashion, whom he much resembles in his dress and address: he is full of all sorts of information, and a great musician. We have had every evening music of the very best description. M. Carbonel who has left us this morning, is a thorough proficient in the science, with an immense musical memory, and sings to perfection, though without much voice. By dint of sharp sixths and flat sevenths we have become very intimate. He has played for me a great deal from Glück's operas, and has raised the French opera (as a school) very much in my estimation. The music is passionate, rich in harmony, abounds in transitions, and possesses here and there fine strains of melody: *per contra*, it is *trainante*, often too scientific and old-fashioned in its phrases. On the whole you would admire it greatly, and I think I shall bring over one or two of the best operas. Sydney is going to sit for her picture. I think posterity will dispute on her, as we do on Hercules, to know whether there was one or many Lady M.'s, seeing that not one of her portraits resembles the other. I must leave off for I have only this page allowed me. Whatever you call the boy, he must be a Charles; for as I mean to take charge of that most essential part of a gentleman's education, his vices, he will doubt-

less be worthy of that appellation. Thank Clarke for his news and salute him.

Yours till death, &c.,

C. M.

La Grange, Sept., 1818.

MY DEAR LOVE,

YOU have no idea the delight your letters gave us. I was so unhappy, that in the midst of enjoyment I could enjoy nothing, and was absolutely planning an immediate return to Ireland when your letter arrived. As every one here took part in our anxiety, every one sympathised in our joy; and to show you the extent of the good-nature of these people—deemed so heartless—a charming woman, who left this for Paris a few days since, Madame de Maisonneuve, desired them to write to her an account of your accouchement. She did not say a word to me, but I found one of the ladies writing to her, and she told me it was by her orders, for that she was quite unhappy to see me so concerned. Do you know, I am quite delighted you have a boy: he will be easily provided for. We will educate him among us, and he will be a comfort and protection to his sisters. I should much wish him to be named after poor dear papa, and after his own father, also. It is a pity I am

not with you, to read Rousseau's "Emile" to the nurse; not that I succeeded much in that way with Syd's attendant. I hope you have not made too free with yourself, and that you are just as careful as if you had had a bad time. What I would give to have you all here! You would be delighted with the scene of domestic happiness, enjoyment, and goodness which this family presents. Although there are three families, the twelve cousins, brothers and sisters, live in the most perfect harmony. The eldest boy, Jules, ten years old, has really a sort of gallantry for the little girls, besides being my professed lover. Every morning, before I am up, he has a nosegay ready for me, which he lays on my breakfast-plate, and then another when I go to dress for dinner. Since I came to the house, I never heard the cry of a child, nor have seen the symptoms of a dispute. They are all so polite and affectionate to each other, and so unlike English children, that I am convinced the French character is more physically amiable than ours. On Sunday there was a *fête du village*, and we all walked down to the village to join it. It was completely such a scene as one sees at the Opera. The villages here are very straggling, and resemble English hamlets rather than towns; but the scene of action was principally in a little square before the

gates of a little nunnery, where all the nuns were assembled in their habits, in the midst of the fun. This religious house—which was founded by the Duchesse de Noailles, M. Lafayette's mother-in-law—leaves the sisterhood at liberty to go out, and is almost laical. Several groups of young men, playing the violin, were walking through the village to select the dancers. Some were shooting arrows, others trying fortunes, a number of little booths with toys, &c., &c. The beaux had their hair powdered as white as snow, with immense queues, and dimity jackets and trousers: the women in such caps as I brought over, with a profusion of lace, gold crosses, white gowns, and scarlet aprons. At four o'clock the ball began on the green. It is astonishing to see with what perfection men, women, and children dance the quadrilles, which are here called country dances, and how serious they all look. We left them hard at it, and retired to dinner at five. They all came up to the general to speak to him. He shook hands with all the old folk, and talked to them of their farms. It was the most delightful scene you can imagine. My English dress excited great amazement, especially a long gray cloak I brought from London. In the evening there was (as there is every Sunday evening) *un bal au château.* After

coffee we all went down to the hall, and there children, guests, masters, mistresses, and servants joined together in the dance, as they had done in the morning at prayers, for there is a chapel belonging to the château, where the priest of the parish officiates. The servants danced in the quadrilles—six femmes-de-chambre, and all the lacqueys.* Oscar and Octavie, the two young ones, three and four years old, danced every quadrille, and never once were out;—in short, these scenes of innocence, and gaiety, and primitive manners are daily repeated. In the midst of our ball the Baron de Stael arrived. The general is the oldest of Madame de Stael's friends, and greatly attached to her children. M. de Stael is a very superior person, interesting, and talking English fluently, to our great relief. His sister, the Duchesse de Broglie, is expected in a fortnight. He sits by me every day at dinner, which affords me an opportunity of conversing with him, and learning a good deal of his mother, whom he seems to have adored. He told me that a little before she died she had my "France" read out to her, and was much pleased with it. He has shown

* This condescension on the part of the masters never induces want of respect or familiarity on the part of the servants, and explains the intimacy of the Columbines and Scapins of the old French Comedies with their masters.

us two miniatures of her, one of which he is sending to the Duchess of York, a great friend of theirs. He is now busy reading "O'Donnel," and seems to understand MacRory perfectly. All the clever men from Paris come here constantly: our party is usually from twenty to thirty. I am sitting for my picture to M. Scheffer, in oil, and large as life. My little harp has had the greatest success: in short, every one has their day from which they date, and this is mine. On Monday the vintage begins, and that is a great festival here. Mrs. Solly (Morgan's sister-in-law) has arrived in Paris. She is quite a dasher, and longing to have me with her. You have no idea how fat I am grown already: I think I am not the same person I was in England. The Duchesse de Berri has miscarried—four months gone: they style the produce of this *fausse couche*, in the papers, the high and mighty prince. I'm glad you liked the things: did you get Miss Nugent's parcel?—boots and stockings for baby. To save you the expense of paying postage in Dublin, get your letters franked to Colburn, and he will forward them; but write him always a line on the envelope to beg he will forward them directly. When Crewe* returns to

* Sir Charles Morgan's cousin, and was at that time Secretary to the Ordnance.

London, you can send through him. Now, as postage is so expensive to you, don't expect a letter from us for some time: this is the fourth we have written since we came to France. Your letter to me was opened, and sealed again most clumsily. Have you got my picture from Colburn? We think, to avoid the risk of cross posts, you had better direct your letters to us to M. Warden, at Paris, until we leave La Grange, as he does all our commissions for us. Direct thus:—Chevalier Morgan, chez M. Warden, No. 12 Rue Pot-au-Fer, Faubourg St. Germain.

Thousands of loves and kisses to the child; our compliments to Sir Arthur and Clarke; most particular remembrances to Mrs. Fletcher and Mrs. Bushe; to whom, on my return to Paris, I mean to write. Recollections to the Doyles. I hear of nothing so much as the good my book has done.

Write soon, and God bless you all!

Sept. 1818.

Diary—Sept. 1818.—In answer to some question of Morgan's, relative to the famous coup d'état of the eighteenth Brumaire, the general said that Bonaparte had expressed himself contemptuously of coups d'état, except when they were justified by

very extraordinary circumstances. Sir Charles observed that, "Coups d'état being the triumph of brute force, rarely the result of moral combinations, seem to have been peculiar to semi-barbarous times. Clovis, Pepin le Bref, and Hugh Capet, gave the first examples in modern times of coups d'état, so that they began early in France. Its religious coups d'état—the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and Louis XIV.'s revocation of the Edict of Nantes —produced the greatest evils France has ever sustained from despotic coups d'état. In England," continued Sir Charles, "such violent outbursts have been few and far between: Cromwell and William III. scarcely come under the category." My ignorance ventured to suggest that the ancients did not excel either in such designs or in their execution: the murder of Cæsar was a vulgar crime and a personal treachery. "It would be impossible," said I, "to have a coup d'état in Ireland—Paddy could never keep his secret, but whirling his shillalagh over his head, he would give his old cry of 'Faugh na ballagh!' (clear the road!) which produced such an effect when General Sir John Doyle led on his own 'Irish boys' at the Battle of Waterloo."

Yesterday the weather was so fine that we started for Vaux, for ever notable in the *fasti* of

unmitigated despotism for one of the most splendid fêtes ever given, and for one of the meanest crimes ever committed by unlimited power. The gorgeous palace of Vaux was raised by Fouquet, the last *surintendant* of France, in the reign of Louis XIV., a man whose name belongs to history and poetry, the protector of Molière and of La Fontaine, the victim of Colbert and Louis XIV. His existence was scarcely known, when he was seen occupying the highest dignities of the kingdom—commanding its wealth, governing its monarch, and second only to Mazarin. Scarcely appointed to the ministry of finance, than he passes from his golden salons of Vaux to the dungeons of Pignerol; scarcely under the towers of Pignerol than he is forgotten, and his great name a sound signifying nothing. Such are the merits of despotism! The fête given ostensibly to his royal master, but really with reference to the king's beautiful mistress, La Vallière, was celebrated on the 16th of August, 1661,* and on the 17th of the following month he was doomed to death and cruelly reprieved for perpetual incarceration. Six thousand invitations for this fête had been sent to England, Italy, and Spain. A king, a queen, princes, ambassadors were among the guests; but the name of him who composed his

* The year after the restoration of Charles II.

charming comedy of "Les Fâcheux" for the occasion is, perhaps, the only one on whom posterity will dwell with pleasure.

As we now approached the noble place, all appeared silence and desolation; neither the *grands* nor *petits eaux* threw up their diamond springs in the sunshine; and as we drove through the gates where Louis XIV. had ordered his Mousquetaires Gris—those famous and fatal household troops—to be in readiness to guard the intended arrest of his betrayed host and minister, we perceived that one of the great iron grilles hung off its hinges. We passed into the celebrated *cour des bornes*, where the royal lottery had been held, and its four stalls presided over by the King in person, Anne of Austria, Henrietta of England, Duchess of Orleans, and the duke, the king's brother. The stalls were formed of odoriferous shrubs, and prizes were won (furnished by the gorgeous host), which comprised the most precious gems along with invaluable works of art—collars of pearl, bracelets of diamonds, and, above all, sculptured gems in which the royal deity of the day was depicted in every form of grace and dignity. It is traditional "that to Madame de Sevigné's lot fell an ermine muff (then of immense value), which she sent to the dangerous Ninon de l'Enclos, who was *très-frileuse*,

to bribe her to spare her spells over her young son; an unnecessary caution, as Ninon declared that the young de Sevigné's heart was *une pompion fritte en niège.*"

We passed on to the vestibule, once paved with blue and white marble, and where Louis XIV. had once trod with a conscious power, like Solomon, Augustus, Napoleon.

In the billiard-room, formerly called the Salle de Hercule, we looked in vain for the squirrel and the serpent, which once formed part of the ornament of the architrave, images emblematic of the power of Fouquet and the rising envy of his successor Colbert; but among the defaced arabesques few traces of the original design were visible, or of the many other allegorical works of art and epigrammatic mottoes, one of which attracted Louis XIV. on the occasion of this festive visit, and which he in vain endeavoured to understand, being *au bout de son Latin;* and he turned to his accomplished English sister-in-law, the Duchess of Orleans, for the meaning of the inscription, which was round a figure of Apollo chasing the monsters from the earth. The duchess read:—

"Quò non ascendam?"
Où ne monterai-je pas?

We passed on through a splendid room, called the *Salon;* and through several smaller rooms, more or less neglected and disfigured. We came to one which is still called the "*cabinet de prédiction*," and which is celebrated for Le Brun's beautiful picture of Sleep, imaged as a beautiful woman asleep, of whom La Fontaine, in his poem of "*Le Songe de Vaux*," observes:—

"Laisse tomber des fleurs, et ne les répande pas."

When those "*brigands du Nord*" (Russians) entered the Château de Vaux in 1813, they destroyed all that was get-at-able in this boudoir except the *plafond*, which was beyond their reach, and contains the beautiful "Sommeil" of Le Brun; but they cut with their swords furniture almost as beautiful, and made handkerchiefs for their heads and necks of the fine tapestries of Aubuisson, which covered the furniture.* In the noble *salle à manger* stood a large coarse deal table. One of the drawers was half open. I had the vile curiosity to draw it out: it contained a pewter salt-cellar, with some black salt, some stale bread, and a mouthful of

* The Russians were not more *complete* in their notions of costume than the New Zealanders of the present day, who strut about in an English shirt-collar and a pair of boots, neglecting *le beau milieu*—leaving the interval to nature's own toilet.

cheese, and a dirty coarse canvas *serviette*. I shut it up—the transition from the fête of 1661, given by one of the most sumptuous of ministers to the most despotic of kings, surpassed all that philosophy can collect to give point to her admonitions.

The impressions made on me by this great monument of the times it represented—the sweep of events that had passed over its dilapidated walls—depressed and fatigued me. What a refreshment, on entering the *salle à manger* at La Grange, to see all the children and grandchildren awaiting our return with hungry impatience! *

Return to Paris from La Grange.

October 6th, 1818.

Arrived in Paris from La Grange, October 1st, 1818. Having stayed two days, to repack our things, in the Hôtel d'Espagne, we took possession of a charming apartment in the Rue d'Anjou—very near La Fayette's town residence, and in the midst of all our friends. Madame d'Houchien gave us a little dinner, where we met dear Dénon, the Baron Benéval—late private secretary to the Em-

* Château de Vaux was the residence of the late Duc de Praslin, of miserable memory.

peror—and the Baron de Mortemart, very pleasant —a good creature, and an amusing artist, for he turned a pack of cards into groups *à mourir de rire* —the nine of diamonds, for example, composed a group of *blanchisseuses*, with their tubs in the centre. I have kept them all for dear old George Street. Dénon, always delightful, was less talkative than usual, because he would make me describe my life at La Grange, &c., &c.

Saturday, *October* 3.—We went to the Institute, accompanied by the celebrated and learned *aveugle*, Charles Pougence,* and his amiable English wife. It was a very full *séance*. I remembered many of the fine heads that had struck me in 1816. Cuvier seized on Morgan as we entered, and placed him among the members. This pleased me more than if they had placed me on a pedestal and worshipped me as an Isis. Not but what I had my *petit bout* of homage too; for many of them, as they handed me on, expressed their regret that ladies were not allowed to be members of their society. I said, "It is always the remains of your *loi salique*." Among the pleasant recognitions of friends already known, and of others who wished to become friends on this occasion, an incident occurred, which would

* He was one of the most learned men of his time, and wrote several works of history, biography, &c., and he was blind from his birth.

be a painful view of human nature, if it were not, at the same time, an amusing and absurd one. I give it as it occurred, and announce the hero as M. Charles Dupin. It happened one evening in Kildare Street, as my husband was, as usual, at the piano, a note was presented, in French-English, from a Monsieur Charles Dupin, who had met with a severe accident on landing from the packet three weeks before, and who now appealed to our sympathy. He had no letter of introduction, and was still confined to his bedroom suffering and alone, in a land of strangers. He wrote to us on the strength of my work on France. Without further delay Sir Charles dropped Handel, called for his hat and coat, and set off for M. Dupin's lodging, like a good Samaritan as he was. The result of this visit was, that he continued his attendance both as a friend and a physician * until his patient was able to become his guest, and took his place at our little round table as often as he pleased. We had also the pleasure of presenting Monsieur Dupin to the most distinguished persons in Dublin. He repaid our hospitality by gallant poems to me of a

* Though my husband's professional skill was always at the service of his friends and the poor, he had given up his profession at the period of the persecution of "The Christian Advocate;" after which he never practised or took a fee. He refused to belong to a profession whose great truths he was not permitted to avow.

Valentine fashion, and professions to Sir Charles of unalterable attachment and esteem. On his departure he threw out a hint that he had been employing his convalescent hours in writing a commentary on my "France," which he considered just, and he hoped I would not consider displeasing. It would make, he said, a good *brochure*, and he would send me a duplicate MS. copy, in case I should wish to defend certain political opinions which were not exactly his. I said, that opinion was free to the world, and that I could not object to the exercise of the right of private judgment by another when I took it to myself. And so we parted, *très-bon amis*. This was in 1817. Shortly after, I received the MS. *brochure:* it was impossible for anything to be more severe or disagreeable.

The first person I met on the steps of the Institute was M. Charles Dupin. We saluted him with cordiality. He turned from us in apparently supercilious surprise at the liberty we took, for we were still under the Bourbon ban. "Good den, Sir Richard. God-a-mercy, fellow!" Although we often met in society, we never renewed our acquaintance. He has risen rapidly, however.*

* His "Voyages dans la Grande Brétagne," in 6 vols., were published in 1820, but do not, of course, contain any reference to the above incidents which, as the Italian Arliquino says, "Toca, a me."

I observed that several of the young men wore spectacles, and men in the prime of life were bald. Some of the most eminent were almost blind. The Comte de Tracy, Benjamin Constant, the Comte de Ségur, and others of less note, were among the latter. Study, vigils, and brilliant lights account for this greatest of all calamities, so prevalent in France among the learned and the enlightened. Certainly, a great sensation was awakened by the crowning of the young men who had won their medals, &c., &c. *Query* as to the effect of these institutions? Mediocrity protected, vanity gratified, genius trammelled, and exertions forestalled. Intrigue and family rank and influence have always much to do in these matters. The present Duc de Richelieu, on his election, modestly observed—"Je suis ici pour mon grand-père;" and the poor pedagogue, who started up at the same moment, with his book in his hand, exclaimed—"Et moi, pour ma grammaire."*

Petit diner afterwards with Dénon in his splendid palace of the arts, *à parti carré;* only his

* *Apropos* of such dramatic effect, Dénon observed that the *fête funèbre* of Dessaix, got up by Bonaparte, on Mont St. Bernard, when six hundred soldiers were billeted on the convent to throw laurels on the tomb of the hero, was merely a grand spectacle—the monks and military officiating, and the scene the summit of the Alps. We observed that the young men who won the prizes never even looked at the medals, which they received with the most *nonchalant* air.

nephew, M. Brunet, and ourselves—as good a lad as ever stepped in shoe-leather.

Monsieur Raoul Rochette to Lady Morgan.

Palace of the French Institute, Western Pavilion, Paris.

MADAM,

I HAVE too much reason to congratulate myself on the occasion which has procured for me the honour of your acquaintance not to seize with eagerness all that may renew it. If the sitting of the Institute could possibly interest you, I should feel doubly flattered, first, because it would be honoured by your presence, and also because the ideas I should express there might possibly suggest to you some connection with those which you have so agreeably displayed in your charming work of "Glorvina."* At any rate, Madam, I shall esteem myself extremely fortunate in having been able to offer you that respectful homage; and if, as you have had the goodness to permit me to hope, your memory could suggest any anecdotes relative to improvisation, with which I might embellish the work I am preparing on that subject, I should feel proud, by preserving this, in rendering you a pub-

* The Wild Irish Girl."

lic testimony of the high esteem I profess for the talents of the authoress of "Ida," "Glorvina," and "O'Donnel."

Accept, Madam, the respectful devotion of one of your sincerest admirers.

RAOUL ROCHETTE,

Member of the French Institute, Professor of History in the Faculty of Letters of the Academy of Paris, &c., &c.

Madame de Villette to Lady Morgan.

Paris, October 9th, 1818.

I HAVE passed two months in the country, consoling an unfortunate mother, who has lost her only son by a terrible catastrophe. I read no papers, and only learned your residence in Paris two days ago. I hastened to ascertain your address, that I might express the pleasure I should have in seeing you. Will you be so obliging as to let me know when I may hope to find you at home? I wish to signify to you in person how much I have been flattered by the kind and too-indulgent things you have said of me in your work, for the slightest details become interesting by the charming manner in which they are related.

Accept, I pray you, Madam, the assurance of

the distinguished sentiments with which I have the honour to remain

Your very humble servant,

THE MARCHIONESS DE VILLETTE.

From General La Fayette to Sir Charles Morgan.

Monday morning.

I FULLY reckoned on having the pleasure of seeing you, my dear Sir Charles, but the death of the wife of one of my intimate friends, and the duties resulting therefrom have engrossed my entire morning. The evening also has been occupied. I go out before eight o'clock; but I shall call at your residence between two and three in the day, or between seven and eight in the evening, if I do not find you at the earlier hour. I have not neglected the affair of your translation. I think I have found what will suit you. The work is still in the hands of the member of the Institute, or according to the new style, of the Academy of Sciences, whom I have in view. Madame de Broglie has gone to Lady Morgan's, and is most anxious to see her. She has commissioned me to say so. Receive both the assurance of my sincere friendship.

LA FAYETTE.

From Madame la Marquise de Villette to Lady Morgan.

Paris.

I AM deeply sensible of Lady Morgan's remembrance. An obstinate cold, which has tied me to the corner of the fireplace for fifteen days, has been the sole cause of depriving me of the pleasure of enjoying her delightful society. I trust she is well persuaded of the eagerness I shall display to recompense myself as soon as I am in a condition to go out. I have not even been able, as I intended, to be present the other day at the Athenæum, on the opening of M. Constant's course of lectures, and when I should have had the pleasure of meeting Lady Morgan. I entreat her ladyship to accept the assurance of my distinguished consideration.

THE MARCHIONESS DE VILLETTE.

Paris, October 8, 1818,
4, Rue d'Anjou, Faubourg-St. Honoré.

MY DEAR LOVE,

SINCE Clarke's most welcome letter, dated Sept. 7th, we have not received a line from you; and delighted beyond expression as we were with the good news, we were still most anxious to hear how things were going on, and that you were fairly out of the wood. We have written you four letters from Calais, one or two from La Grange, and one

from Paris on our arrival, and have not received an answer to a single one. For God's sake write on receipt of this and direct as above, and don't send it under cover to any one; for I fear that is the way we have missed your letters, as I take it for granted you must have written in the course of five weeks. We spent a month at La Grange that appeared an hour, and with difficulty got away. I never saw so perfect a picture of virtue and happiness. Besides our usual amusements and occupations, we had the enjoyment of the *vendages*, or gathering in of the grapes. There were above two hundred persons employed in the vineyards for three days, with all the family, visitors, children, and servants, and all went out with their little baskets and cutting knives. May-be the children were not happy! What I would have given to have had our children among them! There was little Oscar (baby in age), the future *seigneur du château*, laden with his basket in the morning, and dancing quadrilles in the evening, with the gravity of a French dancing master. The *vendages*, however, is not so picturesque as I made it in my "Novice of St. Dominick." The women cut and gather the grapes in little baskets, then fill the hampers, which the men carry on their backs, while they bring their loads to immense waggons containing

hogsheads, into which the grapes are flung. Here, however, all is spoiled; for a number of little boys jump into the hogsheads, and with their naked feet bruise the grapes as they are thrown in. All the wine you drink is made so. When the vines were all gathered, the vinedressers came in procession under the castle windows with a large vine-tree hung with flowers and fruit (like our Maypole), and carried it solemnly round the court and lawn. They had refreshments and a dance, and so ended the Vintage. The wine is so plenty, that any one bringing two hogsheads gets one filled with wine for leaving the other behind him. On our arrival in Paris, our first object was to fix ourselves comfortably, as we mean to stay here for the three severe winter months, and then proceed to Italy. We were determined to leave the old-fashioned quarter of the Faubourg St. Germaine, as being too remote and gloomy, and the focus of all the old *émigrés* and *ultras*, and we are now fixed in what is called "le quartier brillant,"—the west end of the town. We have not more than half the rooms we had where we were; but the other advantages outweigh this consideration. We have delicious air, are in the midst of all our friends, and of everything that is delightful; close to the Champs Elysées, in a superb hotel, which stands in a large light court, planted

with shrubs and flowers, even now in full blow. The rooms are very small, *en suite*, clean, fresh, and pretty, with a little staircase to ourselves. We have got a pianoforte, and every room stuffed with flower-pots. You will be surprised to hear, as I am to see, that there is a sort of second spring in France, when the season is fine, as this has been; and I have at this moment the greatest quantity of mignonette, roses, pinks, jasmine, all in full flower and bloom, as if in the month of May, in the corners of the room. I have tall, beautiful green trees five feet high, and all for seven francs (5*s.* 10*d.*). I am delighted with our lodgings; but from the experience of last night I am told I must seek for larger ones, for I had a party, and the French people were suffocated. The night before I was at a *réunion* at the famous Benjamin Constant's, and mentioned that I should be at home on Thursday evenings. Imagine my surprise to find my rooms crowded the next night, and certainly with all that Paris has most distinguished; for there was in one group in the beginning of the evening Dénon, La Fayette, Constant, Jay,* and the Baron de Stael. No one went away till near one o'clock—a thing

* Jay is the author of many excellent political works, and editor of the "Minerve"—the "Edinburgh Review" of Paris. He is witty and pleasant.

unknown here; and every one seemed amazed to find so many people collected at this season of the year, and all so distinguished. M. Constant said that the moment it was known I opened my *salon* in the evening, I should have half Paris trying to get admittance, and they have persuaded us to get a larger apartment, which I submit to unwillingly, as we are so snug. I had some French women, but only three English—Mr. Rogers (a college friend of Morgan's), Mrs. Langford Brook, of our fine London acquaintance, and Mrs. Dawson, mother to Lord Cremorne. I never saw women so delighted, and so grateful. Though some time at Paris, they had never been in French society before, and seeing so many famous people together was a great point. I mean, however, to keep as clear of the British as possible, as they are neither profitable nor amusing.

I have had a quantity of books of one sort or other sent to me by different authors. The Comte de Ségur has presented me, and brought them himself, with above twenty volumes of his works; and Dénon has given me a fine collection of his engravings. Scheffer finished my picture while at La Grange—the most striking likeness you ever saw, but flattering. The hands, arms, and drapery admirable. It is done for the Exhibition here; but

whether it is to fall to my lot afterwards I don't know. He has introduced the little harp into it. Tell Egan all the world is running after his harp, and that he will soon be as well known here as at Dublin. Although Paris is still comparatively empty, we have constant invitations in the few days we have been here since our return, and it is evident I have gained cent. per cent. since I was here last. Mrs. Solly (Morgan's sister-in-law) spends the winter here. They are enormously rich, give great entertainments, and will be an acquisition to us. You are not to suppose we spend all our days in idleness; for we study hard as ever in our different departments. I give an hour to Italian every morning, and have begun a course of history, ancient and modern, to rub up my memory before I touch on classic ground. Morgan is busy with his physiology and hospitals, and all that occurs. We shut ourselves up till three o'clock every day; and, what will surprise you, we went to a grand *séance* at the Institute (such as I have described in my "France"). It was for giving medals to the young *élèves* in music, painting, and statuary who had won the grand prizes, and were to be therefore sent to Italy to perfect themselves, at the expense of government. We were late, and as soon as we came in, Cuvier (who, like the rest of the members of

the Institute, sat in full costume apart from the spectators) rose and took Morgan by the arm, and placed him on the seat with the learned members. This was very handsome; and, as all the rest were dressed in embroidered clothes, point lace, and swords, Morgan was pretty conspicuous in his plain black dress. Nothing could be so affecting as the whole exhibition; I cried the whole time. After the president read the *discours* the young men (all lads, very interesting-looking, and dressed in black) came forward one by one, their age and name being announced aloud, and ascended the tribune. The president presented the young and successful candidate for immortality a little wreath of laurel and a gold medal, and embraced and congratulated him affectionately. The hall rung with applauses. The young men then ran, or rather flew, to the circle of the Institute, where the master of each *élève* (all celebrated men) sat in the greatest agitation. They literally sprang into each other's arms, and the triumph of the master and gratitude of the pupil were expressed not only by embraces the most cordial, but by tears. When Gros, the famous painter, and Cherubini, the composer, received their triumphant pupils, I could see the working of their expressive countenances, as I was quite close to them. When the young men returned to their

seats they laid their little crowns at their feet, and never once looked at the fine gold medals they had received. There were about five hundred persons present (in full dress), and fine music. It was a beautiful and most affecting sight.

Conceive Colburn's neglect: he has never written us a line, nor let us know whether either of our books has been published, nor sent us a copy of either of our works. Has he sent you my picture, &c., &c., &c.? Is our house likely to be let for the winter?—God send—as it will be of great use to us. Morgan is more anxious about "The Clarkes" than I am. We both long to have a peep at you all. I am grown so fat, you would scarcely know me, and am, thank God, in excellent health and spirits, as I trust you are all, you dear souls! I shall expect great improvement in French and music from the "chillies," who must write to me soon.

God bless you all!

Diary.—We are become regular *flâneurs*. We work from nine till three, and then we are off! Visits to pay—sights to see—and libraries to fumble in! all *à propos* to our grand Italian enterprise! "It is wonderful," said Dénon once to a very portentous pedant, "que des choses que vous ne con-

naissez pas!" It is the case with us; we don't feel our ignorance till we begin to learn a little!

Just as we were stepping out of the *porte-cochère*, this morning, Micali was stepping in—Micali, the historian of "L'Italia avanti Romani." I took his arm, and we carried him off with us; a most appropriate *compagnon d'armes*, for we were starting for the Bibliothèque Royale, with its celebrated librarian, M. Langlais. After a charming two hours, we agreed we would all go and dine at the Palais Royale. We parted after our *demi-tasse*, and with our tablets teeming, went home to dress for a *soirée priée* at Dénon's; given in honour of the most charming woman in Paris, Madame St. Aulaire and mother-in-law of the Duc de Cazes. Lo! when we arrived at home, we found a card from Auguste Thierry, the future historian of France; for hitherto France has only had chronicles and memoirs, and perhaps, after all, generally "les uns valent bien les autres!"

Humboldt had called, and, as usual, had written his scrap in the porter's lodge. The poor porter! had he known the value of this autograph he would have pilfered it; and, what renders it more curious, it is written on the back of a milliner's card!

Diary.—Went to a *soirée* at Madame Sophie

Gay's, a beautiful writer, and still a pretty woman, in spite of the rivalry of two beautiful daughters who were in attendance on her all the night, Madame O'Donnel and Delphine Gay,* still in her teens, but promising to surpass her mother's full-blown talent.

Madame O'Donnel thanked me gracefully for illustrating the name of her husband, General O'Donnel, who begged permission to wait on me. These French women have such a peculiar grace in saying gracious things! a certain little twist about the mouth; a movement of goodwill which is pleasant, but has not the affectation to *faire la moue*. I made the remark to a John Bull who was standing near me, and he replied, gruffly, "Grimace, ma'am—all grimace;" a sentence which his wife—a piece of still-life with an implacable face, all Sternhold and Hopkins in every feature—endorsed.

There were many celebrities present, literary and dramatic; one particularly struck me—a fragment of the supreme Beauty of the Directory: it was La Princesse de Chimie! Madame Tallien, a *puissance* of the Directory! A very fine young

* Delphine Gay, as Madame Emile de Girardin, fulfilled all my prophecies of her future fame. Her novels are too well known to need commendation. "Les Parisiennes" is said to be her best; and among her comedies "Lady Tartuffe," illustrated by Rachel's acting, had a great success. She died in the prime of her life and talents.

man stood beside her: it was her son, the present prince. I was presented to her, and had a few minutes' pleasant conversation. Another, a simple and elegant-looking woman, no longer young, and plainly dressed in white silk, without a single ornament, and only a bandeau binding her beautiful black hair; but such eyes! once seen they were never to be forgotten. I asked Madame Gay who she was; she hesitated, and then said, "Eh bien, c'est Mademoiselle Mars."

"Then," said I, "those are the eyes of Elvira!"

"Yes," said Madame Gay, "et vous l'avez joliement critiqué in your remarks on her acting in 'Le Tartuffe;' *à propos*, I must not mislead you by letting you suppose actresses are received in society with us as they are with you; but I take out my privilege as an *auteur dramatique* to receive a charming creature."

I moved on, half inclined to turn back to beg pardon for my judgment on Elvira, which was in opposition to that of all France, though I made to myself a mental compliment on my moral courage!* All this time Morgan was "in colloquy

* This mild and matronly-looking lady, three years after, was enchanting the dramatic world by her performance of "Valerie," the blind girl of eighteen, in one of the most popular of M. Scribe's thousand and one dramas, perhaps, since Molière, the most popular of all French dramatists, and deservedly so. His interesting play of "Valerie" was

sublime" with Benjamin Constant on the subject of their mutual *éloges*, Sir Samuel Romilly. We afterwards went to Madame de Souza's, who, as the Comtesse de Flahaut, during the Revolution, had rendered herself remarkable by the courage with which she had borne her reverse of fortune, her literary works,* and her devotion to her son, the present Comte de Flahaut.†

So we drove off to the Portuguese embassy; but his excellency was at the opera, and the countess had retired for the night. Being very weary, we gave the word "Home," but according to which ritual of the antechamber our *valet de place* translated it—whether he gave the "allez" of nobility, the "au logis," the "gentillâtre," or the "à la maison" of the *bon bourgeois*—I was too sleepy to hear! But on reaching home I was sufficiently *éveillée* to read a note from the Princess

founded on a less correct romance of that name by the inspired prophetess, Madame de Krudener, in whose pious fancy

"Soft love, soft devotion, sat perched up together."

* "Adèle de Sennanges" is the best of them, and shows itself still full of a high-bred, tender beauty, unattainable by the present school of French novels, where

"Who peppers the highest is surest to please."

† He married the Baroness Keith, a peeress in her own right, and is father of the present Countess of Shelburne.

Jablonowski, the only woman who was ever the intimate friend of Napoleon without being his mistress.

Rue de Richelieu, No. 12.
Le 19me Octobre.

Votre aimable souvenir, madame, ajoute encore au regret que j'ai eu de ne pas vous voir chez vous Mercredi; e'est un méchant rhume qui m'a privé du plaisir de voir tant de talents réunis chez une personne aussi intéressante.

En vérité, il faut toute mon amitié pour Monsieur Dénon (et le souvenir que c'est à lui que je dois votre connaissance, madame) pour ne pas me brouiller avec cet aimable homme. Comment c'est lui qui me prive de la satisfaction de vous recevoir chez moi? En vérité, je ne le croyais pas capable de cette atrocité. Si vous voulez, madame, ne pas causer une brouillerie complète entre lui et moi, il faut m'en dédommager. Je n'ai pas de jour déterminé pour recevoir, mais je suis toujours cinq jours de la semaine chez moi; j'y serais aujourd'hui. Demain j'espère vous rencontrer rue d'Angoulême, et vous dire mes projets pour la semaine. Permettez-moi de me réjouir de l'espoir de vous rencontrer. Jablonowski.*

* Princess Jablonowski, a Polish lady of great beauty and merit,

Paris, le 22me Octobre, 1817.*

J'ai reçu seulement hier au soir, mon cher ami, tout à la fois vox deux lettres pour M. Dénon et M. Grégoire, qui seront remises aujourd'hui, et le bel ouvrage de milady. Je vous en remercie tous les deux avec toute l'expression de mon amitié pour vous. J'attendais de le recevoir pour répondre à la savante et ample lettre que vous m'avez écrite il y a quelque temps; mais aujourd'hui je suis trop pressé d'ouvrage pour pouvoir le faire avec détail. Je vous dirai seulement que je reconnais tout à la fois votre excellent jugement et votre amitié dans ce que vous me dites de mon livre. Vous êtes, conséquent à vos idées anglaises sur la médecine, qui vous conduisent à ne voir dans les maladies que des choses isolées, et qui sont soustraites aux règles ordinaires de la vie, tandis que nous pensons tout le contraire, et que dans mon esprit du moins tous les objets soumis à l'observation du médecin sont liés par un système dont les loix sont générales (*positis ponendis*) peut-être, et je suis disposé à croire que nous portons de part et d'autre nos idées trop loin; mais, surement personne n'a parlé plus sagement et d'une manière plus exacte de l'état de la médecine chez nous. Je ris, je vous l'avoue, de voir ces changements subits et

and the particular friend of Napoleon and the Empress Josephine. Her *salon* was illustrated by the literary talent of all Europe.

* 1858.—This and the following letter belong to an earlier date, but they are worthy of insertion any when and anywhere.—S. M.

absolus dans la pratique médicale, qui font que pendant un an on guérit tous les malades avec du vin de l'opium et autres stimulants ; que l'année suivante on les guérit tout aussi bien avec la diète et la *venæ-section* comme vous l'appelez, et que dans une troisième année ces excellents moyens sont rejetés, et qu'on ne guérit plus qu'au moyen des purgatifs—*e sempre bene.* Je vous parlerai une autre fois de tout cela et de l'ouvrage de M. Thom. Wills, dont je suis bien reconnaissant.

Je n'ai pu encore que parcourir en poste votre belle "France," mes amis, mais je veux l'examiner toute à petits pas en faisant des notes. M. de la Fayette me disait l'autre jour, "Cet ouvrage est le meilleur qu'on ait fait sur la France, et il faut avertir Lady Morgan des petites erreurs qui s'y sont glissées, parce que cela donne prise à ses ennemis, et diminue le crédit que l'on doit accorder à l'ouvrage." Il me dit qu'il avait fait sur cela des notes, et je les lui demandai pour vous les envoyer ; elles étaient à la Grange, et sitôt que je les aurai, je vous les ferai passer. Une très-aimable dame de Paris, Madame du Bignon, femme d'un colonel, et qui vous admire beaucoup, ma belle et aimable amie, a pris soin de faire un relevé exact de toutes les suppressions, additions, ou mutations qu'on a fait à l'ouvrage dan les deux éditions de la

traduction française. Comme elle n'avait point de liaisons avec vous, elle a envoyé cela en Belgique pour le faire imprimer sous le titre de "Esprit de Lady Morgan." Je l'ai vue depuis, et elle m'a promis une copie de cet ouvrage pour vous le faire passer. Je vous parle de tout cela sans être assuré qu'il lui convint d'être connue pour l'auteur de cet ouvrage, et vous savez que nous avons ici des mœurs un peu différentes des vôtres sur ce point. C'est la seconde édition que j'ai reçue, et elle fourmille encore de fautes ; comment n'a-t-on pas corrigé cet énorme errata—celle des bas de coton de Madame Ginguéné, par exemple ? Elle m'a prié de vous demander de la réformer ; mais elle me l'a demandé avec beaucoup de bonté et de simplicité, et non pas avec les criailleries et les convulsions de colère de l'autre. Pour en revenir à Madame Ginguéné, la seule difficulté qu'il y eût, c'est qu'on voulait à la cour de Turin qu'elle fût habillée à la mode antique, c'est-à-dire, en paniers, etc., et que son mari insistait pour qu'elle fût mise à la mode de France ; or toute la cour s'imaginait que cette mode de France était celle des Romaines de théâtre, presque nues. Il fallut leur expliquer ce qu'il en était, et ils eurent beaucoup de peine à se rassurer et à croire que tous les femmes en France ne montraient pas dans les rues ce que vous savez

bien. Ce qu'il y avait de mieux, c'est que ni elle ni son mari ne voulaient qu'elle fût présentée, et que c'était la cour qui insistait pour cela. Elle y alla donc habillée à la française, mais je vous jure très-bien parée.

Adieu, belle dame, adieu, mes chers amis.

SAM. MONTÉGRE.

Je dois vous prévenir, pour vous et vos amis, qu'on vient de publier le Catalogue de la Bibliothèque de M. Ginguéné, qui contient notamment toutes les meilleures éditions des meilleurs ouvrages, principalement italiens, qu'il avait remis pour en composer l'histoire. Il en a publié six volumes de plus, tous les classiques de toutes les langues, et des collections littéraires de la plus grande richesse. Faites, je vous prie, savoir à ceux qui pouvaient en vouloir qu'on la mettra en vente en février, 1818, et qu'en attendant on traitera avec ceux qui voudrait acquérir, ou la totalité, ou seulement la partie italienne.

Paris, 1817.

MES BONS AMIS—

VOTRE lettre vient encore ajouter aux reproches que je me faisais de ne pas vous avoir encore répondu ; mais je vais m'acquitter en vous prouvant

que je n'ai pas cessé de m'occuper de vous, et de mériter votre amitié au moins par celle que je vous porte. D'abord, votre lettre (la première) m'est arrivée fort tard, soit que cela dépende de la poste, soit que cela vienne des intermédiaires que vous aviez employés. Pour éviter cela, je vous prie de m'écrire sous le couvert de M. Joseph Ritchie, attaché à votre ambassade à Paris—je recevrai vos lettres plus promptement. J'ai dîné il y a quatre jours chez Madame la Marquise de Villette avec Madame Patterson,* rien que nous trois. Nous avons porté un *toast* à notre illustre amie, Lady Morgan, et à ses magnifiques ouvrages. Ils sont attendus bien impatiemment ces ouvrages; et ces maudits libraires nous font bien du chagrin par leur lenteur. Je suis toujours prêt à faire ce que vous désiriez, soit près des rédacteurs des journaux, soit de toute autre manière. Je ferai soigneusement aussi toutes vos commissions sur le quai Voltaire, la rue Pot de Fer, M. Warden, etc. A propos de notre éternel Voltaire, vous savez peut-être ce qui nous est arrivé—un libraire ayant imaginé de publier une nouvelle édition de ses œuvres complètes; tous les prêtres ont pris l'alarme,

* Madame Jerome Bonaparte, who, after her marriage was annulled by the emperor, took her family name. She was sister to the Marchioness of Wellesley and the Duchess of Leeds.

et ont fulminé (comme on dit) un mandement—non pas de ceux sur lesquels on paye quelque somme, mais de ceux dans lesquels on outrage les vivants et les morts conjointement avec la raison. Voici à quoi tout le bruit qu'ils ont fait a servi—on a mis en chanson leur mandement (je vous le fais passer); et ce qu'il y a de mieux, au lieu d'une édition de Voltaire, on en fait quatre à la fois: *tant il est bon d'être recommandé au prône.* Madame Patterson, que je n'avais pas eu l'honneur de voir depuis un an, me dit l'autre jour que vous lui témoigniez le désir de revenir en France; rien, mes bons amis, ne saurait être plus agréable, non seulement à moi, mais à tous ceux qui ont le bonheur de vous connaître. Vous lui demandiez si vous seriez bien reçus; permettez-moi de vous dire ce que j'en pense, recommandés et présentés comme vous le serez par votre ambassadeur et par vos puissances, vous serez très-bien reçus, même à la cour si quelque chose pouvait vous faire désirer d'y aller; et même dans le cas où votre ouvrage contiendrait des choses désobligeantes pour eux, ce que je ne puis encore savoir; mais dans tous les cas, vous serez reçus ici au bras ouverts par tous les savants, artistes, et gens aimables de tous les genres, et, en vérité, passés les premiers moments qu'on est tenté de sacrifier à l'ostentation, il n'y a

plus que les sociétés bonnes et aimables que l'on puisse rechercher.

Convenez donc que notre pays de France est un bien excellent pays, puis qu'il suffit d'en parler pour faire d'aussi bonnes affaires : il est vrai que c'est le talent du peintre qui met surtout le grand prix au tableau, et que *Raphael* n'est pas moins sublime en peignant Satan qu'en faisant le portrait du *most honourable St. Michel.*

Je vous demande, belle dame, la permission de dire un petit mot à Sir Charles. Une des raisons, mon ami, qui m'ont empêché de vous écrire plutôt, c'est un travail forcé que je poursuis depuis un mois sur une affection que je crois mal connue, bien qu'on ait écrit des bibliothèques entières à son sujet ; ce sont les *hémorroïdes.* Ayant été chargé de faire cet article pour votre dictionnaire des sciences médicales, qui se continue toujours, j'ai repris des notes que j'avais autrefois recueillies sur cet objet, et j'en ai fait un volume. Lorsqu'on imprimera le dictionnaire, je ferai tirer à part des exemplaires de cet article, à dessein de prier mes amis de me faire des observations et des remarques critiques, afin que je puisse m'en servir dans le projet de perfectionner mon travail. Vous pensez que je ne vous oublierai pas ; en attendant, néanmoins, si vous aviez quelque chose à me faire passer

sur cet objet dont je pusse me servir, je vous en serais bien obligé.

Je viens à l'aimable communauté ; hier au soir le bon évêque et moi en avons beaucoup parlé : il m'a chargé de vous le dire de sa part, et d'y joindre toutes sortes de choses affectueuses. Il a su qu'on avait imprimé en Belgique son projet d'association littéraire, mais il n'en a pas reçu d'exemplaire. Il est vrai que Madame de Stael est fort malade ; l'aimable Corinne n'est plus qu'une machine sans force, et qui ne peut penser : hélas ! qu'est-ce que de nous ? on ne croit pas qu'elle puisse se rétablir : je ne la connais malheureusement pas. J'en entends quelquefois dire des choses qui me font penser comme médecin qu'on ne la traite pas convenablement ; cependant à qui le dire, la mort de cette célèbre serait une calamité européenne. Il n'a paru ici aucun ouvrage important sur la politique depuis "l'Histoire des Colonies" par M. de Pradt. Deux ouvrages ou pamphlets, assez insignifiants, ont fourni le prétexte de condamner leurs auteurs à des peines très-graves, ce qui n'encourage pas les écrivains. L'autre jour le journal des "Débats," de tout temps dévoué au despotisme, s'étant avisé de dire que la presse était genée à Paris, on l'a suprimé pour trois jours, et on lui a fait mettre un article dans lequel il déclare que la presse est très-

libre, ce qui était assez prouvé cependant par la suppression. Parmi les ouvrages de littérature, on a beaucoup remarqué deux petits volumes intitulés "Confessions d'une Femme;" cette femme est Madame de Fourqueux, et M. Suard* est l'éditeur de ses mémoires. Madame de Genlis vient aussi de publier quatre volumes d'extrait des "Mémoires de Dangeau" sur la cour de Louis *the Fourteenth.* C'est là que l'on voit ce grand roi *se promener lui-même*, et prendre la peine de faire cent autres choses également importantes qui prouvent toute sa grandeur et son extrême bonté. Imaginez-vous que je n'ai pas encore vu les fragments sur l'Irlande.† Je suis bien malheureux d'être si fort occupé. J'oubliais de vous parler d'un très-important ouvrage dont le premier volume vient de paraître sous ce titre: "Conquêtes, Victoires, et Désastres des Français," etc.: on en dit beaucoup de bien. Dans les sciences, un médecin de Strasbourg vient de publier un gros traité, en deux volumes, sur le délire; c'est M. Foderé, l'auteur d'un excellent traité de médecine légale et de police sanitaire. Il comprend sous le nom de délire toutes les altérations de l'esprit, fébriles ou non.

* Secrétaire perpétuel de l'Académie Impériale et Royale.

† "Patriotic Sketches," one of my earliest works.

Un autre de mes amis, M. Broussais, a publié une sorte de diatribe virulente sous le titre "D'examen des Doctrines Médicales Modernes." Il nous dit des injures à tous: son opinion est que toutes les fièvres dépendent d'une phlegmasie. M. Louyer Villermay a fait paraître, en deux volumes, un très-bon traité des affections hystériques et hypochondriaques; cependant on parle beaucoup d'une organisation nouvelle de la médecine en France, qui va bientôt paraître. Je vous fais passer des chansons (il faut toujours commencer par là), le compte-rendu des travaux de l'Académie des Sciences pour 1816, un petit écrit de M. le Comte Lanjuinais, sur le conseil d'état. Adieu, mes bons amis. Je ne sais si l'aimable M. Moore est à Paris, et je vous ferais passer cette lettre comme la première.

SAM. MONTÉGRE.

Je mets dans mon paquet une lettre que m'en remise Madame de Villette d'une jeune personne qui vous demandait à traduire votre ouvrage. Si cela avait dépendu de vous, j'aurais demandé la préférence pour Madame de Bon.

From Gregoire, Bishop of Blois, to Sir Charles and Lady Morgan.

The celebrated author of the "Marseillaise," M.

Rouget de Lisle, has requested me to transmit to Sir Charles and Lady Morgan his charming poem entitled "The Morning." I should reproach myself if I delayed the pleasure they will have in reading it, and I hasten to forward it to M. Warden, who will place it in their hands. He will tell them at the same time, if considerations of which they are aware prevent me from calling to see them, my sentiments of esteem and affection for both are invariable.

M. Rouget de Lisle will be delighted to make their acquaintance. He resides at the Brazilian Hotel, Notre Dame des Victoires. If Lady Morgan should publish, as is hoped, some new work, M. Rouget de Lisle offers beforehand to translate it into French. He is familiar with the English language, and it will be assuredly agreeable to my lady to have for her translator a man whose far-famed song has led our armies to victory, and has been rendered into every European tongue.

I am anxious to find opportunities of proving to the illustrious travellers how much I have it at heart to become serviceable to them.

GRÉGOIRE, EVÊQUE. ✠

Madame Tracy La Fayette to Lady Morgan.*

I REGRET much, madam, that I was not fortunate enough to find you at home when I called to see you. During the month that I have been in Paris my children have been continually ill, and that was the first time I had been out. I received with gratitude your kind invitation, and I should have profited by it, if I went at all into the world; but I never go out at night, and I must request your permission to visit you in the morning, in the confidence with which you inspired me at La Grange, and to renew the assurances of all the sentiments I then expressed towards you.

TRACY LA FAYETTE.

From the Baron de Stael to Lady Morgan.

I REJOICE extremely, madam, you have condescended to furnish me with an opportunity of being in some degree useful to you. Here is "Sismondi," and I should reserve the honour of presenting it to you myself, if some important affairs did not detain me at home. Receive with indulgence the homage of my respectful attachment.

DE STAEL.

* Count de Tracy's daughter, married to the only son of General La Fayette, was one of the most charming women in France,

"et par droit de conquête, et par droit de naissance."

What a nice note from M. de Stael, and what a valuable present! It does not signify, I am spoiled for life, or at least for Dublin. Whilst in foreign lands, kind friends and approving readers overwhelm us with testimonies of good-will. It has been debated in the Royal Society House in Dublin, whether our works ought not to be turned out, as we should be ourselves if we showed our faces. This little *galanterie* of my countrymen has been told me by Lord Aylmer, Adjutant-General of the Forces in Ireland, and our most particular friend, to whom the proposition was made, he being one of the members. He flung it from him with indignation, as we should say in Ireland.

Two notes from Albertine, Duchesse de Broglie, daughter of Madame de Stael, to Lady Morgan.

Thursday evening.

WILL you be so good, my lady, as to send me the two remaining volumes of your work, which interests us deeply? If I do not return the two first, it is because Mademoiselle Rondall is reading them. I regretted much that I was unable to go to you yesterday evening; but the people who dined with us remained too late. Accept the assurance of my distinguished regard.

STAEL DE BROGLIE.

I AM very grateful, my lady, for the interest you so kindly take in my health. I have been in a suffering state for some time, which has prevented me from calling upon you oftener. I cannot have the happiness of going to you this evening, for I am obliged to remain with a friend who is going to the country; but is it possible that I could see you tomorrow before four o'clock? I am most anxious still to profit by your short stay here, and to recover what my indisposition has occasioned me to lose. Accept, madam, the assurance of my entire regard.

STAEL DE BROGLIE.

Here is a note which has given us great pleasure. Such eminent names belong to the landmarks of time, no matter how simple the illustrations to which they are prefixed.

Paris, Oct. 29th, 1818.

MONSIEUR and Madame Cuvier are fully sensible of the honour which Sir Charles and Lady Morgan desire to confer on them, and will be delighted to receive them. They are most anxious, if they could, to contribute to the enjoyments of their visit to Paris.

From M. Boucher to Lady Morgan.

Rue Vaubadeau, Paris, Thursday, Oct. 1, 1818.

MADAM,

THE desire of knowing so distinguished a person has induced me to entreat of Messrs. La Fayette and Benjamin Constant to present me to you, who are the angel of impartiality, in a country where they pride themselves on rendering the smallest possible justice to Frenchmen, who, on their side, have adopted the opposite mania of Anglicism, down to the most trifling fashions, and singing the praises at random of their natural enemy.

I thought, madam, you were an Englishwoman. I felt surprised, in reading your works, to see that you had bestowed a just eulogium on my country. But I have since learned that you are a native of Ireland, and my surprise has ceased.

General La Fayette, who had led me to expect the favour of being presented to you, being absent, Mons. Benjamin Constant has promised to mention my name, with the view of satisfying my impatient desire to see, to hear, and to admire a lady so worthy of her exalted celebrity.

May I flatter myself, madam, that you will honour my talents by accepting the invitation to a private assembly of persons worthy of meeting you? Mons. and Madame Constant will acquaint you

with the particulars of this *matinée musicale*, which will take place next Sunday, the 8th inst., between the hours of twelve and five. My wife, to whose request I have the happiness to add my own, will endeavour to entertain you by playing on the harp and piano, which instruments she professes. Several other artists, whose ability equals their reputation, will also unite their efforts to ours.

You will find in my house none but literary men, ladies, artists, and distinguished persons, all your ardent admirers. Do not refuse, madam, to embellish by your presence a frank and liberal meeting, in which friendship and the arts preside, with equal anxiety to offer you their homage.

I have the honour to be, with respectful admiration, madam,

Your humble and obedient servant,

ALEXANDRE BOUCHER,*

Ex-Director of Music and Private Tutor to King Charles IV., and Member of several Academies and Learned Societies, &c., &c.

Humboldt has been again to-day, and again we were out. How very mortifying! His visits are

* Alexander Boucher, an inspired musician, but in all else as "mad as a hatter!"

none the less "angel visits" because they are not "few or far between;" and certainly, so far as my acquaintance goes with the angelic choir, "celui-là vaut bien les autres." He left a precious little billet in the porter's lodge, where he wrote it: "Alexandre Humboldt toujours assez malheureux de ne pas trouver Lady Morgan."

Hôtel du Tibre, Rue de Helder,
Boulevards Italiens,
Paris, October 31, 1818.

MY DEAR LOVE,

I WAS sitting alone, waiting for Morgan to come in to dinner (for he had gone to see his sister Susan, who is at school in the Champs Elysées), when enter a Mr. Luby, a friend of Mr. Curran's, who offers very civilly to take a letter or little parcel for me to London, and to try to forward it to Ireland. So, the moment Morgan came home, and we had swallowed our "bit and our sup," out we sallied to the Palais Royale to get you *une écharpe tricotée*. It was now six o'clock, and we were to send to Mr. Luby by eight, so we had not much time to look about us—and, worse, had to choose by lamplight. I hope, however, you will like it. As well as I can guess, the colours are pretty; but it strikes me (owing, I believe, to the fineness of

the web) to be very small; but *la belle dame* I bought it from assured me, "*parole d'honneur*," that it was "*la largeur au juste pour coiffer les cheveux.*" The fashion is to put a silk handkerchief of the prevailing colour under it, and then roll it round. I have begged of Mr. Luby to send you this letter by post from London; and if you do not get the scarf directly, write to him for it. I send the cherub also some toys, which in my hurry is all I can mark out for the present. Write to me the moment you receive this. Direct your letters, in future, under cover to Mr. Crewe, which will save you postage, and direct as above. I hope you got my letter about your play, and that you have written to Harris accordingly. You will think there is no end to our changing lodgings; and, in fact, the difficulty of getting apartments at all elegant and comfortable for people, not of the first rank or fortune, is immense, particularly in winter. We have at last succeeded, and are lodged in the most delightful part of Paris, which you will see by consulting Lady Morgan's work on France, under the head of "Boulevards Italiens," for we are only two houses down the street from them. We have got three very pretty rooms *de reception* and a boudoir, besides an anteroom. Morgan's work comes out in London to-morrow; the trans-

lation is already undertaken by a member of the Institute—a scientific man of great celebrity. Truttel and Wurtz, German booksellers here, have purchased the right of translating "Florence Macarthy" from Colburn at a large sum; and the hurry is so great to have it come out with the original, that they have set two persons to work at it, who will make pretty nonsense of it, no doubt; it is, in fact, untranslatable, but will, nevertheless, make you die laughing.* [The elections here are interesting us beyond everything. Last night we had all the popular candidates with us at our fireside, receiving messages from their electors, &c., &c. Constant and La Fayette stayed with us till one in the morning. From one-half to two-thirds ot the new members are Liberals. Constant has lost his election by eighty voices only out of ten thousand, with all the force and intrigue of the ministry against him. La Fayette, after having been set up for the department of Seine et Marne, and government spending thousands, and using every species of calumny and bribery to worst him, was, on his failure there, set up by the Parisians without his knowledge, and afterwards by the depart-

* If you think the politics of this scribble would amuse Mr. Bushe or Lord Charlemont, let Clarke copy out the paragraphs between the [ ], and give them to Mrs. Bushe.

ment of La Sarthe. When government found he was succeeding in the latter place, they suspended the election, in the face of the laws. Notwithstanding all this, he has this moment sent me word he has been elected—the greatest triumph of public opinion known for years. The king had been heard to declare he would rather hear of two provinces in insurrection than La Fayette elected; and it is said for Madame d'Angoulême, that she would not remain in France if he succeeded. The triumph is universal, and they say my book, "France," was the best canvasser La Fayette had. The Emperor of Russia arrived here at three in the day, went to the Tuileries to dine at four, had a conference *tête-à-tête* with the king for an hour, and left Paris at eight to sleep at Senlis. This was a short visit, you will say. The King of Prussia is still here, running about the shops, and spending his evenings at the theatre, and making about as much sensation as baby would if he came here. The Duchesse de Broglie spent an hour with me the other day. She is reserved and simple, and not the least what you would suppose Madame de Stael's daughter to be. She and the duke go down to La Grange with the general, to pass next week after the hurry of the elections, and we are asked to dine with them on their return.] I long to hear from you and what

you are about. I send you a shawl, and that's all. My love all round. What is doing about the unfortunate house? Morgy wishes Clarke would say to Staunton that he has had nothing particular to communicate worth postage, and give him the cream of this letter, and tell him I have ordered Colburn to send him a copy of the "Philosophy." Love and kiss darling baby; love to Molly.

Diary.—Dénon's party was charming last night! The best society in Paris assembled in what is out and out the most curious of all the curious hotels in Paris—a precious cabinet of all that is most precious of works of art, from the skeleton hand of Cleopatra to the model in marble of that of the Princess Borghese. But as I knew Dénon's hotel *par cœur*, and have besides published the *catalogue raisonné* in my "France," I turned to the living monument of court favour, who was amongst the company, the Duc de Cazes. He is very handsome, engaging, and courteous, of the type of the Carrs and Villierses, those *beau-idéals* of royal favourites. He well became the external marks which he wore of royal distinction, and justified the tradition of a noble descent. When I was introduced to him, I thanked him for his kind mes-

sage through Dénon (which had been to the effect that we need fear no molestation during our stay in Paris, *Anglice*, that we should not be turned out); his answer was too courtly for even my frank vanity to repeat. There was a freedom of conversation about men and things this evening that struck me. It is the freest moment, so far as the expression of liberal opinions in private society goes, as it is also the most tranquil period France has known for the last fifty years. The change which has taken place since we sent forth our "France" in 1816 is extraordinary, but not unaccountable. The king's character and constitution, his tastes and his habits, all tend to repose. He is false, not ferocious; and, having permitted Ultra vengeance to glut itself during the first period of his restoration, he now resumes habitudes nourished in his long exile. A fine gentleman, an elegant scholar; graceful (if not grateful), as the Bourbons always are; gracious, as the French princes always have been, even when their courtesies meant nothing—he owes much to the privacy and privation of Hartwell, and a little to the great reformer of all selfishness, age (for there is nothing like the despotic selfishness of youth). Sensual and sentimental, he applied the *bonhommie* of the old court to the courtiers of the present. He has

his *petit mot galant* for the ladies and his *bon mot spirituel* for the old *voltigeurs* by whom he is surrounded. He *affiches* his innocent passion for the sister of the Duc de Cazes, and his friendship for her brother (his prime minister), by throwing his arm around his neck *en bon papa*. He leaves the ministry to the full enjoyment of their own doctrines and pedantry. His particular friend, the Duc de Richelieu, has been dismissed. His successor has, however, assured him a liberal pension; a curious fact, considering the duke is the collateral descendant to the most powerful minister France ever produced. Still, however veiled, it remains but a mild despotism, gently agitated by ministerial dissensions—the commotion of mediocrity excited by the love of place, and the fear of losing it. There is no liberty of the press, and without that the people can have no rights, and liberty no bulwarks. Contemptible as the present state of things is, the power of the *infiniment petit*, it is better than military despotism, of all despotisms the most brutalising. It is threatening the body to coerce the spirit; and physical force in its most odious form, without any sublimity to disguise it to the imagination.

Diary.—Whilst we were eating our morsel at home, enter Dénon with a delicious bouquet. He

had come to carry us off to the Ambigu, because, he said, they were to give an Irish play, called "Le Songe." The young hero was a "Monsieur Patrique," who always addressed his patron, Lord Lindore, as "votre grace." Miss Pauline O'Connell was an incarnation of Ossian's Malvina, and declaimed most heroically on her country's wrongs. This false chronology is not altogether out of place in the Irish dramas of Irish writers of a certain class. I recollect an Irish schoolmaster who wrote a tragedy, called "Manlius" (which he wanted to produce on the Dublin stage), and who, after bringing his hero to the very edge of the Tarpeian rock, makes him exclaim, "Oh, Jasus! where am I going to?"

Diary.—I had a reception last night in my new apartment, brilliantly lighted, by-the-by, and well attended. A good many English: the Duchess of Devonshire, Leitrims, and Sollys. Then there was Benjamin Constant and Madame Constant (*née* Comtesse de Hardenberg), and the delectable Dénon, and Count de Ségur. The Comtesse de Hardenberg is quite as delightful a person as her husband. The conversation turned upon Madame de Stael, which I thought might a little discompose Madame Constant, as "Benjamin the Ruler" was the most *affiché* of Corinna's *patiti*. However,

I was soon relieved, as Constant gave us the most admirable and graphic description of Madame de Stael's mode of exhibiting, "car elle se posa toujours."

"Do you remember," said he turning to Dénon, "that night at Madame de Tracy's,* where Albertina† had her branch of laurel (*de rigueur*), which she always presented to her mother when she saw inspiration coming strong upon her?" (He took down an allumette as he spoke, and twisted it round his finger and thumb with the "preliminary look" with which she was wont to collect her audience. The imitation was so good and so comic that everybody burst out laughing, and Madame Constant loudest of all.) "Taking for her text," continued Constant, "some word dropped on politics or literature, she burst forth in one of those rhapsodies of eloquence—for she never conversed; she lost sight of every one, except *the* one, over whom, for the moment, she wished to throw her spell. All this looked like art; but in her it was second nature."

"Cependant," said Dénon, "c'était une bonne pâte de femme," and Lady Morgan has done her ample justice in her work upon France.‡

* La Comtesse Destrutt de Tracy, the admirable wife of the celebrated metaphysician.

† Albertina de Stael, Duchesse de Broglie.

‡ See "France in 1816," vol. i. p. 385.

Lavater says, that to suppress a *bon mot* would merit canonization; a Frenchman *never* does, even at the expense of his friend, or—of his mistress. Constant related that Corinna had smiled, but in vain, on the brilliant Count de Rivarol, the spoiled pet of two courts. Meeting her one night at a *bal masqué*, he turned away from her. "De quelle déesse voulez-vous échapper donc?" said the friend with whom he was walking; "and how do you know the masque?"

"*Par le pied de Stael*," he answered.

Madame de Stael's foot was *not* that of Atalanta. I saw Rivarol in his last days in London. He was even then pre-eminently distinguished for his wit and brilliant conversation.*

November, 1818: *Rue de Helder*. We are much pleased with our new *locale;* we were scarcely *campé*, when Berthon, who was the favourite pupil of David, arrived with a note from Dénon to say I must sit for my picture for Dénon for the next *Exposition*, 1820. It is to be as large as life—no

* It was at Harrington House, where a greater wit than himself had already arrived—Madame la Duchesse de Coigny, who sat huddled up in a black cloak and bonnet, the impersonation of the whole Faubourg St. Germaine. Whilst the two were engaged in the "keen encounter of their wits," Lady Asgill, the charming *coquette fieffée* of the day, glided up to the old duchess, and said angrily, "Est-il vrai, Madame la Duchesse, que vous dites partout que je suis plus bête que belle?" "Pardon, miladi," said the duchess, "je l'ai souvent ouï dire, mais je ne l'ai jamais répété."

very immoderate dimensions, that! The canvas and frame arrived here this morning, for I refused to go and sit in Berthon's *atelier*. It will fill up the entire back of my pretty boudoir. Kildare Street, be proud! It will be like the family picture in the "Vicar of Wakefield"—too large for the house!

A note from the dear General: he is returned for La Sarthe; but though so near us, cannot come to see us for some days.

A Lady Morgan.

MES BONS AMIS,

ME voilà député pour La Sarthe moins d'opposition que je n'attendais; le gouvernement a même mis de la coqueterie à rendre cette nomination plus flatteuse. Impossible de vous voir, mais à tantôt, quand je vous en dirai des nouvelles.

LA FAYETTE.

De Stael compte vous aller voir avec Manuel demain; il est très-occupé de sa Société de la Presse. Je lui ai donné votre adresse.

Looked up all my great and small names in my old French visiting-book, and went out with my invitations for a *réunion* every Wednesday, in due form, which I left at the Hôtels La Trémouille, Biron,

Beauveau, Colbert, Chabanis, d'Ossonville, Ruolze,* &c., &c. The day divinely bright and frightfully cold; my nose inclined to be red; but my new vichura, *bleu foncé*, lined with ermine, consoled me for everything. It is beautiful—a present *improvisé* from my dear Morgan, whom I scolded for his extravagance.

We spent the evening *tête-à-tête*, with our feet in the ashes, which may have warmed the feet of Madame du Deffand and Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse. I am sure the *foyer* has never been swept out for the last century. Morgan read aloud a delightful pamphlet of Paul Courier's, pleasant and brilliant as a pleading of Beaumarchais; but what a difference between the *vigneron* of Touraine and the *harpiste* of the two old maiden daughters of Louis XV.! Both, however, out of the common *rôle* of men in their respective ways.

Diary.—To-day very busy sending out cards for my Wednesday, when our valet, throwing open the *grands battants*, announced M. Raoul Rochette, one of my *affidés* of 1816. Raoul!—spirit of my sainted sire! what a chivalrous name! He is waging a war, however, very much opposed to chivalry. He is a very Zoilus, and a great con-

* The translator of my "Novice of St. Dominic," to whom I owe the honour of my first introduction into France.

tributor to the "Minerva;" but he is more than that in my opinion; for he is the friend of the honestest man and purest patriot in France, the identical Paul Louis Courier we were reading last night, and he actually brought a request from the Vigneron to be presented to us! What a charming *apropos!* I immediately filled a card for my Wednesday evenings. M. Raoul said, "I will present it to him, but I am sure he will not come. He hates large assemblies, and would much prefer to be received by you and Sir Charles *en famille.* He says he is afraid of being mistaken for a gentleman. Although he inherits a *nom de terre,* as the proprietor of the ancient estate De Mére, in Touraine, he never receives his title of count. He wishes to be the founder of his own illustration; and, instead of being M. Courier de Mére, he simply writes himself 'le Vigneron.'"

"Although very witty," said M. Rochette, "he is a profound mathematician, and one of our most learned and elegant Hellenists. He was highly educated by his very intellectual father. He entered the army in his youth, fought bravely through the republican campaigns in Germany and Italy, and rose rapidly from a subaltern to be a *chef d'escadron.* But he had a higher and a better calling. The independence of his nature and his intellectual voca-

tion soon drew him from a profession whose dogma was blind obedience, and gave to France one of her best patriots and profoundest thinkers. He had taken up arms against a foreign invasion; but he laid them down after the battle of Wagram, and retired during the despotism of the Empire to his farms in Touraine. It was said that one of his commanding officers, to whom his caustic wit had rendered him offensive, General Berthier, would not accept his resignation. It appeared that on Berthier's *fourgons* was inscribed the name of 'César Berthier,' and the sarcastic young soldier, as he passed the military van, dashed his sword through the classic cognomen of Cæsar, exclaiming, 'Berthier oui, mais César non!' The point of the epigram lay in the reputation of Berthier for being more discreet than valiant: to be sure 'he chose the better part.' During the last ten years he has followed up his learned researches in Italy, where he frequently violated the laws of military discipline, to rummage some old, obscure, and curious library, or to rescue some precious MS. from dust and worms, which chance had discovered to him. To these *fouilles*," said M. Rochette, "we owe his publication of the 'Pastorales de Longus.' It was in collating the entire MS. that he let some ink fall upon the precious fragment. The librarian

profited by the spot of ink to accuse him of having destroyed the original, that he might appropriate to himself the publication. Courier disdained to exculpate himself, the charge appeared so absurd; but being cited by the Prêfect of Rome, he answered the charge in his celebrated letter to M. Remusat, his publisher, a *chef-d'œuvre* of good sense, wit, and pleasantry. After the Restoration he retired to his vineyards in Touraine, 1815. The attempts at a counter revolution by the Bourbons roused him from his retirement, and his Petition from the inhabitants of the little village of Luines, on the banks of the Loire, so full of caustic wit and bitter pleasantry, struck the minister, the Duc de Cazes, who was anxious to found his power on the ruins of the two extreme parties, so forcibly, that he made use of this petition against the ultra royalists. Persecution ceased, and the Vigneron retired again to his *vendages*. The government asking what they could do for him, he replied, 'Rien; je ne pretends à rien, et je ne me crois même propre à rien!' His Letter to 'Messieurs de l'Académie d'Instruction et de Belles Lettres,' and his 'Provinciales Politiques,' in the form of letters, recall the immortal letters of Pascal—'la même force de logique, la même hauteur de pensée, la même finesse d'esprit avec plus de bonhommie encore.' It is unnecessary to say

that he has the priesthood against him, and that little persecutions are daily getting up, which rather *agaçaient* than depress him; and we owe to them his letter 'Aux âmes dévotes de la Paroisse de Véretz, pétition des Villageois qu'on empêche de danser,' and other unpardonable pleasantries, frequently more effective than graver essays." To all these little biographical details my *refrain* was, "But *when* will you bring him to see me?" "Give me your invitation," he said, "et va pour votre Mercredi prochain!" The country must be saved when there are still such men in France. What does the present lull portend? En attendant, jouissons.

The Princesse de Beauveau to Lady Morgan.

You have good reason, dear Lady Morgan, to think me weak for refusing an invitation that comes from you; but, alas! my evening is not my own. I have been for a long time engaged at home by persons whom I cannot set aside without offence; nevertheless, if I can snatch a few moments from them without running that risk I shall hasten to devote them to you with the eagerness which you may readily give me credit for when an opportunity

offers of assuring you personally of my tender attachment.

MORTEMART DE BEAUVEAU.

"L'esprit de Mortemart" has descended intact to this lady by Nature's own "right divine."

M. Constant to Lady Morgan.

November 2, 1818.

M. CONSTANT presents his best compliments to Lady Morgan, and presumes to apply to her ladyship for something, in which he believes her ladyship's kind advice and assistance would be very useful to him. The attacks he has been exposed to from the Ministerial party during the elections make it necessary for him to publish some *Mémoires sur les Cent Jours*, which he wrote in England three years ago, when residing there to avoid the prosecutions of 1815. As during the period he describes he was constantly with Bonaparte, and as he means to give a fair and complete account of his motives in uniting then with a man he till then had avoided and disapproved, he thinks the work will be curious; and he is offered a pretty large sum by his bookseller here. But he believes an agreement with an English publisher would be more advantageous, especially if he sells only the English edition, and

reserves himself the power of making an arrangement for France, which would be no prejudice to the English publisher, since, books being dearer in England, the English edition will always be superseded by the French. He therefore takes the liberty of requesting her ladyship's advice, and if possible, introduction to some English bookseller. M. Constant had treated for that work with Colburn, of Conduit Street; but, upon his returning to France, he gave up every idea of publication, and, the time fixed for publishing being past, Colburn himself agreed to break up the agreement. The work is nearly finished, and must be printed within six weeks.

M. Constant begs Lady Morgan's pardon for his importunity, and relies on her kind and friendly disposition towards him.

M. de Constant to Lady Morgan.

Nov. 2.

Lady Morgan's kind letter encourages me to propose a means of negotiating with Colburn, which would, I think, render the negotiations more easy and more profitable. It would be Lady Morgan's writing a few lines, informing Colburn that I intend publishing the work in question, and directing him

to make propositions to me concerning it. The battle of the elections, though lost, will give some additional interest to the publication, and Lady Morgan's interference would certainly be of weight. If my proposal has any inconvenience which I cannot foresee, I beg Lady Morgan to refuse. My work will be ready in a fortnight or three weeks, and the printing will begin at latest within a month. As soon as I have a moment's time, I intend doing myself the pleasure of waiting on Lady Morgan, and request her ladyship till then to believe me her sincere admirer, and most humble obedient servant,

B. CONSTANT.

Diary.—Dined in the apartments of Madame Geoffrin, 322, Rue St. Honoré. Her cabinet in high preservation, and a portrait of Marmontel is inserted in a rococo frame as a *dessus porte.* Paris abounds in this sort of interesting topography. Dear old Paris! may you live for ever as you are! Whoever should turn this house of brick into a house of marble would destroy one of the volumes, and graphic volumes, which has preserved the history, the manners, and individuality of the most interesting epoch of French society—the grand interval between receding middle ages and the ad-

vance of a phase of flimsy civilisation. How charming, as one runs along the streets (for I always run), to read, "Maison de Voltaire," "Ici demeurait Molière," "Hôtel de Carnavalet," the whole of the Place Royale conspicuous for the house of Ninon de l'Enclos, and other historically-named hotels which abound in the Marais, the Hôtel de Guise being the most splendid representative of the age in which it was raised. Oh! should the genius of the Wyatvilles ever run riot here, and replace these memorable sites—these façades of dingy but fine architectural lines, with spick-and-span-new plaster of Paris and patent cement,

"Then dear Paris to you
I will soon bid a long and a careless adieu!"

Architecture is the printing-press of all ages, and gives a history of the state of the society in which it was erected; from the cromlech of the Druids to those toyshops of royal bad taste—Carlton House and the Brighton Pavilion. The Tower and Westminster Abbey are glorious pages in the history of time, and tell the story of an iron despotism and the cowardice of unlimited power.*

* 1858.—Holy St. Francis! how you and your brother saints incrusted on the walls of Westminster Abbey, spiritual and sovereign lords over the liberties of that gull, man, if you could be galvanised into temporary life, how you would grin at that senate-house of a free people—a bad imitation of a bad reality—and how indignantly you would repudiate all connection "with the house over the way!"

From Princesse Jablonowski to Lady Morgan.

A THOUSAND thanks, Madame, for the agreeable hours you have enabled me to pass by reading your charming romance. I thank you for having named in it my revered and worthy countryman, our friend. There is too much resemblance between our two nations not to deserve your interest. To-morrow, Sunday, I pass the evening at home. It would be extremely kind if you would come to embellish it. You will probably meet Madame de Sismondi. I hope Sir Charles will accompany you. It is not a set party, but one without full dress or ceremony. I trust you will not refuse.

JABLONOWSKI.

From General La Fayette to Lady Morgan.

La Grange, November 23rd, 1818.

WITHOUT doubt, my dear lady, if I had arrived in Paris on Friday, I should have anticipated my departure by two days. The pleasure of again seeing you both, of obeying your commands, and the attractions of the agreeable society assembled at your house on Wednesday, are the more than sufficient causes to make me regret the adjournment of the Chambers. I have persuaded myself, in my agricultural vanity, that I should make a

great sacrifice in quitting my farm for several months. There are many previous arrangements which I like to think indispensable to the public interest of my speculations. A dozen children, who count for something in the desire of prolonging my residence here. The king having assured us that he should not require our attendance before the tenth of December, I thought I might remain here with my family until the fourth or fifth of that month; and our plans, which it would be difficult to alter, have all been settled with this view. Receive, therefore, with indulgence, my dear lady, the apology of my excuses, and of my regret for the motion of adjournment which will follow the sitting of Wednesday. I should be only too happy to be introduced to your distinguished friends, and to meet again, in your house, all those you wish to present to me.

I have read "Florence Macarthy" with the warmest interest. The story, and its accessories, however attractive I find them, comprise its smallest merit in my eyes. The courageous denunciation of the oppressors and opposers of your country, without question takes the lead. But, between this double enjoyment, I find much additional pleasure in entering into details of localities, manners, and language; which, perhaps, cannot be thoroughly

understood and felt by a foreigner unless he has been thrown into the early situations and habits of my life. It seems to me that the translator of "Florence Macarthy" will require much literary dexterity, if I may so express myself, and that he should be as much as possible acquainted with the politics, manners, and popular phraseology of the united islands. Much must still be lost; but enough will remain for a reading as agreeable as instructive, and sympathetic with all generous instincts.

The inhabitants of La Grange write to offer to you and Sir Charles the attachment of three generations.

LA FAYETTE.

P.S. I have heard from Lord Holland, who tells me that, in the midst of his profound affliction, he has received Sir Charles's letter, informing him of my election to the Chamber of Deputies. I am instructed to return his warmest thanks.

Thursday.—I was sitting this morning for my picture to Berthon, when the *frotteur* of the hotel, in the absence of my servant, threw open the door, and announced in one word, "Lordvillanspence!"

and enter the charming William Spencer, the poet-laureate of the aristocracy of London. What an agreeable surprise! He always brings a *bon-ton* London atmosphere about him. Berthon was charmed with the cordiality of our meeting, which, he thought, brightened up my countenance—which had hitherto expressed nothing but bore. He made Spencer sit down—*per far effetto*—whence I could see him, and kept poking my head with his mahl stick till, I am sure, my *pose* gave me the air of an illustration of the *petit courier des dames.* I took the opportunity of asking Spencer for a copy of his beautiful verses of "Apology to Lady Anne Hamilton" for staying too late at her house, spell-bound by the eyes of the lovely Susan Beckford (afterwards the Duchess of Hamilton). He pretended to have forgotten them. I said that was an affectation unworthy of him; and I repeated the first verse myself:—

"Too late I stayed—forgive the crime,
For who could count the hours?
For lightly falls the foot of time
That only treads on flowers," &c.

Berthon, affecting to be charmed with the metre, said, "Mais traduisez moi cela, Miladi." I began, "J'ai resté trop tard l'autre soir," but Spencer and

I both burst out laughing, so that we could not proceed. Berthon looked confused. "Oh!" said Spencer, in beautiful French, "it is only nonsense worthy of Voiture; or the Hôtel Rambouillet." "Vraiment!" said Berthon, who had, most likely, not heard of either one or the other, "Attention, Miladi!"

So he went on with his painting, and we fell into discourse, in English, on the *cancan* of May Fair, and into fashionable frivolities, and Miss Berry's last *mot*—"No friendship can cross the north of Oxford Street"—when a letter was delivered to me, on the outside of which was written, "Alexandre Von Humboldt." The dirty little spot called the world disappeared into its own mists, and the universe, of which Humboldt is at this moment the high-priest, seemed to replace the puppet-show with which we had been playing.

Spencer begged the cover, and read out the letter, that my *pose* might not be disturbed; and Berthon said, looking at the picture through his hand, "C'est un grand homme, M. Humboldt! J'ai ambition de faire son portrait, et de le mettre à l'exposition du Louvre avec le portrait de Miladi."

I promised to invite Spencer to the first Wednes-

day evening I expected Humboldt. This is Humboldt's letter:—

From M. Humboldt to Lady Morgan.

Thursday.

The pleasing remembrance of Sir Charles and Lady Morgan adds to the deep regret I felt at not having enjoyed their interesting conversation at Madame d'H's. My health is almost entirely re-established, and I shall hasten to present myself at Lady Morgan's residence to offer what is her due on so many claims, the homage of my sentiments of admiration and devoted respect. Alas! what pitiless judges I have in your beautiful Albion! You will permit me, I hope, to complain a little when you see how I am treated in the last number of the "Quarterly Review." But I have well deserved it.

Humboldt.

Scarcely had Mr. Spencer—that type of an English man of fashion—simple, *posé*, and well dressed (though not *too* well dressed), bowed himself out, and Berthon and myself settled again in earnest to business, and I had "called up a look," like Lady Pentweasel, with which he was satisfied at last,

when the Vicomte D'Arlincourt was announced, and an original, the reverse of my English type—*se dandinant*—as he advanced, smilingly said, "Je me présente, miladi, sans introduction, vous connaissez mes ouvrages sans doute; on m'appelle ici 'le Virgile Français:' exaggeration! J'admire vos sentiments quoique je ne partage pas vos opinions, et je viens vous offrir mes hommages en fraternité d'auteur!"

Taken thus by storm, and quite upset by the humorous though provoked look of Berthon, my "Pentweasel look" gave way to one I tried to conceal behind my handkerchief. It was quite unnecessary. The Vicomte saw nothing but the reflection from an opposite mirror before which he had seated himself, and he heard nothing but his own voice as he poured forth, *en grandes phrases de Chateaubriand*, an incoherent rhapsody on the state of French literature—past, present, and to come—from Jodelle and Rotrou down to Picard and Scribe; all of whom he anathematised, declaring that Chateaubriand was the *renaissance* of genuine French literature, with a slight hint that he himself was not a mean satellite of the illustrious orb round which he moved!

All this time Berthon was sketching him in on the side of the canvas. His shirt collar was *à la*

Byron, thrown back to show his throat, his hair ruffled, and he looked semi-tragic, semi-comic, like a mask with two sides, which, together with his scarlet and gold waistcoat, made a style of man such as the *chef* of the school of David had certainly never painted before. The entrance of Dénon and my husband caused a break-up of the *séance*, and the French Virgil evidently discomfited by the invasion, took his leave with a "Je me sauve, miladi, c'est pour une autre fois." We all laughed, and Dénon complimented me on my distinguished visitor, which Morgan took *au sérieux*, as nobody had introduced him. "It is very odd," said Dénon, "how much intense vanity is the prevailing temperament *dans nous autres Français. Pauvre garçon!* He will most probably die by his own hands. Do you know, that nearly all our suicides, so much more numerous in Paris than in London, are caused by disappointed vanity? Our hereditary nobility have safety-valves in their rank, and in the offices of which they are the inheritors, in church and state, which protects them from lesser temptations to self-destruction. Such events as the suicides of such men as your Lord Castlereagh, and Sir Samuel Romilly, are unknown in France."

Morgan said, "It is a curious fact that some men are born with a tendency to self-destruction,

which exhibits itself at intervals from an early period of life, even before it can be the result of feeling or reflection. It is generally accompanied by mental aberration, consequent on pressure on some portion of the brain, and is more purely physical than the *amour propre* of man is willing to allow. What poetical suicides and sublime despair might have been prevented by a timely dose of blue pill, or the offer of a *Loge aux Italiens!*"

"An excellent peroration, and *très à propos*," said Dénon, laughing, "for here I have brought Miladi precisely a 'Loge aux Italiens' to see Carraffa's last opera, recommended in a note from Milan, by De Steindhal. I will call for you both at seven o'clock."

I was charmed, and set off to dress for dinner, whilst Dénon sat down to criticise the picture, which is a commission from him, he being much interested in the artist, and somewhat, too, in the subject.

From Gregoire, Bishop of Blois, to Lady Morgan.

I SHALL have various observations to suggest to you on your work, if you are disposed to attach any importance to their reception. Your answer will inform me. I have read, with the greatest pleasure,

the three short appendices attached to the second volume. My opinion with regard to them at the same time echoes the opinion of the public. Accept, Madame, and divide with your learned and excellent husband, the affectionate regards of the old bishop of Blois, who waits your reply with impatience.

GREGOIRE. ✠

Diary.—A pleasant, chatty morning. Somebody quoted a good epigram, which was found written on the statue of Henri IV. the other day, now engraving by public subscription—

" A l'appel je viens de répondre :
J'ai souscrit pour Henri le Grand ;
Pour ses neveux j'en ferai tout autant
Si l'on veut les réfondre."

Napoleon had the bad taste to put on the Tuileries the inscription "La République Française." Madame de Stael observed, that in this he acted like a bad painter, who writes under his picture "Ceci est un lion."

What splendid fragments France still exhibits of intellect and genius! It is grievous to say, however, that these great men are in the decline of life —Volney, La Fayette, Ségur, Destrutt de Tracy,

Cuvier, Geoffroi, St. Hilaire, Dénon, &c., and Humboldt is not in his *première jeunesse*. What are the rising talents or budding notabilities? Are we to have nothing better than Chateaubriand and his contemporaries—*hommes de circonstances*—the Swiss of literature, ready to fight for any god or king that hires them to *plaquer* their coats with a bee or a lily as it may happen?

At all times the rarest moral quality to be found in France is political honesty.

Lady Morgan to Lady Clarke.

November, 1818.

My dear Livy—

'Tis now three months since I received a letter from you—the first and last you wrote after your lying-in. For some time I was so miserable I could enjoy nothing, and was on the point of returning home at all risks, as I was certain you had made too free with yourself and sunk under it. Lady Leitrim was the first to set my mind at ease. She had received a letter from Lady Charlemont saying, Lord C— had derived great benefit from Clarke's baths. Other people told me they received Irish letters, and heard nothing of you;*

* Lady Clarke's letters, though duly written and sent, were never delivered until they all arrived in a bundle from New York, whither

but at last arrived Mrs. Fletcher's letter, which was full of your health and gaiety, and so for your safety I was at rest; and am now utterly at a loss to guess the cause of your silence. I have sent you several letters and shabby little trifles:—a scarf, books, music, shoes, workboxes, bonbonnières, &c., &c., not one of which, I suppose, has reached you, since you have not acknowledged one. I sent them at different times by a Mr. Luby, Mrs. Blashford, Mr. Dalton, and I now send twopenny-worth of nonsense by Mr. Quentin Dick, hopeless of anything reaching you; but still not liking that the chance of an opportunity should escape of re-calling myself to dearest darlings' recollections, though, I suppose, they have quite forgot poor little mamma and big papa, who talk of them as often as they are alone together. I have scarcely energy enough to write to you, so hopeless am I of anything reaching you, or, at least, of obtaining an answer. We are both well, Morgan particularly so, and looking much younger and handsomer than you ever saw him: I must add too, if possible, more devoted, and kind, and amiable than ever. He has had a number of patients on his hands; but he takes no fees. Poor Dénon has been confined to

they had been carried by the American gentleman to whose care she had addressed them.

his bed these twelve days, and will let no one near him but Morgan, who is curing him, though slowly, by the vapour-bath. He is also attending Lady Augusta Leith's son—a very fine boy, the image of the poor General—Mrs. Solly, and many French friends, whose names you do not know. This, with his visits to the hospitals and public institutions, keeps him in constant practice, and his occupation is so far profitable. His book here has had the greatest vogue, and is now translating by the famous La Croix, of the Institution. He is to be made honorary member of some of the first medical societies, and, in short, is justly appreciated. Dr. Portail, the king's first physician, Moreau, and most of the eminent men, have waited on him, and spoke in handsome terms of his work. Humboldt said here, in a large circle, that he had read it with equal delight and instruction; that it was the first book of the kind ever published in the English language, and was worthy of being translated into every language. It has been placed in all the public libraries here, while it has been formally attacked at Cambridge, his own alma mater, by the "Christian Advocate," Mr. Reynolds, one of their professors, on the score of materialism. Mr. Lawrence has also come under the same ban, but he has prudently withdrawn the offending passage.

Morgan is ready to take the field. His work is merely physiological, and they mean in England to attack it on theological grounds, which is ridiculous. Meantime, while a beautiful translation is doing of "Florence Macarthy" here, with a fine engraving, the wretch who translated "France" has brought out a translation of "Florence," the four volumes, a history of me, and a terrible fiction: it is full of notes to turn me and the work into ridicule and to destroy my popularity here.* I am almost quite worn out with persecution, and would most gladly exchange my fatal notoriety for the most profound obscurity. The "Ultras" here hate me with such virulence, that the other night when an English lady praised me overmuch, an "Ultra marquis," who is going to be married to her (it is said), started up and said, "Madame, il faut choisir, ou moi ou votre Lady Morgan!" This does not prevent me being more followed than ever, if that was any solace. Two Wednesdays ago, I had twelve nations in my *salon* (including Florentines, Milanese, and Venetians); but though I had set my face against English and Irish at my *soirées*, they have so got in by introducing each other, that they are completely elbow-

* The translator was a government defaulter, and afterwards an emissary of police. His name is Fauconpré.

ing out the foreigners. I reckoned thirty English here the other night, scarcely one of whom I had seen before. I found, however, some old acquaintances among them :—Admiral and Lady Codrington, whom I knew in London years ago, and Colonel and Mrs. Doyley, he an old flirt of yours and mine at poor Atkinson's when a little lieutenant. She is a regular beauty and dasher ; they are going to take command in Dublin, and I am to introduce them to you. To do the English justice, they are civil in return. We have dined at eight English houses running ; two of the pleasantest dinners were, one at Mr. Lattin's,* a friend of Mrs. H. Rowan's, and at Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham's. She is sister to Lady Aylmer, and so like in person and in voice that when Lady Augusta Leith brought her the first night to my *soirée* I thought it was Lady A. We dine to-day at Colonel Roderick Macneil's, a young Scotch laird, married to Miss Brownlow, whose brother won the election from Col. Caulfield : she is niece to Lady Powerscourt, De Vesci, &c., &c., &c., and very rich—quite a little *élégante*. The Frenchmen and Italians come on purpose to see my English beauties, for, as usual, I keep out all that is ugly, old, or in-

* See "Book of the Boudoir" for an account of this brilliant Irish wit.

significant. Lord and Lady Leitrim seldom miss my Wednesdays, and bring little Lord Clements and Lady Maria. They were at Mrs. Solly's the other night; who gave one of the best balls in Paris this winter. Morgan said you would have died laughing; for I asked half the company, as usual. I took the Sardinian ambassador, and four Italians, the Princes de Beauveau, the Rochefoucaults, two pretty Polish princesses, young Ormsby, and a dozen more. We go to the Princess Jablonowski's on Sundays, the Duc de Broglie's on Mondays, Duc de la Rochefoucault's on Tuesdays, my own nights on Wednesdays, and so on every week pretty much the same, which is much more agreeable than our set invitations. Madame de Genlis has sent to me to go to her to-night; she would be at Lydia White's. She is young and blooming as ever. I ought not to write to you all this nonsense since you seem to care so little about me; at least, kiss dear Clarke and the baby for me.

S. M.

As to public news, the "Ultras" are quite out again, the Liberals gaining fast. The liberty of the press is, it is said, to be given directly by the minister in compliance with public opinion. The violent Royalists, trying to make disturbances,

attack a Colonel Favier, who fought a duel, and behaved, as you must have heard, most gallantly. Adieu. S. M.

For God's sake write by post, and soon! Send me word how the house in Kildare Street stands, and all the news.

I send this by Mr. Dick.

From General La Fayette to Lady Morgan.

Sunday, December 20th.

My dear Lady,

The Count de Confalonieri, a distinguished Milanese, leaves Paris shortly for his own country. He wishes to receive from you personally any commissions with which you may honour him respecting the period of our journey to Italy. I have taken the liberty of naming to him Wednesday as a day on which I could readily introduce him, if you will permit me to do so. Sir Charles, of course, is included in the visit. I intended to call, but I have been prevented, and I send you this billet, without prejudice to my waiting on you at the earliest moment. A thousand regards.

La Fayette.

Diary.—When La Fayette met the Commissioners of the Allied Powers at Hogeneau to treat for an armistice after the battle of Waterloo, Lord Stewart had the insolence to address himself personally to him, for the purpose of remarking that if the French wished for an armistice, they must commence by surrendering Napoleon to the Allies. La Fayette's reply was, "Et pour cela, vous vous addressez à un prisonnier d'Olmutz?" In a letter to the Emperor of Russia, he made some application in favour of Hortense, and concluded by urging his request, as he said to me, "even at the risk of being esteemed Bonapartist by the Allied Monarchs, quoique ni eux, ni leurs ministres, ni leurs fils m'ont vu à la cour impériale."

This anecdote was quoted the other morning by Auguste Thierry, perhaps the most promising genius of his time and country, in whatever way his extraordinary talents may develop themselves.

Apropos to the conversation, Morgan observed, "That in the early history of Europe the several nations consisted of an aggregate of slaves subjected to one master, and the interests of the masters coming in antagonism the nations were thrown into warfare; they had no other relationship than that which arose out of the condition of the masters. At present, mankind are divided into the partisans

of privileges and of rights; the interests of all nations concentrate on one or other of these points."

After everybody was gone, I said to Morgan, "You always say the best thing that is said; only for the battledore and shuttlecock of conversation, you are perhaps too sententious in manner." "Perhaps," he said, "non ho avuto tempo d'esser breve," as Casti says; and so we went to dress for a dinner at the Duc de Broglie's.

Diary.—A small but exquisite party at the Broglie's yesterday; they are always themselves the most distinguished-looking couple wherever they appear; they are both so handsome. But his great name, and her intellectual birthright to distinction as the grand-daughter of Necker and the daughter of Madame de Stael, are not favourable to individual and personal comparisons. The duchess was remarkable, during her mother's passage in England, for her gentle grace and diffident manners; she is now cold and pensive-looking, as if the greatness of her mother had cast a shadow over her, or, perhaps, it may be the recurrence of the temperament of her grandmother, Madame Necker, the Minerva of Messieurs Thomas, and other philosophers *de salon* of that day: Geneva and Calvin may also have something to do with it. The duke is a tradition of the *grands seigneurs* of the courtly times of

France, a tradition fast wearing out; but he is a good patriot and an honest, unswerving politician. The party, which was composed of General La Fayette, Manuel,* the pure and the brave, a man to redeem a whole generation of *girouettes politiques*, such as now *courent les rues*, Benjamin Constant, and Dénon, and a lady, whose name I did not know, but of the order of the sisterhood, who are supposed *d'avaler les couleuvres*, and yet no witch either, in short, a regular "Norah in white dimity." She was, in fact, the *ancienne dame de compagnie* of Madame de Stael, and, I suspect, a bequest to her daughter. The tone of conversation on the whole, considering the personages, was not brilliant, but frank, unreserved, and political, and remarks were

* In looking over this *souvenir* of a charming dinner, I am recalled to Béranger's funeral poem over the tomb of Manuel:

"Contre un pouvoir qui de nous se sépare,
Son éloquence a toujours combattu;
Ce n'était pas le foudre qui s'égare,
C'était un glaive aux mains de la vertu.
De la tombeau on l'arrache; il en tombe
Entre les bras d'un peuple tout entier.
La haine est là; défendons bien sa tombe;
Prêtez secours au pauvre chansonnier.
Tu l'oublias, peuple encore trop volage,
Sitôt qu'à l'ombre il goûta le repos;
Mais noble esquif mis à sec sur la plage,
La seule mort troubla la solitude,
Où mes chansons accouraient l'égayer
Pour effacer quatre ans d'ingratitude.
Prétez secours au pauvre chansonnier," &c.

made on recent acts of the government which would never have been risked under the Empire. We took our leave, pleading the fact that it was my own night of reception. The duchess answered, "And mine too; but your parties *font jour* in my *salon*, so do not be surprised if you see us *en suite* of the general and Constant, who I know are going to you." The duchess always treated Constant like a father, and there was some resemblance between them, especially in the colour of their hair.

On entering my *salon*, where people had already assembled, the first person I met was the Kaima Khan of Moldavia in all his gorgeous trappings, chatting with Talma, who was probably taking a lesson from his grand oriental movements, and the foldings of his drapery, which was perfectly theatrical. Similar incongruities came pouring in. Among my "perfides Anglais" were the dear Reynolds Sollys, Lord and Lady Leitrim of the *bonne pâte*, Irish and English. Among the former enter Johnny B., the young Faublas! The foreigners gave way to let him pass; his tight whites and tight silk stockings showed his colossal legs moulded on the type of an Irish chairman to great advantage, and "faisaient bracquer les lorgnettes" of several demure French ladies, with the muttered exclama-

tions of "Que des jarrets!" "A-t-on jamais vu, madame, des jarrets comme ça?" &c.

By way of redeeming the immorality of his apparition I went up to him, and said, austerely, "But where is Lady Louisa?" "At home, reading her Prayer-book," he replied with a wicked demure look. But amongst the most distinguished guests in the circle were two Italians, presented to me by General La Fayette, whose friends they were. They were first-class men, and would have been considered as such from one end of Europe to another, even before their historical names were announced. The Count Confalonieri, of Milan, and the Marquis Gino Capponi, of Florence, representatives of two of the most noble and illustrious families of Italy. They were in the prime of young manhood, lofty in stature, beautiful in their persons, and gracious in their manners. They had been visiting England and Ireland; in the latter place they had been residing at Lyons, the seat of our dear friend Lord Cloncurry, and were now fresh from the *salons* of Holland House and Devonshire House.* Confalonieri was the very type of a splendid leader of the *Condottière* in the middle ages—tall, dark—such

* 1858.—The terrible *hereafter*, which pursued them from their palaces to their dungeons, was then undreamed of in their laughing philosophy, for they were full of hope and enthusiastic expectations of the liberation of their glorious native land at no distant period.

eyes and teeth! with the head of an Antinous! Capponi's person was marked by peculiar elegance, and the graces of an accomplished fine gentleman. What an agreeable conversation we had in a corner! while Boucher was playing mad pranks with his violin. This modern Viotti was so in love with Napoleon, that he always dressed *à la Napoléon*, whom he resembled, or thought he resembled so much. My two Italians urged our visit to Italy, and said, "they only asked such a book as 'France,'" adding, "and with such feelings of sympathy with the oppressed as in your Irish novels;" these were Confalonieri's own words. They promised to have everything prepared for us in Milan and Florence, and before they leave Paris they are to furnish us with letters of introduction to the best and safest man there, the ex-grand Almoner of Italy, the Abbate Brenne. They said, too, many other things, which it will not do to commit to a journal in an *hôtel garni, rue de Helder!* They have invited us to their respective palaces, and with an earnestness of manner that left no doubt of their sincerity—*nous verrons.* In short, last night was a *grand succès.* Paul Courier, however, did not come, and so the part of "Macheath" was left out, but *not* by particular desire! Raoul Rochette made his apology.

Lady Morgan to Lady Clarke.

Hôtel du Tibre, Rue de Helder,
Boulevards Italiens, December, 1818.

MY DEAR LOVE,

MR. WARDEN has been here to say that a gentleman belonging to the Insurance Office of Belfast has offered to take some little things for him to Dublin, and so I seize on the opportunity of writing, as usual, and sending a very little thing or two. Observe, you have three of mine now unanswered: one was about your play, telling you Mr. Harris had written to me. I have not received any answer from him since I wrote to him a fortnight back, but suppose he has written to you. I sent you by Mr. Luby a French book for the children, and a scarf for your head. I trust you have got it all right and safe by this. Paris is beginning to fill, and the number of persons that get introduced to us of all nations is very amusing. Yesterday we had an Italian princess, a Venetian count, and a Maltese knight commander, all very delightful people, and offering their services to us in Italy. The Venetian young, and very handsome and amusing; told us a great deal of Lord Byron's *séjour* at Venice. At first he was very little known, and only seen at a Countess Albrizzi's, to whom we have letters, and who is the first woman

in Venice; but now he is *répandu*, and receives company in his box at the opera. All the Italians here seem much interested in our journey, and anxious to forward our views. We have authors, poets, and patriots of all sorts. A Count D'Arlincourt came to see us the other day; he is the author of a new poem called "Charlemagne"—very bad. He is well-looking, rich, has a fine hotel, but wears a velvet waistcoat bound with gold, and told me he was called the "Virgile of France." So much for Buckingham! Another poet—the son of the well-known Madame de Cam pan, and first cousin of Marshal Ney—has been here, with twenty others, to get the translation of "Florence;" but that being disposed of, he is translating "Lalla Rookh" in prose. He has sent me two books of it to look at: not ill done. Another gentleman has written the most supplicating letter to go to his concert, saying he had been trying all over Paris to get himself introduced to me, and in despair wrote to me himself. M. and Madame Constant, and the Countess Hardenberg, daughter-in-law to the Prussian minister, are to go with us. What it is all to be about I don't know, but begins at twelve, and I have got up early to write to you before I go. The fun of it is, that dear Dénon has begged of us, in the name of one

Italian lady, to go to her concert in the evening; so, for once, Morgy will have enough of it. All our friends are returning back from Spa and their chateaux. Every member of the Prince de Beauveau's family has been here, and we were with them yesterday. The Villettes and the La Rochefoucaults wrote to me to make an appointment to see me to-morrow. This being at home is by no means an expensive concern. In some houses they give nothing at all; I give simply tea. The other night a lady called for a lump of sugar; she had no sooner begun to eat it than almost every one called for a lump of sugar; and there was my whole party, each with a bit of sugar in their hands. At last I ventured to ask what preference they had for that sort of refreshment. One said, "C'est bon pour la digestion;" another, "Cela bernis le gosier;" another, "Cela distrait," &c., &c., and all this quite seriously. Now, you will allow this is entertaining your friends at a cheap rate, as you can provide a whole party at the expense of a pound of sugar. There is a very pretty melodrama come out here, which we went to see—"Le petit chaperon rouge" ("Little Red Riding Hood"). It was played, I am afraid, when Harris was here, and it is just possible he may be getting it translated. I send it to you, however; if you could

translate the poetry, and adapt it to old English popular airs, change the scene from Switzerland to England, and make all the characters old English, I think it might do. The music is not all out yet, except one or two popular songs, which have been stolen. The most popular of all, sung by Little Red Riding Hood, I send you. It is what the French call a *ronde*—the prettiest thing in the world—that is, a Dance. It is waltzing time; and while the chorus sing, they all waltz. I send you a burlesque of "Charlotte and Werter." Charlotte is a colporteur in petticoats. I send the girls a bonbonnière among them, and your papa sends baby a Polichinelle, for whom he will probably get an engagement at the Stephen Green Theatre Royal, together with some new music for all, and a sketch of me by Dénon, and a scarf for your own handsome shoulders. Just as I get so far, enter Mr. Warden, with a great lump of a Belfast man, Billy Fitz-Adam, with red hair, eyes, and whiskers, who jumped a mile back when I showed him Polichinelle, and said it was "uncummen large," and, in short, refused to take anything but a letter, and that open, as he was uncommon afraid of the custom-house officers, &c., &c. So, without ceremony, and in a great passion, I turned him out, for the price of his taking my parcels was giving him

leave to come and look at me, at least. I have now hopes of another gentleman, a Mr. Sanky, who, I understand, is very obliging, and who is to call on me to-day. Well, we have been at the concert, and found there every noted person in France. Morgan and I got into a corner with the celebrated Comte Lanjuinais, Constant, and Talma. Imagine my horror when, in the midst of this crowd, the master of the house (the finest violin-player I ever heard) insisted on my coming forward and taking a seat in the front of all, saying I was his inspiration (!) I thought I should have died of it. Morgan was enchanted with the concern, as well he might be. The best of it is, that this *fanatico violonico* and his wife, who is the first harp-player in Paris, volunteered to play on my Wednesday evenings; and not only that, but to bring *tous les premiers artistes de Paris* with them; so I am to have a concert in form without any trouble; and to my great astonishment as well as Morgan's, the Princess de Beauveau, the Duc and Duchesse de Broglie, the Countess Hardenberg, and La Rochefoucault, with all their families, are coming; and among my *célèbres*, Talma, Constant, Jouy (the hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin), Du Patty, the poet, Etienne, ditto, Dénon, Ségur, Baron de Stael, and many others. Morgan swears I'll

suffocate them all, as the French are wholly unused to a squeeze. I have asked Mrs. Blashford, Mr. Grattan, and the Bushes to come, though, generally speaking, I keep very clear of the English. There is an ultra-royalist work which has attacked me here, and every one is indignant; they have attacked Madame de Stael at the same time. Are you reading the "Memoirs of Madame d'Epinay" I sent you by Miss Nugent? Your letter is just come and has spread great joy; we were longing to hear from you. We are well contented with the bargain made for the house, though half regret it is let so long as a year. We should like to have the house in Merrion Square, but for the moment that is out of the question. However, nothing that we know of can prevent our returning and settling in old Dublin for life in a year's time at farthest. I am delighted with all you tell me of the children: they are dear good girls. I'll have the finishing of them myself, and shall be greatly annoyed if no one will take charge of their little boxes. As to a history of France, Morgan will look about for one, but there is scarcely one I could recommend to children, nor would I be at all anxious they should look into history for some years; languages, geography, a little astronomy, some time hence; writing, arithmetic, all that employs the memory, and

develops the character, and regulates conduct and temper; for the present, plenty of stories, tales, &c., &c.; and, above all, habits of reading and occupation: and so much for my lectures on education; but remember, theirs is particularly the age for languages. We were last night at a party at Benjamin Constant's, where there were Poles, Germans, Italians, all speaking their different languages. Prince Paul of Wurtemburg was there, whom I met before when I was in Paris. Answer these questions:—Has Colburn agreed with Clarke about his book? Have you got the *tricotée?* Has the old lady asked another bed or carpet?—I hope not. In future we will have the rent paid into the bank; the lady to send word to Clarke the day it is paid: we are going to write to her to that purpose. The death of Sir S. Romilly has filled us all with grief and consternation. What a fatality! If you get a hundred pounds down from the proprietors of Crow Street for "Red Riding Hood," you would do well to give it them. We enjoyed your account of the christening above all things, and your description of Weld Harstong's wig, together with Bob King's* emotion. Morgan would have liked to have been present on the occasion. I rejoice

* Archdeacon Robert King, son of the celebrated Irish Archbishop of that day.

in your French Governess, and suppose she is the Madame du Barry, Louis XV.'s mistress! I shall expect to hear the girls speak nothing but French. If Nanny returns with us, what an academy of sciences we shall have! Susan Morgan came to spend a day with us. She is a fine-looking, handsome creature, and in love with brother Charles, whom she resembles. Have you got my picture and magazine? Don't give up the key of the closet for the little soul. Did Molly go over to give up the tea-things, blankets, carpets, &c., &c.? Look up in my room: I have a catalogue here with me, besides that I left with Humphreys. Take care of yourself and don't catch cold this winter. I have quite set myself up.

November 12*th*, 1818.—This letter was begun a week ago. Last night was my "Wednesday." Everybody came that I mentioned before, and a great many others. Dénon brought an ambassador with him; the Commander of the Knights of Malta, with a large white cross embroidered on his black dress, came with the Comte de Velo, my Venetian favourite. We had first-rate music, for Boucher, *directeur de musique* to the King of Spain, the first violinist in Europe, and his wife, offered their services, and not only sent harp and violin, but wanted to bring a whole band with them, which I declined,

Carbonel sang like an angel. Johnny B—— fell desperately in love with the beautiful Countess de la Rochefoucault, who was greatly amused with him and his French; and it is difficult to say whether he was most charmed with her, Dénon, or some brandy punch, which is all the fashion here. To-morrow I am going to take Mrs. Blashford* and Mr. Grattan to see Dénon's collection; I need not say how happy I am to be able to show them any attention. Mrs. Blashford has consented to take the music and letters; but every one flies my Punch and workbox. I have made myself up for the winter very snug. There is a *poêle* in my anteroom, a *vat-ish-das* in my *salon*—make money of that!—and I have a magnificent *vitchura* when I walk out. Morgan has furnished himself with *foulards*, and sables, and *other necessaries;* and if you don't know what all these things, indispensable to us *élégantes* of Paris, mean, you are a poor creature! I wrote you word that La Fayette has been elected, and the triumph it has made. Tell Mrs. Bushe to propose the following enigma, with my best compliments, to the Ladies Caulfield:—"Si un cornichon jouait la comédie, quel rôle jouerait-il?" Morgan will never forgive me if I don't

* Mrs. Blashford, now Countess of Carnwath, and the eldest of Henry Grattan's two accomplished daughters.

leave room for a line. Did baby get the stockings I sent her by Miss Nugent? Did Curran give you a little bandbox of flowers? Sanky went off without calling when he heard of a workbox and Polichinelle. I send a letter open for Clarke's perusal for Lyons, and beg he will enclose and send it to Lady C——.

From the Marquis Capponi, a friend of Count Confalonieri.

Monday.

I SEND you, my lady, my conversation with Bonaparte. I have copied it with the most scrupulous exactness, as far as my memory has served me. I have too much sincerity and too little talent to have added anything to it.

I entreat you to send me the fourth volume of your "Florence Macarthy," of whom I begin to be absolutely enamoured. I delight in seeing General Fitzwalter, though a man of spirit, embarrassed by a woman. It is the only case in which our self-love is not shocked, although usually so imperious. I am, with the most respectful attachment,

CAPPONI.

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19 Rue des Petits Augustins, Paris,
December 18th, 1818.

My Lady,

I am flattered and honoured beyond measure by the approbation of Sir Charles. The esteem of men like him is made to be appreciated to the highest degree by all those who feel and think. My "Trésor des Origines," and "Dictionnaire Grammatical Raisonné" of the French language have cost me forty-one years of labour. I commenced them at Rome in June, 1777. All the articles on the three first letters of the alphabet, amounting to three thousand eight hundred and forty-one, similar to those of the specimen I had the honour of placing before you, are at the disposal of Sir Charles. The other letters of the alphabet are in my house at Vauxbain, near Soissons, department of the Aisne.

I know, my lady, that you have very little leisure, and I am well aware that to intrude on your time is to commit an absolute peculation. I am anxious, nevertheless, that you should read my "Abel, or the Twin Brothers." This work includes three philosophical ideas of considerable importance. My conversation of the Jesuit with the tiger, &c., will make you smile. You will see in my doctor of the Sorbonne, which I believe I sent you, that in my turn I banter a little with certain

expressions of a man that neither you nor I particularly like. I had some wish that these humorous trifles should be printed in London; but after what you have told me, I see that this would be attended with some difficulty. I am sorry for myself, and more for England. Undoubtedly I prize my own country above any other in the world; nevertheless, my true and ardent love for liberty well understood, and for public happiness, leads me to embrace all nations without distinction. As soon as you have finished reading my philosophical vagaries, I will send you my letters on various subjects, in which you will find several anecdotes that may interest you respecting personages of notoriety—J. J. Rousseau, and my master and estimable friend, M. d'Alembert. You can keep this manuscript as long as you wish.

Admiration and respect,

C. POUGEANCE.

Diary.—A SMALL political party had begun to spring up when we were last in Paris, which presided in particular *salons*, where all the women were wise and all the men virtuous. It had obtained the *soubriquet* of "Messieurs du Canapé," because they always contrived to occupy the same

sofa, seeking speciality rather than personal comfort, and their numbers were not then more than enough to fill one sofa. They have now developed into a political party, and have assumed or accepted the title of "Doctrinaires;" and the Duc de Cazes, now in the height of his power, has received some of them into the ministerial ranks—a great improvement on the Vaublancs and Blacases.

They have the *cachet* of Geneva, and are great partisans of their own opinions, and believers in their own importance. Their first and great article of faith is, "Nul n'aura de l'esprit hors de nous et nos amis." Their names have as yet, however, no national influence; wit stands aloof from them; philosophy, with sarcastic ceremony, draws aside to let them pass; and the people know little about them. The king endures them (but votes them *mauvais ton*), *en attendant*—another phase in political and ministerial society, as he smiles upon his ministers with a twinkle in his sly eye, which indicates his inherent falseness. "Je ne suis que le premier gentilhomme de mon royaume," said Henry IV.; and Louis XVIII. most likely thinks of himself, "et moi, je suis le seul." Still there is more than one clever man, or rather clever lecturer, among the Doctrinaries; but, to judge from the languid conversation at a Doctrinaire dinner, where I had the honour to be

present the other day, they are all too didactic to be agreeable.

There was, however, an exception, Du Vergier du Haurranne, who was our Amphytrion, and gave the dinner à notre intention. As for me, I sat silent till I was tired, and then I suddenly invoked the attention of a Calvinistic-looking gentleman who sat beside me, and who had hitherto preserved a rigorous silence. "Monsieur," said I, "osé-je vous demander quelle est la religion à la mode à Paris maintenant?" Il me toisa; and then came a long-drawn "Comment, madame?" I found myself on the wrong tack, and endeavoured to get out of my scrape as well as I could, seeing he took me *au grand sérieux;* so I said, "In Paris people change the fashion of their religion as they do of their politics,—at least they change the object of their superstition. Madame Guyon founded her faith of love, and upset that of Fénélon; and Madame de Krudener, the Prophetess of the Holy Alliance, what a success she had!—making a despot listen to his faults, seasoned with the delicate flattery of her prophecies about the 'white angel' and the 'black angel'" —(the epithets by which she distinguished Alexander and Napoleon).

My flippant nonsense brought down on me a lecture instead of an answer, far too clever for me

to reply to, seeing I did not understand it, and too long to register here if I could.

"L'art d'ennuyer est l'art de tout dire."

Morgan was all this time talking metaphysics on the other side of the table, but not unobservant of me either, being always afraid of my getting out of my depth (which I generally do, though somehow, like other light things, I always contrive to float); and he snubbed me well when we met at home at one o'clock in the morning, for exposing my ignorance to these well got-up Doctrinaires, of whose doctrines I knew nothing.*

"Well, my dear!" as we say in Ireland when we enter on a gossipry, when we rose from table, and had had our *demi-tasse*, we got into our *remise* —that special French carriage which never breaks down, drawn by horses that never tire, and driven by a coachman who never sleeps! I set Morgan down at the Opéra Comique, where a fair English relative had reserved him a seat in her *loge*.—[N. B. Morgan enjoys an opera, serious or comic, beyond everything else in the world.]—I drove to the Faubourg St. Honoré, to pay a visit to Madame

* This was not the case ten years afterwards. See "France, 1830," which shows what the one sofafull of Doctrinaires had developed into.

de Houchien, who receives in the charming easy French style every evening.

Madame de Houchien had been a *dame d'atour* of the Empress Josephine, and her *salon* was Bonapartiste *tout pur*.

Her *compères* this evening were no less than Dénon, Ségur, and M. de Mortemar, the latter creating groups out of a pack of cards scattered on the table. Well, the moment I mentioned where I had come from, *grande hilarité!*

"Figurez vous," said Madame de Houchien, "the author of that *maudite* 'France,' popped down among these Solons and Lycurguses."

They insisted on hearing how I had *débûtéd*, and my irreverent question as to the religion *à la mode* was the text to a most curious and interesting conversation, in which every one bore a part, and were well qualified to do so, as they knew all the chief actors, and, above all, the principal actresses at the Congress of Vienna (1814), where Madame de Krudener was the pythoness, and the Duchesses de Biron and de Bragazia were the secret oracles of Metternich, who won his spurs in their boudoirs.

Lady Castlereagh (with whom, by-the-by, some two or three years ago, I lived for three days every week—for she used to come to Lord Abercorn's

whilst I was there every Saturday, and stopped till Monday), who was "so innocent, dear chuck," of the knowledge of all politics, that even that Mephistopheles of diplomacy, Talleyrand, gave her up in despair, though he tried his hand to turn her to account whilst she was at the Congress.

"Oh," said Dénon, "Madame Krudener engrossed all influences. I remember her at the Congress, and later at Paris, when her *salons* were crowded with devotees and crowned heads. She was the greatest actress I ever saw—too melo-dramatic for a Clairon or a Mars, but quite good enough for an audience of kings and emperors; for royalty has loved the drama from Cæsar to Bonaparte."

"How was she dressed?" I asked—always a woman's first idea.

"Well, in a flowing robe of white cashmere, or some soft fabric, but draped *artistiquement*, the folds gathered round her waist by a silver girdle, *des tresses dorées* flowing in profusion over a neck of alabaster. She had the air of having been flung on a crimson velvet sofa piled with cushions—the sort of background a painter would have chosen for her. Always two or three crowned heads in attendance:—Alexander on one side, dressed to effect in black and diamonds; the King of Prussia, nowise remarkable except by contrast, on the other. On

a low stool at the feet of the prophetess sat her disciple, Bergasse, and her high priest, Jung Stilling."

"Ecoutez donc!" said Madame de Houchien, nudging me; "est-il artiste, notre Dénon? Quelle groupe!"

"Attendez, attendez!" said Dénon. In the midst of a solemn silence she rose, and extending her arms, exclaimed, with a strange and penetrating tone, "*Prions!*" Down on his knees went the Emperor of all the Russias, followed by everybody present, kings, aides-de-camp, and valets included.

"And this," said Ségur, starting up, "was the grandson of my great Catherine!"

"You may well say *your* great Catherine," said Dénon. "What must the Prince de Ligne* have thought on the occasion? He was present."

"Madame de Krudener must have had great talent," said Madame de Houchien.

"Pas le moins du monde," said Dénon. "She had art, the genius of mediocrity."

"Yes," ventured I, "she had religion for her aid; but she fought with the arms of St. Thérèse, who legislated for popes, and made princes do her

* The Count de Ségur, ambassador from France, the Emperor Joseph, and the Prince de Ligne, were the compagnons de voyage of the Empress Catherine on her first visit to her new acquisition of the Crimea. The Count de Ségur was supposed to be distinguished by the Empress's particular favour.

bidding Once you get into the spiritual, you have nothing to go by but faith; and Madame de Krudener had the greatest faith in Jung Stilling, as the Emperor Alexander had in her."

Here Humboldt was announced. I never hear his name without rising with involuntary deference. His presence recals all that is most sublime in the capability of human nature. His gigantic labours, contrasted with the pleasant familiarity of his conversation, indicate the universality of the highest order of mind. He is like the elephant, who can with equal ease tear down an oak or pick up a pin! With me, he always "picks up the pin," and we fell into *persiflage* as usual. His frequent visits to my *salon*, and his great kindness to us, have not diminished the awe and reverence with which I first met him. He is reckoned very sarcastic, and given to mystification. Dénon put me *en garde* against this habit, on which I answered, "Jalousie du métier." And so I soon after took my leave, somewhat wearied, but highly delighted by the contrast of the two societies, "Les hommes de la veille et les hommes de l'avenir." I am glad, however, I was born soon enough to live among the former.

Diary.—At breakfast the next morning Morgan resumed the subject of those sage, grave young men, with whom we had dined the day before. He

said they reminded him of the mystics of the thirteenth century, and the cold pedantry of the dialecticians of that pedantic age.

"La gravité," says Voltaire, "n'est que la masque de la médiocrité."

The wits, philosophers, and even churchmen of the age of Louis XIV., were all professors of "la gaie science." Even Fénélon wrote charming madrigals, and thought so well of them, that he inserted one in one edition of Madame Guyon's "Pious Breathings." I quoted, for Morgan's amusement, this charming madrigal of the Archbishop of Cambrai: *—

"Jeune, j'étais trop sage
Et voulais trop savoir;
Je ne veux à mon âge
Que badinage,
Et touche à mon dernier âge
Sans rien prévoir."

Morgan was charmed, and when I told him Lulli had set it to music, he declared he would go that very day to all the old music-shops to try and find it. Following up the subject in my own mind, whilst Morgan read the "Globe," the vehicle of the Doctrinaires, it struck me that people of slow tem-

* "Les Nonettes," said Voltaire, "took exception to the madrigal," and it was left out in all the subsequent editions.

perament, pale colour, and motionless muscles are always grave, if not dull. Animal spirits are vitality itself; and when that spirit fails, "tirez le rideau la farce est jouée!" "Is it not so?" said I to my Fellow of the College of Physicians, and a very good fellow, though it is I, his wife, who say it.

"Well," said he, "it is not a bad hit for you."

For *me*, forsooth! Oh, man—"man dressed in a little brief authority!"—how you hector it! Well, our day will come: and so I pursued my reverie, of which the sublime Humboldt was the hero and the subject.

Diary.—The gods take care of Cæsar!—that may be said in truth of the professed bore, "who comes, and sees, and conquers!" He knows he is a bore, and trades upon it. I have two bores who haunt me, male and female. They began in Kildare Street, they continue it in Paris, and they will pursue me to the Pontine Marshes!*

"They stop the chariot, and they board the barge."

Well, I gave notice in the porter's lodge that I

* This foreboding was realised; for the man-bore actually did overtake us at the Pontine Marshes, whilst we were changing horses at the "Tre Taverne," and I was talking to a monk who was going to Rome, the most agreeable man I ever met by chance.

never would be "at home" to Mr. W—die, and would never be "out" to the Baron Humboldt. "Bien, bien, miladi," said the porter, writing on his slate; and so I thought myself secure of the reception of the first man in the world in my opinion, and safe to escape the last man in the world I ever wished to see. Well, my own servant being out, the *frotteur* entered this morning, announcing Mons. Valdie! and complacently presenting me, at the same time, with a little billet written in the lodge from M. Humboldt!* Here it is. "M. Humboldt toujours malheureux." After such a *contretemps*, one has nothing left to do but to die, to retire into a convent! Paris abounds in these *enfonceurs des portes*, as the great central place where bores from all regions most do congregate, every nation sending its contingent, but where I never met a *native* bore.

Mr. W.'s word, on entering, always was, "I come to beg of you to introduce me to ——," and this was the prologue to a "swelling tale;" for it began with some French minister or English duchess, and ended with the Dog of Montargis, or some other animal celebrity, taking in its course all that was best worth knowing or desiring to

* I made use of this incident in my novel of "The Princess," the perpetrator being "Lady O'Doherty."

know in Paris. One of his modes of procedure was to tread on somebody's toes, then beg pardon, and ask permission to leave his card the following day! And this was a plagiarism from a certain Mr. "Toe" King, so called from this invention!

Diary.—A dinner and delightful *soirée* at the Comte de Tracy's, with all the family La Fayette. The daughter of Comte de Tracy is married to George La Fayette, the general's only and worthy son, and we had all the de Lastyries and de Maubourgs, the charming offspring of the general's two daughters, to freshen up the historical *réunion*. Youth, just budded into adolescence; middle age on the right side of declining life; and grandsires and granddames passing through it with unsubdued vigour and lustre. The Countess de Tracy is a brilliant tradition of the times of the witty du Châtelets and du Deffands, with the liberalism and patriotism of Madame Roland, and a conversational eloquence which I rather suspect surpassed that of the sublimest victim of the Reign of Terror. Not even the victories of Bonaparte, to the honour and glory of France, could reconcile Madame de Tracy to his despotism; and when I spoke of the little king of Rome with interest, she said, "Ne

parlez pas de ce petit vipre, ma chère ; si jamais il reviendra, il chassera de race." Speaking of Madame de Stael, with whom she lived in intimacy, she said, "Her social ambition was quite morbid ; she was so covetous of the distinctions of society that she could not bear to hear of a grand party of which she was not either the giver or the receiver. It happened one evening," said Madame de Tracy, "that a brilliant *locataire* of ours in this hotel gave a *soirée priée*, whilst Madame de Stael was sitting with me *tête-à-tête ;* carriage after carriage rattled into the court ; Madame de Stael began to fidget, exclaiming, from time to time, "Que du monde ! Mais cette dame donc est bien à la mode ! N'êtes-vous pas jalouse qu'une de ces voitures ne viens vous chercher ?" Bonaparte hated ideology and ideologists, but he had a great respect for the genius and high character of the Count de Tracy. In the evening our *aprèsdîner* was ennobled by the arrival of Count Ségur and the Baron Dénon. The conversation turned on very abstruse subjects, but very delightfully discussed. Count de Tracy, speaking of his own "Elémens d'Idéologie," which had become the subject of discussion, let fall opinions which would make the bench of bishops jump sky-high ! "But being down, are there any levers to lift them up again ?" as Falstaff asks. Speaking

of the Chapelle Ardente, which had been raised at Vincennes at the Restoration to the memory of the Duc d'Enghien, La Fayette observed, "Ces douleurs politiques, dont les autels d'expiation ne sentent et ne lèvent que la vengeance, et qui nous revendiquent le droit de pleurer que pour avoir le droit d'haïr!" Madame de Tracy's description of a *soirée* at Madame de Stael's, where the Emperor Alexander was present, was most graphic. Among other mots of Napoleon addressed to La Fayette, he has the following, which he most emphatically pronounced: "Avec mes préfets, mes gens d'armes et mes prêtres, je ferai toujours ce que je voudrais!" Speaking of the *ancienne noblesse* who filled his court on his accession to imperial power, he said, "Quand je leur ai ouvert la porte des armes, personne n'est venu, à peine ai je ouvert la porte de l'antichambre qu'ils s'y précipitaient en foule; il n'y a que les gens de cette classe qui sachent servir." "Quel éloge pour nous autres!" said Madame de Tracy, laughing. The conversation turned accidentally on Mirabeau; his wonderful genius, his wonderful talents, and wonderful vices; Madame de Tracy said, nodding to La Fayette, "Vous étiez son bête noir, mon ami; il disait toujours 'Est-ce que La Fayette sera donc "dictateur?"' It frequently happens

how ill the true character of a great man agrees with the popular impression of it. To clear a good name from the aspersions of ignorance and prejudices of party or calumny, is a sacred duty to those who have within their power the means afforded by truth and observation, and earnestness of purpose to carry out a task which restores to virtue its own rights, and to society an example and a theme to illustrate its true interests, and to better its condition. Bad men and bad women are bad elements for any purpose. The two most salient characters of the age in which they flourished were La Fayette and Mirabeau, the two extremes of human idiosyncracy, physical and moral.

From the Count de Ségur to Lady Morgan.

Paris, Monday.

M. DE SÉGUR's state of health rarely permits him to mix with society in the evening. This alone prevents him from profiting by Lady Morgan's invitation; but if she will premit him, he will have the honour of occasionally paying his respects to her in the morning, and he begs her to accept his respectful homage.

THE COUNT DE SÉGUR.

Diary.—Dec. 1818.—Jouy, ou l'Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin, has become a great crony of ours, and is at present in a delightful state of excitement about his new play, from which so much is expected; but which is actually proscribed by the Censeur. Jouy inveighs most brilliantly and daringly against the present order of things, and says that France has not advanced a step towards the liberty of the press since the license granted to the publication of the Koran—in which, said the Censeur, "Il n'y a rien contre le roi ou la religion de la patrie." "The French *miladi*, are still the Welsh of Voltaire: their love of despotism is an instinct. A Bourbon or a Bonaparte, *c'est égal!* only give them *fêtes* and processions. You saw the Duchesse de Berri walk past your windows to the Church of St. Germaine en Laye, in white satin shoes, with her lover behind, and the crucifix before her—and the people *qui se pamait d'extase* at the sight. Diable cela fait enrager!"

"But of what do they accuse you?" said Sir Charles.

"How should I know?" said he; "but I will bring you my play, and read it to you."

"Well," said I, "you will be here to-night, when Talma and Duchênois will be here; and Talma has promised to recite for us his scene of Macbeth,

who, in Ducie's translation, is made to recite as a dream the scene with the witches; something after the manner of the dream of Richard III."

"'Tis a great mistake," said Jouy, "but it is Talma's *cheval de bataille* at present, and it is impossible *de lui démonter*. I will ask him and Duchênois to read the act, *par excellence*, of my forbidden play, and you must get together an audience worthy of us."

Diary, Thursday.—I had a brilliant assemblage, chiefly English however, as I knew it would be a treat to them to see Talma off the stage, and to hear Shakspeare disguised in his French dress. A few excellencies, and a pack of German *savants*, were brought by Benjamin Constant, who had no knowledge of Shakspeare, except through Schlegel, but great pretensions—several *habitués*, who had face tickets, and, alas! some of those *enfonceurs de portes*, who, having forced themselves on our acquaintance, stick like burrs.

The recitation of Talma was fine, but cold; and more terror was conveyed by the old witches in their high-crowned hats than by all the emphasis and points of Ducie.

Shakspeare is supreme in melodrame, and he is its founder; and the melodrame of Macbeth is finer than any modern exhibition which has followed it. But his high-wrought poesy, and all that

makes the supremacy of his genius, leave far behind the contrivances and mechanical aids of science and scene-shifting.*

Duchênois came holding a bouquet of violets, as large as a full-grown cauliflower. Talma, I perceived, kept his eyes on Duchênois, valuing, perhaps, her judgment above that of the princesses and duchesses who cry "bravo" to the echo. When he had done she presented him with her bouquet, which, of course, *comme de rigueur*, he kissed as he took it.

There is not the least use in a French woman's being handsome. Duchênois is a great illustration of this—she has so many charms, and *une grâce plus que la beauté même*, and yet in any other country she would be thought "plain indeed." She was dressed in black velvet, with diamonds on her bosom, and a *coiffeur à la grecque*. She is certainly a noble-looking creature, albeit the ugliest woman I ever saw!

Talma and Duchênois agreed to come on my next Wednesday, and read the act from Sylla, as it was not possible to read it to-night.

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* 1858. All honour, however, to the historical fidelity and poetical conception of Charles Kean, the son of a great actor, and himself the founder of an eminent art. At the time this diary was penned, the future illustrator of the grand idealities of Shakspeare was a boy whose vocation had as yet "not come within the prospect of belief."

From the Prince de Craon (M. Edward de Beauveau) to Lady Morgan.

I HASTEN to send to dear Lady Morgan, what at present is more than anything else in request, and difficult to obtain, a ticket for the opening of the Chambers. Most happy shall I be if I can thus assist to procure for her numerous readers—or rather admirers—one of those lively articles with which they are so unanimously charmed.

It will afford me equal pleasure if Lady Morgan should turn into ridicule, and excite to ultra rage, those who are envious of her—that is to say, the enemies of her sincerely devoted knight,

EDWARD DE BEAUVEAU.

From General La Fayette to Lady Morgan.

Wednesday morning.

I WENT yesterday to the Chamber, my dear lady, to secure you two tickets, and only accomplished half my object; but the absence of two colleagues, and the complaisance of the third, have enabled me to obtain all the interest of the Department of the Sarthe. They say a lady's ticket is admissible everywhere, but in taking the place exclusively reserved for ladies, you must separate from your companions.

If you have received your two tickets from any other quarter, return these to me. I do not wish to make a boast of my refusals, but in case you do not both require my aid to be present at the sitting, which is my first object, I know where I can dispose of those tickets very acceptably. My daughters have told me of your kindness in inviting them for this evening. They added, that there was some apprehension of Wednesday being adjourned to Thursday; but I have also heard that M. Talma played at the Théatre Français. In that case he will visit you to-day. I am the more anxious for this, as on the evening of the "speech from the throne," the deputies may be obliged to converse together. Good-bye until we meet.

LA FAYETTE.

Opening of the Chambers, 1818.—There never was known such a desire to get tickets, &c., on such an occasion, or such difficulty. We succeeded in getting three. The opening of the *séance* was most imposing—the splendour of the throne was dazzling:—peers in their robes—the *conseil d'état* in their livery at the foot of the throne—deputies to the left—*tabourets* for the princes. When La Fayette entered, every eye was turned on him, and

every tongue pronounced his name as admiration, fear, or hope dictated. When the chancellor read out the list of names, each answered with French impetuosity or petulance, save La Fayette, whose calm and distinct tones produced a great effect. Who there had not ejaculated their "*Je jure*" to all forms of government under heaven, and yielded to all in turn save La Fayette? I observed that before he pronounced the word he stretched out his hand in a very emphatic attitude. We were seated near the princesses and their *suite*, and therefore in the very *foyer* of ultra legitimacy; and after the king had passed to the throne, and they were all about to disperse, I heard some of them say, "I will wait to see how La Fayette conducts himself." The lady who sat next me, "une très-grande dame," was reading ses "Heures" all the time. The external forms of Catholicism have greatly gained ground since the return of the Bourbons, and the *petites maîtresses* of the Faubourgs toddle about with splendidly-bound "Heures" and magnificent reticules. Remarking this to Dénon, he said, "Oui, ma chère, la sottise est bien développée!" and St. Thomas Aquinas, the favourite saint of the present day, disputes the *pas* with Victorine *et le petit Dunkirque* (the famous toy shop). The church of

St. Thomas Aquinas was the fashionable resort of the *beau monde.*

Lady Morgan to Lady Clarke.

Hôtel du Tibre, Rue de Helder, Paris,
Sunday, December 20th, 1818.

My dear Love,

The habit of not hearing from you does not at all reconcile us to your silence, but if you would only just say you do not mean to write more than once in six months, we would then make up our minds: remember, however, that we ought to have, by times, more anxiety than you, as, besides yourself and Clarke, there are other distinguished persons in the family, about whose health and safety there is always *de quoi craindre*—this by way of exordium! Have you got Morgan's book, and my "Florence?" Does the one edify you and the other make you laugh? I am all curiosity to know how it takes in Ireland—the Irish, and particularly the Irish Catholics, owe me something, that's certain. I have made no small sacrifices for them, being both their champion and martyr. Dénon, the other day, was talking of having a medal struck of my little head here. I was thinking it would be long before my Irish friends would suggest such a compliment,

and I am, alas! the old story of the prophet in his own country over again. To judge by the English papers, "Florence" is playing the very deuce in London. The "Morning Chronicle" says the whole of the first edition was bespoke before it was published, and a second came out in five days after: this is success with a vengeance! What a triumph after the persecution I have undergone! Those who have read it here, think it my *chef-d'œuvre:* the translation is doing admirably under the inspection of Jouy (the Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin). We are here every day getting more into the world, or rather the world is more getting at us. The concourse of people of all nations that assemble here, on a Wednesday evening, is overwhelming. Everybody begs leave to bring somebody; and such a Babel! such a variety of languages and faces, and orders and dresses! Oh! how I long for you and Clarke; how you would both laugh! My last "Wednesday" Talma did for me what, I believe, he would not do for a crowned head: he recited from "Macbeth." We had some very pretty French singing by amateurs afterwards. The crowd, however, was so much too great for my small apartment, that the women only sat, the men stood outside the door, in the anteroom, on chairs or tables. Every

one agreed they never saw such an assemblage of beauty in a French *salon*. My beauties were the Princesse de Beauveau and her two most lovely daughters, the Princess Jablonowski, (a Pole, whose son, Prince Antoine, went lately to Switzerland, to claim the domains of his friend, poor Kosciusko): she is still uncommonly handsome; the beautiful Countess de la Rochefoucault; Countess Hardenberg (who with her husband, son to the Prussian minister, Prince Hardenberg, never misses my evenings); a Countess Lucia Ciconara —a perfect Catalani—reckoned the finest woman in Italy (her husband a real delight and great friend of ours, both Venetians of high rank); a Mrs. Colonel Wyly, a friend of Lady Aylmer's, very like Mrs. Bushe, a London belle of the first water going to Ireland, by-the-by, where her husband is on the staff; the pretty Duchesse de Broglie, and, I flatter myself, my handsome Irish countess, who looked as young as her daughters, was among the most distinguished in my galaxy of beauty, and I was not a little proud of so fair a specimen of my countrywomen. The number of Italians that come to us is overwhelming: in short we have so many letters and invitations for Italy, that I fancy we shall be quite as much at home there as here. Young Ormsby and Dalton are generally with us.

The latter, who, I believe, delivers you this, will tell you all about us; he is a very gentlemanlike, unpretending, sensible person. A Mr. W—die has introduced himself to us as an acquaintance of Mr. Hamilton Rowan's, who would have given him a letter to us. Delighted to show any attention to a friend of Mr. Rowan's, I gave him the *entrée* on Wednesdays, with which he seemed delighted, but he is a bore. Pray mention this to Mr. Rowan as soon as you can, and ask him if he knows such a gentleman. Only think of Lydia White* being frequently with us: may-be she does not *dialoguer* Constant, Dénon, Talma! She is still young and fair and excellent company. Tell this to Mrs. Kearney,† whom I beg you will go and see, as I know she is interested for me, and will be glad to hear you "prate of my whereabouts." We dined the other day at the Duc de Broglie's (a most princely hotel, once poor Maréchal Ney's), quite like a great London establishment. The duke is young, handsome, spirited, and one of the best patriots in France. We had the best of the Liber-

* Wilkes ("No. 45"), writing to a friend at Bath, observes: "If you have not seen Lydia White, you have not seen what is best worth knowing in Bath." Miss White was a lady of large fortune, very handsome, very witty, of great attainments, and noted for her hospitality in most of the capitals of Europe, especially London.

† The accomplished wife of the then Bishop of Ossory, and the patroness of John Wilson Croker's early days.

als there. We are going to-day to the Prince de Beauveau's, where we are to meet Lord and Lady Leitrim. So you see we are pretty gay, and want nothing but you, to enjoy very much. We seldom go to the theatres; but I was at a spectacle the other day worth all the theatres together, the *Séance Royale des Chambres*, or opening of Parliament. As the royal family took all the tickets for their own party, it was next to impossible to get them; however, we had no less than three at our disposal. We were obliged to go at eight in the morning, and wait till three. I thought I should have died of it; still I would not have missed it for the world. I sat immediately before the box occupied by the princesses, and, of course, surrounded by Ultras, whose conversation amused me not a little, and will amuse more than me one of these days. All the peers were in their superb theatrical dresses, all the deputies in theirs: the throne, with its hundred steps, was all crimson velvet and gold, surrounded by *La Garde de la Manche* in the costume of Henry IV.'s day. The king was dragged up the steps, poor man! Lord Castlereagh was in the tribune with the ambassadors. Not one of the French about me knew who he was till I told them, though the English papers said he excited a sensation. The hero of the day was La

Fayette: I never saw such a sensation as he excited when he arose to take his oath to the king; almost every one arose too, and murmurs ran round the whole audience. His calm emphatic manner of saying "*Je jure*," was quite affecting. I never saw him so grand, so noble. He stood silent and conspicuous by his superior height, while the peers (all creatures formed of Bonapartists) were throwing up their hats and white feathers, and screaming with the royalist ladies, *Vive le Roi!* as if the senate was a playhouse, which, in fact, it was. The Duc de Broglie was almost the only peer that kept silent. The deputies, too, did not join the cry. The king's speech is deemed so despotic and fatal to the interests of France, that the funds descended rapidly, and all the monied men were thrown into consternation.

De Cazes has twice given in his resignation and taken it back. The king, frightened at the ascendancy of the liberal party, and the election of La Fayette, is retreating back to the arms of his old friends, the Ultras. If they get into power nothing can save France from new convulsions; the whole nation is against them. All is now perfectly quiet, and no danger whatever can occur to strangers; so make yourself easy, and, depend on it, we are too prudent to run any risks.

Wednesday.—Here has my letter been waiting ever since the 20th, for Dalton's departure. We had a delightful party at the Beauveaus—all my own Wednesday evening people. They all meet here to-night. I forgot to tell you Mr. Lattin, the witty, never fails me; yesterday he sent me a note, by an Irish boy just caught. My Frenchman came in and told me there was "une personne trés-extraordinaire" in the anteroom, whom he could not understand, "et dont le costume était tout à fait singulier." We dined yesterday with Miss White, and went in the evening to Madame de la Rochefoucault's. After all the attention that is paid us, we look forward with delight to laying our old bones among you, and returning in a year to whip the children and fight about the lamplight. I am going to coax Dalton to take a box to you which every one has refused. I was charmed to see Clarke's work announced in the papers, and am looking out for your play. A Mrs. Nugent introduced herself to me (sister of Mrs. Colonel Talbot) as a friend of Mrs. Protheroe. So I asked her here Wednesday next, and gave her baby's Polichinelle to leave at Colburn's shop in Conduit Street: so if you get some one to call for it in London you'll have it; but twenty to one it is seized at the Custom House. Mrs. Nugent is the only one who would consent to

take anything over. My God! how we long to hear from you!

SYDNEY M.

Diary.—Engaged with Berthon. These sittings for my picture *m'ont porté bonheur*, as they keep me at home for two or three days in the week, and I relieve the monotony of sitting from three till five by letting in everybody who comes. To this I owe many gracious receptions;—to-day, for instance, Auguste Thierry and Ary-Scheffer sent up their cards, and were of course admitted with acclamation.* I met with these two gifted young men at La Grange, since when we have opened a mutual account of goodwill and intimacy: they have both started fair for posterity, and I am quite sure will

* 1858. Whilst I am looking through this old record of my prophecy and my hopes respecting these young men, the following announcement of the death of one has reached me (Ary-Scheffer); Thierry had gone before. Both had fulfilled the promise of their youthful prime:—

"The death of M. Ary-Scheffer deprives France not only of a great artist but of a great example. Of his career and works as a painter it may here suffice to say that in these, as well as in his personal life and character, the same nobleness of soul, the same elevation of thought, the same single-mindedness, the same true-heartedness, were always present, and always felt. But of his technical merits and deficiencies as an artist there may be as many opinions as critics: of his life and character there can be but one; and this is not the time in which we can suffer such a man to pass away without a word of sorrowing respect."

reach their goal amid the acclamations of their own contemporaries. When the two artists had discussed the merits of the portrait, which Scheffer observed was better than his own, which Berthon begged permission to see, the conversation turned entirely on politics—both Liberals in the extreme, and Thierry, by his great historical acquirements, well suited to the task which I see he has begun. I had difficulty, from the freedom with which they spoke, in believing we were not living under the protection of a constitutional government, or that I, a few months before, had been a *pauvre proscrite!*

Paris, Monday 29th.

The Duchess of Devonshire returns Lady Morgan the first volume of "Florence Macarthy," knowing how anxiously it is expected, and returns her many thanks for the second volume, which she wished very much for. If it is possible, the duchess will call upon Lady Morgan on Wednesday, but she has already two engagements with Madame Recamier for that evening. The duchess hopes to see Lady Morgan again before she leaves Paris.

From M. Talma to Lady Morgan.

Tuesday morning.

HERE is indeed, my lady, an unlucky obstacle, which deprives me of the advantage of passing the evening with you, to-morrow! I am obliged to go to Versailles to play "Hamlet," and I cannot possibly put off this representation to another day. I am much vexed at this disappointment, which I sincerely regret. I shall have the honour of seeing you on the Wednesday after, if that should accord with your arrangements. I beg you, my lady, to accept the homage of my profound respect.

TALMA.

From M. Jouy to Lady Morgan.

Tuesday morning.

I HAVE the honour to salute Lady Morgan, and to send her the short note of reply I have received from Talma. I cannot say, whether, in his present state of mind, we can reckon him for the *soirée*. Perhaps it would be desirable in her ladyship to write a line to him, putting off the party to the following week. I beg to offer my respectful salutations.

JOUY.

Note from Talma, enclosed in the foregoing.

My dear Friend,

I will do all in my power to wait on Lady Morgan, on Wednesday next. But my affairs are *empirés* since yesterday. The company are behaving shamefully. I sent for some dresses to my room, and they objected to anything being taken out. Heaven knows what I may have to do on Wednesday, or whether my head will be in its right place.

Ever yours,

Talma.

From Baron Gérard to Lady Morgan.*

Paris, Monday.

I hasten to acquaint Lady Morgan that it is on Thursday we shall have the honour of receiving her and Sir Charles. I beg her ladyship to accept

* Painter Laureate of the Empire under Napoleon I. The best portrait painter France had at that time.

The story attached to his well-known *plafond* in the Salle des Maréchaux, in the centre of which was a splendid portrait of Napoleon, is well known, but I repeat it here.

"When Louis XVIII. arrived at his palace, he was struck with this *plafond*, and ordered workmen to be sent for to tear it down. The fatal message was transmitted to Gérard, who flew to the Tuileries, and threw himself at the king's feet, entreating that his *chef d'œuvre* should not be destroyed, but returned to him, when he would remove the centre portrait and replace it by something less offensive. The request was granted on these terms, and the portrait of Napoleon was afterwards replaced by a beautiful picture of his tomb at St. Helena, by moonlight.

the expression of high esteem with which I have the honour to be her obedient servant,

F. Gerard.

Diary.—Thursday.—Our dramatic *soirée* of Sylla went off, after all delays, with great *éclat*—honour to the author, and admiration to Talma and Duchênois. The play is full of action, and I think more modelled on Corneille than Racine. The reason of its proscription by the government was the parallel they feared might be drawn between Sylla the Dictator, and Bonaparte the Emperor. The *rôle* of Sylla has evidently been indicated more by Montesquieu's admirable character of him than Plutarch's imperfect sketch. The resemblance between the two brilliant usurpers and destroyers of the liberties of a great people was finely brought out, and almost excused the apprehensions of the feeble and suspicious Bourbons. Sylla, like Napoleon, was severe and sombre in the exercise of his power, but frank and communicative in private life; he despised the priests, and yet he was superstitious;

The four admirably-drawn figures, which are allegorical, have never been surpassed in their *genre*. Fine engravings, from all the works here mentioned, are well known to the public, and consecrate my little den in the Banlieu of Belgravia and were presented to me by the Baron Gérard himself." The portrait of Napoleon removed from the *plafond* was afterwards obtained by the Duke of Wellington, and is now at Apsley House.

he always believed he was protected by a demon, who watched over his fortunes, and he took the name of "Faustus, or "the happy," which he transmitted to his son, who less merited it. Proud, yet familiar, he terrified by a frown, and seduced by a smile. His eloquence was sharpened by a happy abruptness, which had great effect; his longest speeches were but a few epigrammatic sentences. One private trait in both was remarkable; Roscius was the bosom friend of Sylla, and Talma was the secret friend of Bonaparte; and both actors deserved the distinction. But the sting of the play lay not in this parallelism, but in the contrast it drew between the brilliant despotism of genius and the dull tyranny of legitimate mediocrity. The small space allotted to Talma and Duchênois in my *salon* for giving a scene from this grand tragedy, of course deprived them of all the advantages which scenic representation gives; but still the recitations of Talma, and his occasional action, maintained the illusion. He was magnificent in the last scene, where Sylla throws from his brow the symbol of his dictatorship, and, turning to the Lictors, exclaims to the people:

"Je dépose la pourpre . . . éloignez-vous, licteurs,
Me voilà désarmé! je vous livre ma vie,
Aux complots, aux poignards j'oppose le génie.

* * * * *

Vainqueur de Marius, je l'avais surpassé,
Et j'ai conquis le rang où je me suis placé.
Romains, je romps les nœuds de votre obéissance,
Mais sur vos souvenirs j'ai gardé ma puissance,
Et cette dictature à l'autre survivra;
Privé de mes faisceaux je suis toujours Sylla."

The effect was tremendous; and on the stage, in the then excitable reactionary state of the people, it would have been enough to produce a counter revolution.

Mademoiselle Duchênois, as Valerie, was charming, and her declamation of the last scene, where she says to Sylla—

"De crimes, de vertus, effrayant assemblage,
Tu subjugues ma haine et brises mon courage;
J'admire et je frémis—honteuse des bienfaits
Que doit payer trop cher l'oubli de tes forfaits,"

justifies the boast in her grand speech—

"S'il n'est plus des Romains, il reste de Romaines."

After the company dispersed, Talma and Jouy remained, begging a cup of green tea, with a *petite goutte de cognac* in it.

We talked of the successes of the evening, particularly of the delight of the English portion of the audience. Talma said, "It is curious that my

first success in acting was in London, in a theatre which was supported by subscriptions for French plays, in Tottenham Court Road; but the nationality of John Bull rose against it, and after the first night it was all but pulled down. My father, at this time, was a flourishing dentist in London, the rival of Dumergue, and hoped to see me his successor—

'But I had tasted blood,'

and I could not return to ignoble pursuits. The applause on the night of my *débût* decided my fortunes.

"The admirers of French plays were not to be bullied out of their amusement; every fashionable *salon* in London was opened for French theatricals. I was asked to become the *entrepreneur*, and I became the *cocluchon* of all the fashionable dowagers, at the head of whom was the Countess of Cork. After a season of this amateur performance I started for Paris, and entered steadily on the profession, and *enfin me voici!*"

"Yes," said I, "Lady Charleville, in one of her letters to me alluded 'to the passion of Lady Cork for Talma,' in a very humorous way." As it was now very late, and Talma had to appear at rehearsal early for Néron, in "Britannicus," he and Jouy rose to go; Talma prophesying that the time would

come when "Sylla" would be performed at Le Français with all the success it deserved.*

Diary, 1818.—Dénon was uncommonly amusing this evening; he dropped in and found us looking over an edition of Voltaire, which Sir Charles had bought in the morning. "Here is a fine line," said Dénon, pointing to it with his finger, as to the superior genius of the reign of Louis XIV., which Voltaire calls "Le siècle des grands talents plutôt que des grandes lumières." "Yes," said Morgan, "science and Cocker had not yet awakened in France." Dénon said, "I think it was in the year 1776 that I obeyed an invitation to give Voltaire rendezvous at the little Swiss town of Annécy. I found him full of spirits and gaiety, though it was eleven o'clock, his usual hour of retiring; but in spite of all Madame Denis, his niece, could say to get him to bed at one in the morning, he replied, "Non, non, ma chère; qu'est-ce que cela fait si je m'amuse?" The church bell of Annécy continuing to ring Christmas morning incessantly, and the fusils of the peasantry firing in every direction, interrupted and annoyed Voltaire. He grew petulant and impatient, exclaiming from time to time,

* Sylla became afterwards one of Talma's most popular parts, and is celebrated as such by Henri Beyle (de Steindhal), in his correspondence, lately edited by M. Mérimée.

"Oui, oui; venir au monde pour cela—pour être adoré—comme cela—et où? à Annécy, pardi!*

The celebrated Dr. Portail came in to pay Sir Charles a visit: he entered into the subject of our conversation. "By-the-by," said Dénon, "mon cher docteur, when Voltaire paid his last visit to the Academy, 1778, we were very young fellows then (vous savez que j'étais très-joli garçon!), he was passing by when somebody told him who you were." He replied, "Comment, celui qui a si bien consulté les morts pour conserver les vivants!"

It was curious enough when we paid Dénon a visit at eleven o'clock at night, a few days afterwards, from a dinner-party in the Faubourg, being anxious about him as he had been confined to his bed by illness, we found him alone, studying antiquities, by a solitary lamp, in his beautiful Egyptian chamber; a parcel of medals of the 14th century lying before him, on which subject he gave us some most delightful details. He told us he was Voltaire's age at the period of the former anecdote,

* The coarse infidelity ascribed to Voltaire by all who never read him is utterly false. The expression so often cited against him, "Ecrasez l'infâme," was one aimed, not at Christianity, but at the system the Jesuits were then trying to re-establish, after having been driven out of every kingdom in Europe. Dumont, speaking of Voltaire, observes: "He and Locke were the first who ever preached toleration." Voltaire held no theology, but he was the only man in Christian Europe who raised a church and dedicated it to God.

viz. 76. I never saw him more brilliant or more entertaining. "They told me to-day," said he, "that I had been in great danger; mais la mort ne m'est jamais venu dans l'esprit."

Diary.—I was sitting, as usual, for my picture, Morgan reading, a solemn silence prevailing, when Dr. Montégre was announced.

The two doctors forthwith fell to discourse, Montégre having expressed his admiration of the picture.

"Yes," said Morgan; "but she ought not to sit to-day; she is looking the picture of dyspepsia, after Mrs. Solly's ball and supper last night."

"A very intellectual malady," said Montégre; "the *héritage* of genius!"

"I think quite the contrary," said Morgan, doggedly. "I think it is dyspepsia that is the cause of genius, not genius of dyspepsia. The healthiest subjects are always the dullest."

"Par exemple," said Berthon, raising at once his eyes and his mahl-stick: "Est-il profond, Sir Charles?"

"Oui; en paradoxes," said I.

"Genius," continued Morgan, "is like the pearl in the oyster, which you will allow, Montégre, is the disease of the fish."

"A la bonne heure, as far as the oyster goes," said Montégre.

"In man," said Morgan, "genius is the result of a morbid determination to the head."

"An original suggestion," said Montégre.

"Je crois bien!" said Berthon.

"Not so original," said Morgan. "I am not sure I did not borrow the idea from Dr. Jenner, with whom I had the honour of conversing frequently when I was at Cambridge, in consequence of having written a pamphlet in defence of his vaccine doctrine at a time when ignorance, prejudice, and professional envy were doing their worst to check the great blessing he had conferred on mankind by his discovery, just as they nearly worried Lady Mary Wortley Montague to death about inoculation."

I slid in my old Irish story of the man sinking in the Liffey, crying, "I *will* be drowned and nobody *shall* save me!"

And then Morgan threw a dab of Latin at Montégre, which upset my talk for the rest of the *séance*.

"Well," said Montégre, "we shall know it all by-and-by. Nature is always progressing."

"I don't think so," said contradictory Morgan; "that is, I ought not to think so; it is not orthodox, and I mean to be orthodox for the rest of my life."

"It is a curious fact," said Montégre, "that few people of genius die of apoplexy or die young."

"Why, yes," said Morgan; "there was Voltaire all alive at eighty, and making *mots* on his deathbed a few nights after bringing out his 'Irène.' Fontenelle, still older, making terms with his epicure friend, who was to dine with him, an *octogénaire* like himself, not to have white sauce with his asparagus. The argument put his friend in a passion, who dropped dead of apoplexy; and on hearing of it, Fontenelle cried out to his cook, '*Point de sauce blanche!*'"

"Your illustration is something *à l'antique*, Morgan, but we will give you the benefit of it," said I.

"There is Madame de Genlis," continued Montégre, "approaching her eightieth year, full of *verve*, and announcing her 'Mémoires de Dangeau,' and giving her last *coup de plume* to her saintly romance in honour of the Bourbons, 'Les Battuécas,' a *flagonnerie* to recover her pension given her by Napoleon and withdrawn by her friends the Bourbons. She is now collecting materials for her 'Mémoires.' She is not pleased with your 'France,' Lady Morgan; she says you have 'committed her.'"

"Why, I praised her warmly," said I.

"But that might be her 'committal' in the eyes

of the Bourbons when you were still under the ban of the Restoration."

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Lady Aldborough, the wit and beauty of former days in Ireland. It was her first visit to me in Paris. Her manners were cold and reserved, and she looked suspiciously around her. When we touched on politics, she said, languidly, "I never meddle with politics, and I live here with the Château" (the name taken by the Ultras *tout pur*), "who are all my old friends."

"By-the-by," said I, "the old Duchesse de Coigny has made a *mot* worthy of your ladyship. On hearing the *soubriquet* the Ultras had taken, she said, 'Le Château reste, mais les esprits n'y reviennent plus.'"

"I beg to decline the adoption," said she, pettishly, "and I hope you will not lay it at my door." She then rose and took her formal departure.

To *reconduire les dames ou les vieilles* is an item in French gallantry always observed, but having accepted Sir Charles's arm she dismissed him at the door of the antechamber.

"Is this," said he, returning, "the frolicsome Lady Aldborough of Merrion Square, the kind and courteous hostess of the Clarendon Hotel? Oh, these *girouettes!*"

Lady Morgan to Lady Clarke.

Christmas day, 1818, 7 o'clock.

MERRY Christmas! and a thousand of them, if it were possible. I trust this is the last we shall spend asunder. We have just drunk all your healths in a bumper of *vin de chablais*, and wish we could inclose you a hogshead of it. I have not a doubt but you all drank little mamma's health and birthday, who wishes she was in the midst of you, and longs to hail the young Sir Arthur. As all the shops are open to-day, I went out to see what I could buy to put in the little workbox, and picked up a pair of Russian gloves for pretty Miss Baby, to keep her little hands warm. Dalton does not go for a day or two; meantime I keep my letter open, to get news till the last; a letter of a few lines once every two months does not deserve this. The weather here is intensely cold; our wood fire scarcely suffices to keep up the radical heat. As we were sitting with our feet on the fender before dinner today, the Duchess of Devonshire called, and sat with us some time. The news she brought in was that De Cazes was dismissed. He was the only tie between the king and the people, particularly the moneyed interests. Then came in the Sardinian minister, with two other Italians, and Benjamin Constant;

and we sat talking politics over the fire till past six, so that we have only just dined, which we now do at home, as there is a good *restaurant* in the house. Constant brought us two tickets for the Athénée, where to-morrow he is to pronounce an oration on Sir S. Romilly. All that is most interesting in Paris is to be present.

The ministry, it is thought, will be ultra. The cause in dispute was the law of election. The object is to put down freedom of election, in consequence of La Fayette's coming in; in a word, the establishment of despotism. Lord Castlereagh did not come here for nothing. All is commotion. We were at a concert at a great *commerçant* (merchant) last night where the news excited great emotion. How it will all end, God knows! Depend, however, upon our safety, as the storm, if it comes on at all, is remote. Morgan wants sadly to write in this, but I won't let him, so he is writing all the news to Judge Fletcher. How do they like "Florence?" I have just had a letter from Lady Charleville, six pages in praise of Morgan's work and "Miss Florence." Very cheering, as I depend more on her judgment than on that of any woman living. What is said of Morgan's book in Dublin? Has Counsellor Williams written a book against it yet? If you show my letter to any one scratch

out all that ought not to be seen. Will you never write?

Sunday.—No letter yet, and Dalton does not go till Monday. There is still here a great deal of political emotion. We went from Constant's *salon* to the Princess Jablonowski's, where there were a number of persons, and nothing thought of but politics. The news of the night was, that the Duc de Richelieu want to bring into the ministry a little of all the parties; and that as the Ultras won't coalesce with the Constitutionals, nor they with the Ultras, there is absolutely no ministry at this moment. The king sees De Cazes five times a day, though he is out, and is himself heartily sick of inquiring. Lord Castlereagh's visit here has given rise to all this; it is by his advice. The king endeavours to strengthen himself against the Liberals even by throwing himself into the arms of the ferocious Ultras, whose political and religious fanaticism have set the provinces in a blaze. Colonel Favier, who is now standing his trial for discovering their atrocities, was with us on Wednesday evening, and excited much sensation. These Italians are almost all singularly handsome, elegant, and well informed. Last night the Duc de Richelieu going into his house fell and hurt himself dangerously; people say it will be deemed ominous. S. M.

To Lady Clarke.

Paris, Tuesday 29th, 1818.

MY DEAR LOVE,

I GIVE you one word more. No letter yet arrived from you. The public news is at a stand. The old ministers cannot go out because no one will take their place. Even Cuvier, the naturalist, whom the French call *plat et souple*, has refused being Minister of the Interior. The king cries all day long. The other day he had De Cazes and Richelieu, the two rival ministers, with him, but could not get them to pull together. He said, at parting with them, "Mon cher De Cazes, je vous aime: Mons. le Duc, je vous estime."

The Duchess of Devonshire comes to me tomorrow night, and some Russian princess, whose name I can neither pronounce nor spell, but sounds something like Kowrikans. We dine on Tuesday next at Mr. Lattin's. Morgan has one of his bad colds, and I am grown quite thin for want of sleep. I cannot discover the cause, but my rest has quite abandoned me. I am beginning to think 'tis the strong coffee. The weather is intensely cold, but clear and bright. The poverty of the lower classes excessive, and all commerce at a stand-still for the present. Not the slightest commotion, however, expected, and all safe and secure for the present.

I had a sort of little triumph at the Athénée the other night when I went to hear Constant's oration on Sir S. Romilly. I came in late, and every place was occupied. The Princess Jablonowski, who sat in the front, said, pretty loud, who I was. Every one got up; a clearance was made in a moment; every one offered me their seat; and a chair was at last placed for me near the princess, who enjoyed all this amazingly. So she took us home with her, and we remained with her till midnight. Once more, God bless you all!

Morgan begs a word from Clarke on the state of medical affairs, and a bit of Irish politics. He has effected a great cure here of a bilious woman who was at her extremity. What coloured eyes and hair has the young dandy?

Love to the Macarthys. Does the puppet-show go on?

S. M.

As usual, in haste.

Wednesday, one in the morning.

My dear Clarke,

I sent off a large packet for Livy this day by Mr. Dalton; but as I am just returned from the Duc de la Rochefoucault's with a budget of fresh news, I send you my last bulletin. The ultra-

royalists are quite put down. De Cazes is reinstated, and with him a constitutional and liberal ministry, at least comparatively. By this unexpected measure, France, it is thought, is saved from great commotions, and things will now go on better than they have yet. I send you word of this to relieve you and Livy from any uneasiness you might have on our account. Just as I sealed my last of this day and sent it, arrived a letter from Colburn, with the good and most extraordinary news of the third edition of "Florence" being out, and the certainty, he says, that a fourth will soon be called for. Morgan's work, he says, is thought a miracle of learning and talent, and going off famously. I never saw a man better pleased with his bargain than old Colburn. He says he has a packet of letters for us, which he will send by the diligence directly. I comfort myself that there is one from you all for me, for I am sick of expecting. So, good-night, dear, dear loves all; God bless you a thousand times!

S. Morgan.

Diary, Dec. 30th.—Here is a letter that gives me the sincerest pleasure. It is from the eminent philosopher and celebrated physician, Lacroix, to

my dear husband, on reading the pleading of the "Christian Advocate," of the University of Cambridge, against his book, "The Philosophy of Life." This paltry persecution on the part of the Rev. Mr. Reynolds, who enjoyed a large salary from the University of Cambridge for his *espionage* in the cause of the Church, has had the good effect of drawing forth from some of the most eminent men in Europe testimonies of their admiration and esteem for the author of the work, of which the Comte de Tracy said, "C'est un livre qui dévance son siècle."

From M. Lacroix (the great psychologist and physician of his time) to Sir Charles Morgan.

Monday morning, November, 1818.

SIR,

I HAVE run through, as much as my occupations have permitted me, the defence of the "Christian Advocate" of the University of Cambridge. I have found nothing in it but the utmost commonplaces, repeated a hundred times over with a refuted tone. I do not think such a weak criticism can do anything but excite a desire to see your excellent work on the part of those who are yet unacquainted with it. Besides which, you will readily perceive that they have placed you in good

company; as far as I am able to judge, at least, by the name of Bichat, who enjoys a just celebrity in our country, even with those who have but very superficial notions of the science which he has brought to perfection.

The "Christian Advocate," and those who pay for and support it, are the miserable remains of a party which struggles before expiring. It is to be hoped that knowledge is too much expanded to be stifled by such prejudices. Vain clamours ought only to stimulate still more the friends of reason to set forth the principles they acknowledge, and the conclusions they approve, so as to take possession of the wavering minds which superstition endeavours to control. Your work is calculated to do much to dissipate useless terrors, and to lead back to truths, which, whatever may be said, is invariably the source of good. Pursue, therefore, your course, without bestowing another thought on the "Christian Advocate" and its partisans. Present, I pray you, our respectful compliments to Lady Morgan, and accept the salutations I have the honour to offer you.

LACROIX.

Letter from the Countess of Charleville to Lady Morgan.

TWENTY times I have intended the day should not pass, dear Lady Morgan, without telling you

the delight I have found in your perfect delineation of the genuine Irish character. Had you never written a line but O'Leary's and the Rabagh's personifications, it were enough to stamp you the best painter of your day;—the person whose touches, true to nature, go straight to the heart. It may seem presumptuous in me, who can neither speak nor write, to seem to decide; but I have felt, I have observed, and had opportunity to follow my poor countrymen through all the changes of the last eventful thirty years. I, too, had a fosterer and a nurse! Their conduct to me—which I will tell you one day, because you can appreciate it—may serve to show I know how to value and understand your invaluable O'Leary. I think the Crawley family incomparable; but I would not have had the father the more prominent character *perché*. "Florence" is a lovely creature, body and soul; and the second edition—already out, I hear—shows how well she is liked in this great town. This must satisfy you, and confound your enemies, if any you have; but I tremble for her French costume, because I think the best part of the book—the highly original part—untranslatable. I wished to have delayed telling you all this until I had ended reading "The Philosophy of Life;" but your letters this day arrived—of the

24th November—and their kind enclosures compel me to write; for I would not seem insensible to so much goodness, or delay to thank Sir Charles Morgan for the improvement and pleasure he intended me. I am, alas! quite unworthy of the favour he has done me. I have tried hard to be otherwise, but the want of preparatory knowledge is not to be overcome; and though I have read, and thought I understood, Buffon's great and magnificent Chapitre sur l'Homme, yet here the detail and quantity of physical knowledge overwhelms me, and I feel myself thoroughly incapable to offer him any praise beyond a sense of the beauty and clearness of the style, and of the extraordinary merit which even my ignorance is struck by, of his chapter concerning "the Combination of the Organs," and "The Inadequacy of Language to convey precise ideas," &c., and many other observations which I must not quote to you, who, questionless, are better aware than myself of the general merit of the whole. I will only, therefore, speak of my real sensibility of Sir Charles's kind politeness; but I must not assume information to entitle me to it, because I have it not. Tell him, with Louisa's* best thanks, she fancies he was not aware how you

* Lady Charleville's only daughter, Mrs. Marly, and the mother of the late beautiful and most lamented Lady John Manners.

quizzed the unlucky Senora, or he would not have led her on to give you food for your delectable classification of the *guitarerie:* but either of those sweet airs he has copied were well worth a joke! So laugh on; *et "Dieu sçait la raclerie"* that we shall go on with *en attendant!*

You are sanguine; but you are too near the scene to be unbiassed in your judgment, I think; yet mark down the characters that must decide the fate of liberty in France; and in your closet, away from the *charme entrainante* of party enthusiasm, I think one must see little hope of constitutional freedom winning from the contentions of the thrice-contemptible Ultras, the dregs of the bloody Mountain, the scoundrel Talleyrand, or a king who, for any dignity this world could offer, would receive Fouché's help and compunction. To oppose these, what have they? A corrupt, disorganised, uneducated mass of ardent-minded guard-room youths, with a few—and but few—people who, like your favourite, La Fayette, have always loved liberty—rational and constitutional—-for itself alone, and have, alas! lived to see that all moderate men like himself will be sacrificed to the violence and personal interests of those who will go greater lengths than themselves. These seem to me the constituents of the great public scene in France, from which I

infer no happy conclusion; but should a better sun dispel these horrid glooms which, I think, now bespread its horizon, what a delightful feeling it will give me, who love her with all her faults!

I think Madame de Stael spoke to me of her son's talents being inclined rather to the exact sciences than to literature; but he seemed pleasing and good; and yet I think, with you, the *auréole* of the mother's fame too strong a light for his slighter figure. If she had not condescended to flatter the great, I think she had been immortal; but this lets her down. And yet I recollect Louis XVIII. telling me, at Bath, "Madame, cette fille de Necker m'a coudoyé ce matin" (these were his words), when he was unkinged; therefore, he certainly was not treated then with the respect due to fallen majesty; and yet, on the throne, he is praised. Now I do feel this is not the march of a strong and great mind, &c., &c.

Farewell! I forget when I am writing to you how much better you can employ your time than reading my reminiscences, as Miss Berry says. Do not fail to trust in my kindest wishes, and believe me, dear Madame,

Truly yours,

C. M. CHARLEVILLE.

Diary.—A delightful morning, owing to two pleasing visitors, the Count de Lanjuinais, pair de France, and one of the first writers of the day, and, by a curious coincidence, M. du Bignon, député du department de l'Eure, who has made a popular speech on universal finance and the administrative situation of France. Baudoisin, his publisher, had sent to us, by Lanjuinais' desire, his *brochure* on the "Dépenses et des recettes de l'état et du crédit public pour l'an 1818." We had read it, and so were up to the mark. Morgan and the two staticists fell to discourse immediately. I could not follow them, *pauvre chétive* that I am, though I enjoyed seeing my dear Morgan take such a distinguished part in the deep discussion, and in such French as justified Dénon's observation—"Notre cher chevalier a toute le luxe de la langue; il ne lui manque que le nécessaire." When he speaks physics or metaphysics, science or literature, he goes upon velvet; but rather roughs it in common parlance. All this time I was sitting for my picture to good, naïve little Bérthon, and who kept muttering all the time, "Que de grandes têtes! regardez-moi, Madame! quelles belles discussions! mais tenez-vous donc, Madame!" Just as Lanjuinais and Bignon left us Dénon entered, who *surveillés* Bérthon's portrait with great interest, and comes every day

that I sit. I reproached him with the frights he has drawn and lithographed of me himself. It is curious that the first virtuoso in Europe should be insensible to resemblances. He is for ever making sketches of the beautiful Mrs. Cadogan: such caricatures! Morgan, in talking over the conversation of our late visitors said, "My dear Dénon confesses that such discussions could never have taken place in the reign of the emperor. If the liberty of the press is curbed, the liberty of the tongue is taken to a wonderful degree, and I am not certain that its propagandism is not the stronger of the two. As long as such heads and such men as these exist in France, let the Bourbons look to it. Their days are numbered." Dénon cordially agreed, and so we broke up the conference, and went to dine together by appointment at Madame d'Houchien's, the epitome of a Frenchwoman *de bonne pâte* of all times. After dinner, Dénon took us to the Princess Jablonowski's, where we had been long due. She introduced us to General Rapp, to whom she was talking when we entered. We fell to discourse at once, and the general, with his *franchise militaire*, for which he is so celebrated, attacked me at once on some mistake I had made in my "France" relative to his conversation with the emperor. He said he would call and correct it next day. It is

the anecdote about his putting the emperor on his guard against a rogue — "Enfin, sire, c'est un Corse."

Diary.—As my portrait is now removed to Bérthon's *atelier*, and nearly finished, I went to give a last sitting. Lady Leitrim had the great kindness to take me there, and to remain whilst I sat. She is a fine artist herself, and I wished for her opinion of Bérthon's work by daylight. She mentioned what I was not aware of, that Lord and Lady Charlemont and their children, Lord Clements and his two sisters, had passed through Paris on their way to Italy. It is a pleasant event to have the certainty of meeting with those abroad whom we respect and admire at home. They will do credit to their country. It is impossible not to feel proud of the impression they will make; her unsurpassed beauty will, I think, delight the Italians, it is so purely classic. It would be wasted on the French, who acknowledge no beauty out of a cachemere shawl or a *jolie tournure.* Lord Byron used to rave about her in London, and, I am told, has written some beautiful lines to celebrate it.*

* I don't know whether these are the lines, but they are to the same lady—

"There was an Irish lady, to whose bust
I ne'er saw justice done; and if she must

What a strange disorderly place is an artist's *atelier*, and what strange stories it might tell if walls could talk!

Diary.—We were writing letters this morning at the rate of ten miles an hour, when a card was brought in with the time-honoured name of Lacroix. Morgan blushed up to the eyes, as if it were a billet-doux from his mistress. He had just time to whisper to me "the greatest mathematician of Europe," when the celebrity entered: a grave-looking elderly gentleman, most gracious in his manner. He entered at once into conversation with Morgan, on subjects that threw me out, but to which I listened with reverence. The conversation turned on his calculation of probabilities and his mathematical geography. Fortunately for me, one of the most perfect of *petites maîtresses* in Paris *tortilléd* in (there's a word!) to take me by appointment to Herbault, to buy a *chapeau à plumes* for the evening; and so, without interrupting the sage grave men, we sidled off. What a contrast between the heads I left and the pretty head that carried me away! Nature was answerable for both; it would be impossible to conceive Madame working a

> **Yield to stern time, and nature's wrinkling laws,**
> **They will destroy a form which mortal thought**
> **Ne'er compassed, nor less mortal chisel wrought."**

problem in Euclid, or Lacroix organizing a *chapeau à plumes* for the evening. On our way I said to her, "Why do you always go to Herbault?"

She replied, with a pretty dogmatism, "Ma chère, c'est le seul homme de l'Europe pour poser une plume."

From Signor Micali (the learned Italian historian, author of "Italy before the Romans,") to Lady Morgan.

November 9th.

DEPRIVED of the honour of seeing Lady Morgan by an indisposition which has confined me to my room for several days, I call myself to her amiable remembrance, and take the liberty of sending her a little work, which I trust she will find acceptable, from the enlightened regard she bears to the fine arts.

I have the honour to remain
Her very humble servant,
JOSEPH MICALI.

From Baron Dénon to Lady Morgan.

November 11th, 1818.

DEAR FRIEND,

HERE is your charter which associates you with a certain Count de Kerven Huller, formerly Am-

bassador to the Grand Seigneur, endued with an admirable talent for conversation. He will, perhaps, think it strange that I should leave him to go to you, who, I know, he has such an anxious desire to become acquainted with. If he is not engaged, allow me to bring him to your house. You will find him good company, in the fullest extent of the term. Adieu, dear friend, until presently.

DÉNON.

From General La Fayette to Lady Morgan.

La Grange, November 9th.

I SCARCELY appeared in Paris, and your change of residence prevented me, my dear lady, from calling to see you. Nothing has reached you from me but an incoherent note. I do not wish to introduce these unfavourable appearances, and I add here a letter I have just received. I was the more hurried in my return home, as Madame de l'Aubuisson, sister of my daughter-in-law, is expected in Paris. The death of Sir Samuel Romilly has sincerely afflicted me. He is as much regretted by our French patriots as by his fellow-citizens. By the end of the month I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again, my dear friends. All the inmates of La Grange unite with me in offering you the expression of their attachment.

LA FAYETTE.

From Carbonel (the celebrated composer) to Sir Charles Morgan.

Monday morning, December 14th.

CARBONEL has the honour to acquaint Sir Charles Morgan that he cannot possibly have the pleasure of passing the evening of next Wednesday at his house, as he hoped to have done, being obliged to command the guard for twenty-four hours at the Porte St. Martin, beginning from noon on that day.

Carbonel earnestly hopes to compensate himself on the Wednesday following, and in anticipation of that pleasure, he begs Sir Charles to accept his respectful compliments, and to communicate the same to Lady Morgan.

From Lady Charleville to Lady Morgan.

London, January 1, 1819.

ALTHOUGH you must be much better occupied than in reading my letters, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of wishing you, my dear lady, a happy new year! I know you are overwhelmed to-day with pretty nothings, therefore the silence of one who is really interested in your welfare and yourself would be strange indeed. In the midst of a fog, with the candles lighted at two o'clock in the day, you will accept the expression of the true friendship and

sincere sentiments I offer you, although they are not accompanied by a single spark of physical or moral light.

May you continue to enjoy health, and the blessing of a happy home, and, in addition, all the advantages which your talents can command! I have at length finished the perusal of Sir Charles's work. I shall read it again, and shall feel satisfied if I am then able to appreciate its merit. I find it singularly well written, and profound in its object. I am grieved, however, to perceive that it leans towards opinions which wise philosophers, such as Newton, Locke, and Kirwan, have pronounced baseless: but I know that others think with Sir Charles, and I feel that he is to be pitied, but not blamed, if his study of physics has led him to conclusions contrary to that delightful hope in which souls who firmly believe themselves to be immortal and independent, find their consolation, or at least their only hope, when the sad realities of life deprive them of enjoyment here below.

I feel that desiring a certain thing to be is no sound reason for proving its actual reality; but it never has been, and never can be, demonstrated that the soul has no existence. Thus, of the two uncertainties, that which elevates and consoles me is the one I adopt. This is my logic. In other respects

I admire, with all my faculties, the depth of learning and study developed in this work. I have the greatest possible respect for the author, and perhaps both you and he will smile when I tell you that I have addressed with a loud voice, and from the bottom of my heart, a prayer to God that he will deign to add to so much knowledge and talent a ray of that divine light which will stamp them with the seal of immortality. Do not think I am either a dotard or an enthusiast; but be assured that I love you both, and I earnestly wish you could partake the happiness which my way of thought bestows on me in the midst of the storms, and through the trials of a suffering life.

It gives me real pleasure to believe that the Ultras are crushed. If Mons. de Cazes has lofty views, and the king is sincere, all will go well. But these two are weighty questions. As to M. de Talleyrand, I never could trust him. Here they pretend that the proof of his being a great man is that he still maintains his ground in the midst of so many changes. The cat always falls on its feet, &c. I see in him more cleverness than true merit, and have no love for treason or traitors. I beg of you never to name me in your circles, but for the friendship I bear you. I know nothing that can give me the slightest pretensions to judge of any-

thing. I have seen and felt much, and for those reasons I have a right to be believed when I assure you of my sincere good wishes. The beautiful Lady Crewe is dead; she had a mind and heart, and indeed some fine remains of a race that has passed away.

C. M. CHARLEVILLE.

Diary, Jan. 1819.—I have just had a visit from Dénon. I told him that I wanted to go under his auspices to revisit that glorious "Bibliothèque du Roi," which I did not half see when I gave my account of it in my "France, 1816;" above all, I wanted to see the chair of "le bon roi Dagobert," and in which Bonaparte was crowned Emperor of France. Dénon said he doubted any such piece of furniture; it was improbable that an old wooden chair would be left there to preserve itself. "But," said I, "the chair of St. Peter, what do you say to that?" "Bah! mystification," said he, "mais je vous en dirai des nouvelles." At that moment "les grands battants" were thrown open with a grand air by Charles, who announced Madame la Marquise de Villette! the dear "belle et bonne" of Voltaire. I submitted our dispute to her. She said, "Pour ce qui est de la chaise de Dagobert, celui-là vaut

bien l'autre;" they were both "des soldats heureux," but the barbarian king was in earnest, the other fit ses farces. "Oui, mais il jouait un grand rôle," said Dénon. "I have a chair worth a thousand such," resumed Madame de Villette; "the chair of wit, philosophy, and humanity, the fauteuil de Voltaire, in which he wrote his 'Mahomet,' and his defence of the unfortunate Calas family whom he saved from torture and execution. I will give you," said she to me, "a copy of their picture which he always hung at the foot of his bed; and Dénon, if you survive me, you shall have the fauteuil; my son does not care for such things." Dénon took both her hands and kissed them in silence, and almost with emotion; then turning to me she said, "I am come to make you a proposition: will you be a FREEMASON? Yes; don't be frightened, I want to instal you in the 'Loge Ecossaise, Belle et Bonne,' established last year, a branch of the vieille souche, and in which 'les femmes vont pour quelque chose.' I am grande maîtresse for the present, and your friend, the Countess Gaiton de la Rochefoucault, is secrétaire. The loge works in my own hôtel on Thursday next; you will meet Prince Paul of Wurtemburg, Talma, and the Archimandrite of Jerusalem, and your beautiful countrywoman, the Honourable Mrs.

Hutcheson, will all be admitted along with you. The grand ceremony will take place in the Salle Voltaire, in which, you know, I have his statue by Pigale. After we have done working, we adjourn to my own *salon*, where we shall have tea and a dance.' I at once entered into the spirit of the proposition, whilst Dénon's face would have made a cat laugh; he is so *grimacier!* At this point enter—my husband—whose permission I had not waited for; he immediately proposed himself, and was admitted *par acclamation*. He saw at once that the "Loge Belle et Bonne" was an anti-Bourbon société, for which he is always primed. So much for our conspiracy!

Diary.—I should have thought that the Loge Belle et Bonne was a mystification of Madame de Villette's, if Dénon had not just dropped in, and showed us his invitation to our initiation in the "Loge Belle et Bonne"—here it is; and I pin it into my journal with my own, as curious traits of these times of transition, when all is doubt and "nothing is, but what is not."

Lady Morgan's certificate of being admitted to the Loge Belle et Bonne.

Sous la voûte céleste du zénith, sur le point répondant au 48e degré 50 minutes 14 secondes, latitude nord, le 27e jour du 1er mois de l'an de la V.·. L.·. 5819 (ère vulgaire 27 mars 1819).

ORDO AB CHAO.

Sup.·. Conseil du 33e degré du Rit Ecossais ancien et accepté.

PROGRAMME.

Les Souv.·. Gr.·. Inspecteurs généraux se réunirent en Sup.·. Conseil, et ouvrirent les travaux du 33e degré, le troisième jour du second mois de l'an de la V.·. L.·. 5819 (ère vulgaire samedi 3 avril 1819), dans leur local ordinaire, rue neuve des Petit-Champs, n° 36, à sept heures très-précises du soir.

Les travaux seront ouverts par le Très-Puiss.·. Souv.·. Grand-Commandeur Titulaire, comte Decaze, pair de France, ministre secrétaire d'Etat au département de l'intérieur, et en son absence, par le Lieutenant Grand-Commandeur Titulaire, général de Fernig.

RÉCEPTION.

Il y aura réception au 33e degré, d'après le rituel de l'Ordre, avec la pompe et la magnificence que prescrivent les statuts.

Après que le Président du Sup.·. Conseil a proclamé le Candidat, Souv.·. Grand-Inspecteur du 33e degré, et pendant qu'il le décore des cordons de l'Ordre, les FF.·. de l'harmonie jouent, sans être aperçus, des airs analogues à la cérémonie. L'Intendant de la musique fait ensuite exécuter une marche militaire qui n'est d'abord

que faiblement entendue, et dont les sons augmentent progressivement.

Quand l'harmonie a cessé de se faire entendre, le Président ferme les travaux du Sup.·. Conseil.

A huit heures et demie, ouverture de la Cour des Grands-Commandeurs du Temple, 27e degré, pour l'installation du Sublime Chapitre métropolitain des Dames Ecossaises du Temple, qui lui est attaché.

TRAVAUX D'ADOPTION.

Le rituel de cette Maçonnerie d'Adoption, peu connu en France, et qu'aucun At.·. n'a encore suivi, sera exactement observé pour toutes les cérémonies qu'il prescrit.

Les Ill.·. Dames Ecossaises du Temple seront introduites dans la Cour des Grands-Commandeurs, avec tous les honneurs.

L'oriflamme sacré du Temple les précède. Le Grand-Maitre des cérémonies des Grands-Commandeurs donne la main à la Grande-Maîtresse d'honneur; le Maître des cérémonies à la Grande-Maîtresse titulaire; l'Adjoint au Maître des cérémonies à la Grande-Introductrice. L'étendard de l'Ecossisme est porté par une Dame du Temple, à côté de la Grande-Maîtresse d'honneur.

Pendant cette introduction, les FF.·. de l'harmonie exécuteront une marche d'un caractère grave et religieux.

Les travaux d'Adoption seront ouverts par la Grande-Maîtresse d'honneur du Subl.·. Chap.·. Métropolitain des Dames Ecossaises, au premier grade du régime Templier.

Les Ill.·. Visiteurs et les Dames SS.·. qui les accompagnent, sont introduits avec tous les honneurs qui leur sont dûs.

Les Ill.·. FF.·. de la R.·. L.·. *des Amis des Lettres et des Arts*, et les Ill.·. SS.·. de la Grande Loge Ecossaise *Belle et Bonne*, sont aussi introduits avec les plus grands honneurs. Ils seront précédés du Grand-Maître des cérémonies, des Grands-Commandeurs et de la Grande-Introductrice des Dames du Temple.

Les deux Ill.·. Grandes-Maîtresses d'honneur et titulaire de cette Loge sont placées sur le trône, à la gauche du Tout-Puissant Grand-Commandeur; l'Ill.·. Vén.·. de la R.·. L.·. *des Amis des Lettres et des Arts* est auprès d'elles.

L'harmonie s'est fait entendre pendant cette introduction.

La Grande-Maîtresse titulaire du Subl.·. Chap.·. M.·. complimente fraternellement les Dames SS.·. et les Visiteurs qui sont entrés avec elles.

Installation de Subl.·. Chap.·. M.·.

Les Ill.·. Commissaires Installateurs du Sup.·. Conseil sont annoncés et introduits avec tous les honneurs.

L'harmonie exécute une nouvelle marche, pendant que les Installateurs prennent leurs places dans la Cour des Grands-Commandeurs. Les travaux du Sup.·. Conseil du 33e degré sont ouverts par eux au premier grade symbolique.

Après que les Dames Ecossaises du S.·. C.·. M.·. du Temple auront prêté leur serment au pied du trône, en présence des Ill.·. Installateurs, on exécutera le superbe chœur de la composition de l'Ill.·. F.·. Boucher—*Jurons*, &c.

L'installation du Subl.·. Chap.·. M.·. des Dames Ecossaises du Temple est proclamée par les Ill.·. Installateurs du Sup.·. Conseil.

Les travaux d'Adoption reprennent leur cours. Le Tout-Puiss.·. des Grands-Commandeurs remercie, au nom de la Cour et du S.·. C.·. M.·., la commission installatrice. Il fait applaudir à ses travaux par les batteries d'usage.

L'Ill.·. S.·. de Munck chante un cantique adapté à la fête: ce cantique sera accompagné sur la harpe par l'Ill.·. S.·. Boucher.

L'Ill.·. F.·. Chancelier des Grands-Commandeurs prononce un discours analogue à l'installation.

On entend ensuite les FF.·. et SS.·. qui ont des discours à prononcer ou des airs à chanter et à exécuter.

Clôture des travaux d'Adoption.

BAL.

A dix heures le bal s'ouvrira dans les salles de récréation.

Vous êtes invités, T.·. Ill.·. F.·. et T.·. Ill.·. S.·., à augmenter par votre présence l'éclat de cette solennité, et à venir y partager les douceurs de l'union et de l'amitié qui règnent parmi nous.

J'ai la faveur de vous saluer fraternellement P.·. L.·. N.·. M.·. Q.·. V.·. S.·. C.·. et A.·. T.·. L.·. H.·. Q.·. V.·. S.·. D.·.

Le Lieutenant Grand-Commandeur titulaire,
GÉNÉRAL DE FERNIG.

Par mandement du Sup.·. Conseil, le Secrétaire du Saint Empire :

JUDESRETZ.

P.S. Cette invitation est personnelle, et on devra la présenter à l'entrée du Temple pour être admis dans son enceinte.

Nota. Vous êtes invités à apporter avec vous vos O.·. et décorations maçonniques.

O.·. DE PARIS, LE 13e JOUR DU 1er MOIS 5819.

ÈRE VULGAIRE, 13 MARS 1819.

L.·. DES AMIS DES LETTRES ET DES ARTS,

ET

GRANDE LOGE ECOSSAISE BELLE ET BONNE.

S.·. S.·. S.·.

T.·. Ch.·. F.·. et T.·. Ch.·. S.·.,

NOUS avons la faveur de vous prévenir que la R.·. L.·. des AMIS DES LETTRES ET DES ARTS, et la Grande Loge Ecossaise BELLE ET BONNE, ouvriront leurs travaux d'adoption au premier grade, dans leur local ordinaire, rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré, n° 30, le 18e jour du 1er mois de l'an de V.·. L.·. 5819, ère vulgaire, jeudi 18 mars, 1819, à sept heures précises du soir.

Il y aura:

1° Ouverture des travaux à l'heure indiquée, par l'Ill.·. ch.·. Leroy, Vén.·. titulaire de la R.·. L.·. des *Amis des Lettres et des Arts.*

2° Introduction des Visiteurs.

3° Introduction du V.·. d'honneur, comte de Lacepède, pair de France, qui prendra la direction des travaux.

4° L'harmonie exécutera une marche d'un caractère grave et religieux.

5° Initiation de plusieurs profanes au premier grade symbolique.

6° Discours de l'Orateur, adjoint aux initiés.

7° Harmonie.

TRAVAUX D'ADOPTION.

8° Le Grand-Maître des cérémonies ira s'assurer si les Ill.·. S.·. de la L.·. *Belle et Bonne* sont arrivés sous les portiques du Temple, et, sur son rapport, les Ecuyers désignés par le Vén.·., précédés du Grand-Maître et des Maîtres des cérémonies, iront recevoir l'Ill.·. Grande-Maîtresse d'honneur, l'Ill.·. Grande-Maîtresse titulaire et les autres S.·. de la Grande L.·. Ecossaise *Belle et Bonne.*

9° L'harmonie exécutera la marche de l'initiation aux mystères d'Isis.

10° Discours du Vénérable, adressé aux Ill.·. S.·. de *Belle et Bonne.*

INITIATION.

11° L'Ill.·. Grande-Introductrice annonce à l'Ill.·. Grande-Maîtresse d'honneur, que plusieurs dames profanes sont dans les avenues du jardin, et demandent à y être introduites.

L'Ill.·. Grande-Maîtresse ordonne qu'elles soient admises et initiées, suivant les usages particuliers du rit.

12° Pendant que l'Ill.·. Grande-Maîtresse d'honneur remet aux SS.·. nouvellement initiées les décorations de la Grande L.·. Ecossaise *Belle et Bonne*, l'Ill.·. S.·. de Münck, accompagnée sur la harpe par l'Ill.·. S.·. Boucher, chantera le cantique analogue à cette solennité.

13° Discours adressé aux initiées par l'Ill.·. F.·. Saulnier fils, orateur de la Loge.

14° L'Ill.·. F.·. Boucher exécutera la belle symphonie maçonnique dont il est l'auteur.

15° Clôture des travaux, pour passer aux salons de récréation, où l'on entendra plusieurs morceaux de musique vocale et instrumentale exécutés par les Ill.·. SS.·. de Münck, Boucher, et par les Ill.·. FF.·. Boucher, Alexis Dupont, Mutzler, etc. etc.

Vous êtes invités, Tr.·. Ch.·. F.·. et Tr.·. Ch.·. S.·., à augmenter par votre présence l'éclat de cette fête, et à venir y partager les douceurs de l'amitié qui nous unit.

Nous avons la faveur de vous saluer fraternellement P.·. L.·. N.·. M.·. Q.·. V.·. S.·. C.·. et avec T.·. L.·. H.·. Q.·. V.·. S.·. D.·

Le Vén.·. de la R.·. L.·. *des Amis des lettres et des arts.*

Chev. Leroy.

Le 1er Surv.·. de la R.·. L.·., Talma.

Le 2d Surv.·. de la R.·. L.·., Joly.

L'Orateur de la R.·. L.·., Saulnier fils.

Par mandement de la R.·. L.·., Cruzel, *secrétaire.*

P.S. Cette invitation est personnelle, et on devra la présenter pour être admis aux travaux.

Ill.·. F.·.,

La loge des Amis des Lettres et des Arts, sera bien sensible aux regrets que vous avez la bonté de lui exprimer. Vous serez convoquez pour notre prochaine tenue, et comme elle aura lieu en loge d'adoption, nous osons espérer que Lady Morgan fera pour la troisième fois la gloire de nos travaux.

Voulez-vous bien, monsieur, partager avec milady mes respectueux hommages.

Paris, ce 5 mars, 1819.

M. Lenez.

S.·. S.·. S.·.

MADAME,

LORSQUE j'ai eu l'honneur d'accompagner Madame la Marquise de Villette, la semaine précédente chez votre seigneurie, deux dames* de vos compatriotes lui ont témoigné le désir d'être de la Loge Belle et Bonne. Je vous prie d'avoir la bonté de m'envoyer le nom et l'adresse de ces dames, pour qu'on puisse leur adresser des invitations. Permettez-moi, madame, de profiter de cette occasion pour offrir à votre seigneurie l'hommage de mon entier et respectueux dévoûment,

SAULNIER,

Orat.·. de la Loge Belle et Bonne,

Quai Malaquai, No. 16.

Lady Morgan, à Paris.

* These two ladies were Mrs. Reynolds Solly, wife of Reynolds Solly, Esq., of George Hill, Herts, &c., and Mrs. Prescott, now Marquise ——.

MADAME,

LA quatrième livraison de la *Bibliothèque maçonnique* donne les détails de la fête qui eut lieu le mois dernier chez Madame la Marquise la Villette, pour l'installation de la Loge *Belle et Bonne*. L'ill.·. orateur de cette loge vous distingua particulièrement parmi les dames dignitaires qui la composent.

Comme éditeur de cet ouvrage, je vous prie d'agréer, madame, cette livraison: je me trouve heureux d'avoir eu l'occasion d'y publier le discours de M. Saulnier fils, qui rend un si juste hommage à vos talents et à votre philanthropie.

J'ai l'honneur de vous saluer, madame, avec le respect le plus profond.

Le secrétaire général du Sup.·. Conseil,*

JOLY.

Paris, le 17 mars, 1819.

* 1858.—Lest this account of the scenery and machinery of our masonic drama should startle the incredulous, I beg to state that my credentials and costume—my working apron and *cordon bleu rouge et blanc*—are at this moment among my other *brimborions* in my boudoir.

Diary.—Yesterday was a very busy day. Benjamin Constant and Morgan were working at their *éloges*, in French and English, on Sir Samuel Romilly. Morgan was obliged to send off his with the packet for Colburn, as the French and English *brochures* were to appear the same day in London and Paris. Then, to the Jardin des Plantes, and a visit to the Cuviers, who engaged us for to-morrow evening, to meet a *levée en masse* of the scientific, —and so home to dine and dress for my adoption into the "Loge Belle et Bonne." *Chemin faisant*, I called on the Countess Gaiton de la Rochefoucault, who is *chef en seconde* of our loge; she was out—a great disappointment, as I wanted to have her advice and opinion on the subject of the evening. I should like to know whether we are going only to *faire nos farces*, or whether to assist at a political *réunion*. *Nous verrons!*

Diary, January, 1819.—Well, here I am, a "Free and accepted Mason," according to the old Irish masonic song. When we drove to the solitudes of the Rue Vaugirard, Faubourg St. Germaine, we found the court of the Hôtel la Villette, and all the *remises*, full of carriages. "Belle et Bonne," magnificently dressed in white satin and diamonds, with Voltaire's picture round her neck,

set in brilliants, received us in the *salon* with a sort of solemn grace, very unlike her usual joyous address. Madame la Générale Foy, the wife of the popular militaire, stood beside her; His Royal Highness Prince Paul of Wurtemburg; the Bishop of Jerusalem; Talma; Count de la Rochefoucault, in full-dress, looking very like his illustrious ancestor of "Les Maximes;" Dénon; the Count de Cazes, *pair de France* (brother to the premier, the Duc de Cazes); General Favier; and many others whom we knew, were assembled, and muttered their conversation in little groups. At half-past eight they all proceeded to hold the Chapter for the installation of the "Dames Ecossaises du Temple," according to the programme, we, *les dames postulantes*, remaining behind till we were called for. I really began to feel some trepidation, and the stories that I had heard from my childhood upwards, of the horrors of the trial of a free masonic probation, rose to my mind, red-hot poker included! At nine o'clock we were summoned to attend the "Ouverture de la cour des grands commandeurs." When the battants were thrown open, a spectacle of great magnificence presented itself. A profusion of crimson and gold, marble busts, a decorated throne and altar, a profusion of flowers, incense of the finest odour filling the air, and, in fact, a spec-

tacle of the most scenic and dramatic effect presented itself. Such of the forms as are permitted to reach ears profane are detailed in the programme. We took the vows, but as to the SECRET—"it shall never pass these lips, in holy silence sealed." That so many women, young and beautiful, and worldly, should never have revealed the secret, is among the miracles which the much-distrusted sex are capable of working. When the great mysteries had been celebrated, and the novices were seated, and silence reigned, there was a sudden outburst of harmony, through all of which, from time to time, the strange musical eccentricities of the half-mad, half-inspired Boucher were distinctly heard, and only quelled by the melodious harp-invocations of his wife, the finest harpist of her time. After the overture, we had an oration by the Grand Chancellor. The *loge* lasted two hours. During the whole time my eyes were fixed on the Archimandrite of Jerusalem, and Talma, who had precisely the same expression of countenance which he had worn in "Neron" when bothered by one of Agrippa's lectures, which was a stern *ennui* personified. The archbishop tried to look pious, but as it was the piety of the Greek Church I did not understand it; had it been an Irish priest I should have been *au fait*. When the *loge* was closed, we adjourned

processionally to the *salle de récréation*, and the ball was opened. The priestesses had thrown off their officiating robes, and the *grande maîtresse en seconde* opened the ball with Prince Paul of Wurtemburg.

To-morrow we are to have our certificates of adoption, which we shall forward forthwith to our Grand Master of Irish Freemasons, the dear darling good Duke of Leinster; and now I am off for every sort of packing-up, as in a few days we shall be *en route* for Italy.

From Thomas Moore.

11, Allée des Veuves, Friday.

I THOUGHT to have reached you to-day, but was detained at home too late. Pray fix either Friday or Saturday to dine with us. The former day would, perhaps, be better, as I find Madame de Flahaut* expects us all on that evening, and, her house being near this, we could go together; only, let me know as soon as you can.

Yours, most truly,

THOMAS MOORE.

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* The Countess de Flahaut is at this time Baroness Keith, the granddaughter of Madame Piozzi. Count de Flahaut is too well and too generally known to need notification.

From Benjamin Constant.

Friday.

I CAN assure Lady Morgan that it requires very little time to read "Florence Macarthy," if I judge by the impatience with which I read each volume, but the misfortune is, I am always tempted to read again when I have finished. However, I will endeavour this time to resist the temptation, and return it as soon as I have done with it once. Only I see no means of preventing Madame Constant reading it, because I am a peaceful husband, and do not like to resist a wife's wishes. However, I will send the volume back in the course of a few days, under the express condition of having it lent to me again when your other friends want it no longer.

BENJAMIN CONSTANT.

From Lady Charleville to Sir Charles Morgan, on his Book.

29th January, 1819.

MY DEAR SIR,

LORD CHARLEVILLE has had a severe illness, arising, I believe, from unsettled gout, and too full a regimen. I have been by night and by day occupied so bitterly, with the additional feeling of incapacity to do what I wished, that I could not

thank you as I ought for the honour you have done me, to write to me the 10th January. I am thoroughly sensible of the great indulgence of your feeling it at all fitting to converse with me on the subject of your most distinguished work. I wish I was able to praise it as it deserves, with the knowledge and discrimination of an enlightened reader; but I believe, from what I have heard here, that it is likely to establish your fame and learning amongst those who are indeed conversant with physiology. It is a proud thing, so early in life, to be so distinguished; and assuredly, with a good private character, I should prefer the attainment of literary distinction to any other the world could offer. Both these things you enjoy, my dear sir, and I hope they may afford you all the happiness I fancy they should bestow.

You are too modest to fancy that you have not clearly shown your intention was not to discuss the most interesting of all questions (the immortality of the soul), and to confine your observations to physical facts. You write too well for any doubts to be entertained on your intention; and I cannot understand the most devout man being displeased with the investigations of nature. But it was equally impossible for a real friend not to feel that you had not ascribed to the great source of life and

light that vivifying principle which animates us, and which (if there had never been a revelation) had still asked after something beyond this perishable globe! The cruel effects of priestcraft and despotism have created systems which reason mocks at; but the philosophy of Moses and Christ opens such reasonable consolation, such beautiful philanthropy, such wise and absolute reference to the one God, the Father, directing, governing all things, and animating all nature, that, as it cannot be disproved, I cling to it with a joy I would share from my heart with all those I value! I do value you for all I have observed and heard of you, and for contributing so largely to the happiness of my dear Lady Morgan; so you must not be displeased with me if my wishes for your absolute enjoyment of all that existing things can afford be joined to an ardent wish that you may be happy also in the bosom of that Being who has given you so large a portion of his illumination for the better to understand and adore Him!

You will smile at my enthusiasm, but you cannot be angry at me, while you think that I am from my heart anxious and sincere; and that I only want you to have, in the progress of your study, the cheering prospect of that bright centre,

the least ray of which lights us unto hope beyond this wayward world.

I have a misgiving, as I may call it, that bodes little of security in the politics of France. I have heard, myself, the younger De Cazes speak in favour of influence and interference in elections, &c., &c., and the press. Such things here may be done, but I do not know any young man who would not blush to uphold the doctrine! The rising generation Lady Morgan augurs well of, and I hope they may deserve it; but I neither believe in the education of Ultras' nor Jacobins' children. Relative equality of taxation and absolute impartial distribution of justice, with the free power of nominating our representatives to the Assembly which regulates the burdens we must bear, and liberty of conscience, appear to me what constitutes rational liberty. Now, the Catholics will not allow to us what they require of us—and, therefore, that religion which France professes, is contrary to liberty—and I do think meanly of the jargon of their debates, and the strange verbosity of their courts of justice. Some profess to think they have obtained at once a constitution, which took us years to uprear, and therefore, that all will be well; but I cannot help thinking, the time we took to raise it would infer each improvement suited to the mass, and that

men, too, were by degrees educated to understand and value rational liberty; that our situation, favourable to commerce, enriched the citizen and made him value the laws which protected him, while the heads of the French are filled with fantastic theories, or with the love of war (which, in them, was debased by a love of plunder too), that has taken away all that once was chivalrous in the French character; that they now allow people to pray to God their own way, has proceeded from indifference to the subject,—a bad foundation for morals! and I dare swear the king will do it away when he dare; and if not him, his bigoted successor. I wish sincerely it may be otherwise, for France should be the finest country on the earth, and her people amongst the best, as they are surely the most gifted.

Will you be so kind as to let Lady Morgan, when she writes, say when you go to Italy, and what are your intentions for your abode there? If you should go next summer, I would like to think we might have some chance of meeting there, and then you would prescribe for my état physique, and revenge yourself by a nauseous drug (if you were very ill-natured), for all the stuff you have been forced to swallow if you read this letter.

Best and kindest wishes await miladi, and tell

her everybody delights in "Florence," but *on dit*, Croker was innocent, and Southey the man! but I don't believe it—Southey has too much genius for such a composition.

C. M. C.

Lady Charleville to Lady Morgan.

Brighton, February.

I HAVE received here yours, my dear Lady Morgan, and also the letter you wrote and intended to go by the Count Capponi, &c. I shall not be in London until after Easter. If your two Italian friends are at that time there, I shall do everything that my home can do to satisfy your recommendation. Lord Guildford sent me a Russian prince, aide-de-camp to Alexander, too, and I have been able to do nothing for him either, for I have not had a thought but of misery, and that not in my own person, for I am much as usual, but for Lord Charleville, and for my too dear Tullamore also, and it is now long since I had rest and peace, either by night or by day. Lord Charleville had a heavy seizure of *goutte rencontre*, and blood pressing on his head, and the variety of all the sufferings consequent on this infliction, which had abated; and the quantity of blood he lost required bracing air, and change from bustle to quiet, and

compelled us to leave London the last day of January; since which Tullamore was attacked by a bilious fever of slow and nervous tendency, and fourteen days has been in bed and one week out of it, during all which time the whole weight of care and watching of both (in a narrow lodging, noisy and comfortless comparatively for invalids) you will easily understand; and Lord Charleville must be carried by two noisy footmen from one room to the other, up creaking narrow stairs, and rusty bolts, when quiet was vitally important. There was much of local addition to the dreadful crisis; but it is now past, and both are recovering, though slowly. Oh, my dear Lady Morgan! I have had courage for myself, and I do not know that I ever addressed a direct prayer to God for my own recovery. I always by instinct felt that the share of evil which every human creature is bound to endure was mercifully, in my case hitherto, inflicted on my body, and I knew there I was less vulnerable than for my children, and I blessed the power that spared them evil and me distraction. Oh, I judged right at least in this! but perhaps I had no right to this blessed exemption; and I knew not, in fact, what misery was, nor was half the grateful creature I should have been, and which I now shall be for what I am spared! I show you this to read

my naked heart, because that I trust and believe in yours, and will; and I deserve you should speak without reserve to me of its leanings, as you have done in your last letter. I know not yet what will be determined as to our leaving England, which Lord Charleville's family disapprove of I see; and that was one of the causes when I wrote to Sir Charles, when I bade him to let you inform me of your route; for it might be some argument with them that I was sure of a medical friend in an emergency being at hand; for now I see, what I already took for granted, that your tour is precisely what we had purposed to make. Do not, to any English or Irish person, mention Lord Charleville's illness—exaggeration and *insouciance* and gossip, are to be avoided amongst us who live upon reports,—and my opinion conscientiously is that clear skies would influence his health advantageously, else no improvement of my own could have any weight with me now. I will send you from London letters for Lord Burghersh, whom I know, at Turin, and Mr. Algernon Percy, his secretary, and I will procure letters for Naples from others. Some things might have been, it is true, improved in "France" with advantage, and the title was too high-sounding for a tourist's confined scope: yet few women could have written it, and few men but

will allow it has the merit of quick perceptibility, pleasant and amusing narrative, and, to my opinion, a proper principle of sympathy with a great nation struggling for its fair rights and emancipation from despotism. I was aware, from Lady Hardwicke (who ought to have been above so poor a feeling), that Lady E. Stewart disliked the manner of mention of her assembly. Lord help us, if that is to hurt an author, pens and ink are as well proscribed at once! I heard Mr. Croker had given authority positively to deny, in his name, having written the critique, which these same people attributed to Southey. Now it is impossible Southey wrote it; because he writes too well, and is too great a man to have written it, base and unfeeling as it is; and because the style betrays the author in his other productions. However, there is some pleasure to make him go about telling lies, and that people think him mean for the denial, who approved of his *diatribe*. But once more as to "Miss Florence." It gave me pleasure, the day I dined with the Regent here, to find it on his table, and to hear him say, when I took it up, "I hope you like the Eagle and O'Leary; I have never read anything more delightful or more pathetic than Cumhal's catastrophe; Croker may rail on, he'll do her no harm." And again he reverted to

the subject, and said, "Damned blackguard, to abuse a woman, isn't it?" and "Could not he let her 'France' alone, if it be all lies, and read her novels, and thank her, by Jasus! (with a true brogue) for being a good Irishwoman?" Believe me the Regent has a heart at bottom; and I am only surprised that, surrounded as an heir-apparent is, and as he has always been, every mouth and every eye taught to express assent, and to anticipate his bias, and the fair plain truth never suffered near him—I say I am only surprised he is human! He sent me all the drinks that my poor child fancied (which the medical man, Tierney, an Irishman, had told him of) every day; and this it was which sent me (dressed up in my rolling chair) to thank him on the eve of his departure; and it is most sure I should have met less sympathy, and less of apparent interest, in the inquiries of any other man in the town. I had refused going all along to the Pavilion (for those things I delight not in), but his goodness about my child was not to be passed over; and unquestionably I do not wonder his manner and his feeling should smooth down bitter recollections of where he has been wrong, and bind his friends to him. You ask me if there be left, after Hobhouse and Rose, stuff for you in Italy to work on. I like Hobhouse much,

and Rose I have not read, but I easily believe there is much; for what have Eustace, or Hobhouse, or Miss Knight done that can interfere with your quick observation of the people, and their customs, habits, and feelings of the past and present? But I would have you conceal, most carefully, what you do think of writing, because I know already, from M. Grimaldi,* the Duke of Spinella, and others, they dread it. You will find them in their hearts cowed, and bigoted to priestcraft, however they pretend; and a word against their priest is to them more hateful than against their God. Yet they will pretend philosophic apathy, to you, a heretic, and liberal opinions upon government, because you are a subject of Britain; but excepting Trechi, and he, as a "Milanese," of course liked Buonaparte (who raised Milan to opulence, and made it the seat of government)—I say, excepting him, all those I know are actually as fit for the pope's government and his regiment of Jesuits as they were heretofore.

I read with deep anxiety the state of French politics. I now almost believe in the king's wish to act honestly, but I dread the machinations of the ultra royalists and the Bourbon princes: moreover, it strikes me, that this law of election must be a

* Marquis Grimaldi, the Sardinian ambassador.

most defective one, if the prêvots may influence in their department in the manner it is asserted they do; or rather if it be possible they can create at pleasure a matter of forty votes in each department where they preside, in favour of whomsoever they please; and this is asserted in, and remains uncontradicted by, the Chamber of Deputies. Their mode and manner of debate appear like the irregular wranglings of schoolboys rather than a senate-house occupied with a question of such vital import as the Election Law. And lately I read a pamphlet on the trial by jury, and another, a critique on poor Madame de Stael (which absolutely were esteemed by De Cazes, and sent over by him), that proves to my conviction a want of all solid information or principle to guide the boat into safe harbour. Why was not the Marquis La Fayette a peer, when they were seeking to regenerate freedom and to honour private worth? Why was the most violent of Royalists, Montalembert, created one? In short, why are the infatuated bigots of Count d'Artois's followers to prevent a great nation from receiving the benefits of a free constitution, and, by degrees, of improving the crude suggestions of the first outline which I am now (since he has acted firmly on this great trial) to suppose it is his wish to support and adhere to? All these queries I should like to hear

debated on in your *salon ;* but the very effervescence and sort of talent they all show in private companies is, I fear, one of the reasons their Commons-house will be ever a bear-garden: for if seventy-five are to speak out of two hundred and fifty, we must infer (who know the quantum of human talent not to be in that ratio under the most favourable circumstances) that conceit and turbulence drive them on to the disturbance of all those who could teach and instruct them. I believe, with you, there is better material in Italy, if it was free ; and there, and in the bright hopes that opened to them of getting rid of papist government, it is that Bonaparte is a loss to Europe; and from my heart I condemn a British subject lending a helping hand to restore the see of Rome. I have lately read the notes to the Douay Bible, published by Dr. Troy's orders for the instruction of the Irish people, and I do absolutely think that no person who is not bloodthirsty and prejudiced as an inquisitor, could, after these notes, reconcile their feelings of right and wrong to put power and legislative authority into an Irish Papist's hands. If they were all Deists and Atheists (like my old friends the French) our lives and properties had been safe ; but with the catechists of this dreadful school nothing is sacred but Rome!

My dearest Lady Morgan, I do love so many individuals of various feelings and opinions, that I cannot feel anything but anxiety for this great country becoming free and happy; but I fear as long as there are Jesuits and ambitious unconnected priests, without the gentler ties of nature and wives and children to bind them, and old heartburning feudal recollections in the nobility of France, we shall not have it established. This I deplore for them, and my heart sickens when I think how many miseries new troubles would create *dans cette belle France;* and how ready all their military and our own, and the *désœuvrés* of other nations are for this desolation.

Best and kindest regards to Sir Charles.

Tell Sir Charles, Benjamin Constant does not write as well as he. I am sorry he undertook the subject, for it is a noble one for a master hand.

M. C. CHARLEVILLE.

Diary.—A card has just come in from the Maréchale the Duchesse de Ragusa. A *bal masqué* —an invitation to a *bal masqué par exemple!* This *bal* is the subject of general gossipry in Paris, and will you go? or will you not go? is the question of the day. We belong to the ayes. The doubt about

it is the terms upon which Marmont and his wife have been living for some years. She brought him a large fortune, and he gave her a deathless name, at least, as long as "Diccon his master was not bought and sold" to oblivion, for they rose and sunk together. The point is—will Marmont be there *masqué* or *démasqué?* Both Marmont and Bonaparte were military pupils together of La Place, and stood the same examination before that great man at the military school, so says Dénon.* He remembers them being together at the *soirée* at the Court of the Directory when Barras reigned, and the beautiful Madame Tallien reigned viceroy over him, at the same time that General Buonaparte was *aux petits soins* with Madame Beauharnais. Dénon speaks in raptures of the women and the private society of that day. Madame Marmont is the daughter of the great banker, Perrier.

We have got our dominos and masks, mine a rich black demireps, which will make me a beautiful dress for Italy, so I don't mind the extravagance. I can make up a domino for Morgan of a piece ot Irish poplin, which I brought over for a present to

* Bonaparte was visiting the picture gallery of Soult with Dénon, and was struck with one of Raffaelle's pictures, which Dénon complimented with the term "immortal." "How long may it last?" asked Bonaparte. "Well, some four or five hundred years longer," said Dénon. "Belle immortalité!" said Bonaparte, disdainfully.

Madame Jerome Bonaparte; but she is gone. My little mask is the impersonation of coquetry and the *béquin** of Louis the XVth's day: it nearly touches the upper lip with a little black fall. Dénon says it becomes me *à ravir et à bonne cause.*

Brockett Hall,
December 18th.

My dear Lady Morgan,

Two days before I wrote to you I had fallen from my horse. Three days after I was seized with a most violent nervous fever, accompanied by inflammation in the throat and stomach, so that what with the general lowness and partial fulness no one knew what to do. For one week I never swallowed anything. The moment of danger passed, and now I believe, in truth, I died; for assuredly a new Lady Caroline has arisen from this death. I seem to have buried my sins, griefs, melancholy, now, and to have come out like a new-born babe, unable to walk, think, speak; but perfectly happy. So finding myself—after I had wished for death and died—alive again, I made them carry me out into the air in a blanket, and then, to the astonishment

* Originally *Béguine,* borrowed from the shade worn by the lay nuns of that order over their faces.

of every one, ordered my horse next day, and sat upon it and would ride, and now am well, only weak. I have positively refused to take any draughts, pills, laudanum, wine, brandy, and arrowroot, or other stimulants. I live upon milk porridge, soda water and milk, and all the farinaceous grains. My mind is calm—I am pleased to be alive—grateful for the kindness shown me; and never mean to answer any questions further back than the 15th of this month, that being the day of this new Lady Caroline's birth, and I hate the old one. She had her good qualities; but she had grown into a sort of female Timon—not of Athens—bitter, and always going over old, past scenes. She also imagined that people hated her. Now the present Lady Caroline is as gay as a lark, sees all as it should be, not perhaps as it is; and having received your very clever letter, full of good sense, means to profit by it; but, at present, like her predecessor, and like one of your countrymen, is going about wanting work. I have nothing necessarily to do. I know I might, and ought to do a great many things, but then I am not compelled to do them.

As to writing, assuredly enough has been written, besides, it is different writing when one's thoughts flow out before one's pen, and writing with one's

pen waiting for thoughts. Would I could be useful! I did write a book about stables and domestic economy, upon a new and beautiful plan; but unless some one saw it and thought it good, I would not venture to publish it: yet I wrote it whilst writing "Ada Reis."

My laundry and stables I conduct upon that plan to save myself trouble; but it is more difficult to put it into practice in a house, although it was done, and with success, one year.

I mention this to show you that I, too, have been a good housewife, and saved William * much; but he says what is the use of saving in one place if you squander all away in another? Alas! what is the use of anything? we may go on saying what is the use, till we really puzzle ourselves, as I did, as to why we exist at all. When you have a moment to spare write to me. Remember me to Sir Charles Morgan. I will give your message to Miss White.

Believe me, most truly yours,

CAROLINE LAMB.

From General La Fayette to Lady Morgan.

Wednesday, 13th February, 1819.

MY DEAR LADY,

IT would be a real festival to pass the evening

* Lord Melbourne.

at your house, but a combination of affairs prevents me. It seems ridiculous to appear so busy with such trifling results; nevertheless, I am obliged to go where I am expected. Accept my excuses and regrets. I shall arrange to indemnify myself on Wednesday next. A thousand affectionate remembrances.

La Fayette.

From M. Pougence to Sir Charles Morgan.

Paris, Rue des Petits Augustins, No. 14,
Près le Musée, ce 27 Février, 1819.

Monsieur le Chevalier,

Je vous réponds avec ma franchise ordinaire à la lettre dont vous m'avez honoré en date du 24 courant. Voici l'exacte vérité: J'ai quelque droit pour être cru, car j'étais l'élève et l'ami le plus intime de feu M. d'Alembert, certes le meilleur des hommes. Il est faux que feu M. le Marquis de Condorcet fût dans sa chambre à l'époque où il rendit à la terre ses dépouilles mortelles. Depuis plusieurs jours, il était même absent de Paris. Je crois qu'il était à la Roche Guyon, chez feu Madame la Duchesse d'Anville. M. d'Alembert est mort la tête appuyée sur ma poitrine, avec le sang froid d'un sage, et le calme d'un homme de bien. Nulle crainte pour l'avenir, qui ne doit épouvanter que le

méchant: nulle ostentation, qui le plus souvent n'est qu'une faiblesse déguisée. Je ne parlerai point ici de ses hautes lumières ici, de son goût exquis en littérature: l'Europe savante lui rend justice; mais les gens de bien aimeront à apprendre que sa vie entière ne fut qu'une suite de bonnes actions.

J'ai l'honneur d'être avec la considération la plus distinguée,

Monsieur le Chevalier,

Votre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur,

POUGENCE,

Chevalier de l'ordre souverain de St. Jean de Jérusalem, de l'Académie Française des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres, &c.

From M. Pougence (the friend of D'Alembert) to Lady Morgan.

Paris, No. 14 Rue des Petits Augustins,
28th January, 1819.

I HAVE been faithful to my sovereign mistress. Now, you are one of those towards whom the slightest insurrection would be an act of impiety. I have read the notice placed at the head of the *travestie*, published under the name of a translation, and that because I was doubtful of the contents. For what is a sincere attachment? Is it not a solicitude and anxiety? Madame de Pougence and my-

self had no wish to read a single line of that dear "Florence Macarthy" in a masquerade dress. I wait the genuine one. Why do Messrs. Treuttel and Wurtz delay the publication? I have received the order of her Imperial Majesty, the Empress Dowager of Russia, to send her the first copy. The courier has gone away empty-handed. Assuredly, I shall not send the translation. Present my best compliments to Sir Charles. I offer at my lady's feet the homage of my admiration and respect.

POUGENCE.

THERE are, in France, ninety-eight peers, amongst whom are included bad subjects, blockheads, and chatterers. There are only to oppose them sixty permanents; but, considering the dispositions of the jeerers, these imbeciles, fearing to be lost, have been obliged to have recourse to the opinion of arbitrators.

Diary.—Well, our *bal masqué* was altogether a very curious thing, to me, in one instance, rather disagreeable. *Imprimis*—the Hôtel Marmont is composed of quantities of little rooms of reception, like Chinese boxes, fitting one within the other:

they are all most gorgeously decorated, and full of beautiful things, very like, I should think, *les maisons de plaisance* under the *Régence* or *Egalité*'s famous one; it was crowded and hot to suffocation. What was remarkable was, that there was no one to receive the company; for neither Marmont nor Madame appeared. Very few took off their masks. I, unfortunately, was among the few who did so, for I was suffocated, which exposed me to be *intriguéd* in the most ungentlemanlike manner by three gentlemen. Morgan had left me to find our carriage, and I observed three *masques* near me, laughing and muttering. One of them, the tallest, addressed me in the most impertinent manner on the subject of my praise of the handsome Basque, who was in attendance at the Duchesse de Biron's *déjeûner*, 1816, and who is mentioned in my "France" of that year; but it is not worth recording their very *scabreuses* observations. A *masque* stood near me, to whom I addressed myself, "May I beg your protection, and request that you will give me your arm to the antechamber, where my husband is gone in search of our carriage?" He replied, "I have placed myself near you for that purpose." It was Colonel Davisier de Pontes. I found Morgan, who was coming to fetch me; but I have not said a word on the subject to him. I have

discovered the name of my persecutor ; it was young La Grange, the general's son, a fierce Bourbonite for the present. I am sorry to add that the Comte de ———, directeur du Musée, and the successor to my dear gallant Dénon, was of the party. This fashion in France of profiting by the custom *d'intriguer* at masque balls is replete with cowardice and malignity, and a disgrace to that social courtesy for which France has always been so remarkable. In the course of the evening Dénon led me into the boudoir of Madame Marmont, when we found her seated on a sofa and unmasked, looking very tired. She was very courteous, and regretted that our approaching departure from Paris would deprive her of the pleasure of seeing us again. She was rather *Dodu*, and quite " assez jolie pour une héritière."

From M. Jouy to Lady Morgan.

Thursday morning.

MY VERY DEAR AND ILLUSTRIOUS SISTER,

I POSSESS some influence, or at least some understanding with the great theatres at Paris, but I am entirely a stranger to those in which they act melodrama. I have, nevertheless, a channel through which I may be useful to your melodramatic countryman, which is to introduce him to a young

friend of mine, who superintends the rain and fine weather at the Porte St. Martin. If Mr. Lawrence will take the trouble of calling on me about three o'clock (to-day only excepted), I will give him a note for this associate, which may perhaps assist him. Receive with complaisance the assurance of my respectful attachment, and high consideration for your admirable talents.

Your sincere admirer,

JOUY.

Lady Morgan to Lady Clarke.

March, 1819.

MY DEAR LOVE,

YOUR letters have at last arrived: two of the 7th of December, from Colburn, one by Robinette, and one by post on 2nd of January. From all these I learn that "Florence" is disliked, abused, and cried down; but whether you or Clarke ever saw or had it, or liked it, I cannot discover, as you never think it worth your while to say. I thought it deserved a little more attention than this from my own people, whatever the world might think; but, alas! I never was a prophet in my own family. You allude to some letter of Lord Aylmer's; I know of no letter. I was at Lady Leitrim's one

day just as a letter had been received from Lady Charlemont. She said to me, "It is not admiration my sister feels, it is enthusiasm. She says you alone have courage to defend your country," &c., and a thousand other flattering things. The other night Lord Leitrim was here. I told him I had heard Lady Charlemont did not like "Florence." He said, "Don't believe a word of it; she is enthusiastic, and told us that even Lord Norbury was pleased and enjoyed it." We dined with Lord Aylmer's sister, Mrs. Cunningham, yesterday, who not only sent the carriage for us, but made us take it for the evening: she is constantly with us. This would not be the case if her sister were offended. But I wonder you don't see the drift of the person who told you this and reported it to me; for the rest, they are only giving vent to their own malice. If there are such a set of "Crawley" creatures in Dublin that everybody finds an original in their own circle, "then among them be it Blind Harpers!" * as we say in Ireland. I owe them nothing, and with Europe on my side, I am rather indifferent to what is said or thought by a few obscure individuals in the obscurest spot in the world. Whoever tells you all

* Characters in "Florence Macarthy," which everybody applied to their neighbour—or enemy, which is generally synonymous.

this, does it to vex and mortify you; you ought not to listen to them, but tell them you are not a fit person to abuse your sister to. A little proper spirit in this way would soon put an end to their malignity. As to the dear English, I have this moment a note of four pages from Mr. Lattin, apologising for the number he had been obliged to introduce, and declaring he had refused persons of rank and talent; and that an English gentleman said to him, "If you dare not introduce me as an Englishman, say I am a Swede, for I speak the language, and she won't find me out." A nephew of Lord Whitworth's, Mr. Russell, son of Sir H. Russell, got Mrs. Colonel Wyly to write to me to beg I would let him come, and she slips in a Colonel Digby into the bargain. Mrs. Macneil (Miss Brownlow) came in with a long face to my last Wednesday *soirée*, saying she hoped I would not be annoyed, but that Colonel Wallace, Sir C. Campbell, and General —— would follow her in. There is a little knot of equivocal Irish ladies here, of battered reputations, some of whom keep hazard-tables and amuse themselves with writing anonymous letters, &c. You know what sort of creatures they are, and so that is enough of them. A very interesting youth has arrived in Paris, who has presented us his works in modern Greek, and adds

greatly to our circle: he excited some sensation here last Wednesday, when I had a most brilliant set-out. The books presented to us make a complete library. But what will Clarke say when he hears that I am a "free and an accepted mason!" that I have attended a lodge, taken the oath, &c.! and that I am now "Une sœur d'adoption de la grande loge ecossaise, belle et bonne, des Jardins d'Eden, côté de l'Orient; sous les auspices du suprême conseil du 33 degré, au lit ancien et accepté très-puissant." I wish I could send you the printed account of the free masonic fête, at which we were present. After the grand lodge was held for the men, the women were admitted (for all over the Continent the women have free masonic lodges) with the visitors, and those who were to be received. All the grand dignitaries (peers of France and deputies), with their masonic costume, were present: the Count de Lacepède (the famous naturalist), grand master, and the Marquise de Villette, with her apron, sash, &c. There were two very eloquent orations made, one eulogising the masonic order, and showing its antiquity, beneficence, &c., the other returning thanks to the many celebrated and literary characters who had graced the meeting, in the middle of which the orator addressed me as "*illustre Anglaise*," who alone had had the

courage to stand up in defence of France in the days of her greatest misfortune, and to give an example of liberality. At first I did not think they meant me, until they all got up to look at me, and I must say it was rather a painful than a pleasant moment, and I hope no one will ever address me in public again. After this a most interesting scene took place, a commemoration of Voltaire. Near the altar on which his bust was placed, sat Madame de Villette (his adopted daughter) in his own fauteuil, and as the last link between the past and the present age, and the last survivor of Voltaire's illustrious circle, she was a most interesting object. Mademoiselle Duchênois, the Siddons of France, stood before the bust and recited a very fine ode to his memory, most beautifully and affectingly. She then crowned it with the same wreath that Clairon crowned the same bust in 1778, amidst thousands of spectators. The whole concluded with some good music by the singers from the Opera. The masonic temple was splendid; lined with scarlet cloth, with masonic trophies, &c. We entered under an arch of drawn swords, and during the ceremony we had some musical architecture, which brother Clarke will understand. We took with us the Baron and Baroness Bonstetten, delightful young people, introduced to us by the

Duchess of Broglie. Do you know a Mr. Hodges, who has been introduced here? I hear he is a brother-in-law of Counsellor Farrell's, your neighbour. It is said that in France there is no hospitality: we have found it just the reverse. I told you in my last we had nine invitations to dinner. Well, yesterday we dined at Mr. Cunningham's, to-day Mr. Harvey's (Sunday), for Monday we have had three dinner invites, and a ball and concert; one from Sir James Lawrence, the Commander of Malta, from Mr. and Mrs. Solly, and from a Mrs. Rawdon. We have accepted Mrs. Solly's, which came first, and go with them afterwards to the concert of Mademoiselle de Munk. It is indeed requisite that I should go out in the evening, for I have quite worked myself into headaches and ill health. In the morning I read and extract history five or six hours a day, and am obliged to give a great deal of time to Italian. If I live to accomplish the work I have now in view, I have done with authorship for the rest of my life, for I am quite worn out. Do not say to any one I am going to write on Italy, but to travel for amusement. We shall leave a small trunk in Paris, in which, with other papers, will be deposited a sort of joint will of Morgan's and mine; our plate and papers, will, &c., are in Latouche's bank.

Never give up the key of the closet. Say I have it, and that the birds are with Sir Charles' natural history collection, in a place, safe and warm, chosen by himself. We have had a packet of letters from Nanny, still at school, in which it seems "she lives for the fine arts." She says she reads Robertson's "Charles the Fifth," and Johnson's "Poets," for recreation; recommends the Cartoons of Raphael to our notice, and goes to Westminster Abbey for the sake of the music! What fun it will be to hear all our *élèves* playing and singing together!—I am afraid they will rather look down upon us. I am delighted the little girls are making such progress in music. If I return to odious Dublin 'tis for their sakes, and they ought to reward me. Has baby got the box of sweetmeats by Mr. Dick? I have sent the poor dears nothing but trash, because I am too poor and the risk is too great to send anything of the least value. I sent Polichinelle to Colburn for baby. I had a handsome ribbon for Molly, but Mr. Barnewell went away without calling. I will try and get Clarke's book translated into French, and have sent to London for it. Morgan's is gone to press; and the bad translation of "Florence" is selling away, and the good one is not out. Did you see the description of me in the "Courier," and

the dialogue between me and a Madame de ——? I need not say this is all an invention of Croker, who is rather angry. Tell Mr. Henry Grattan that the letter he wrote to me from Calais is only, by some mistake, just arrived; that I am much flattered by the influence he attributes to me; that I will use it certainly in his favour with Monsieur Dénon, and mention to him Mr. G——'s wish relative to the medals: but at present poor Dénon is too ill to be spoken to. Morgan has been attending him this month night and day, and he is so grateful you have no idea. He has just sent him a present of a most beautiful and valuable bronze bust, and given me a collection of his own engravings, with his own picture done in Sèvres porcelain. We pay here, for a first floor, precisely what we get for our whole house in Dublin, so that we give the taxes, and the use of our furniture, for nothing. We are obliged to be very economical. I am still in my Dublin tabinette gowns, and have not bought a single gown since I have been in France, but one black one for evening, and I have nothing else.

S. M.

Dear Clarke,

You will see by this letter that Syd has over-worked herself and is nervous. The weather has

been unfavourable, and she has taken but little exercise, and you know how easily she is upset when that is the case. I think you had better burn this letter. She was annoyed at Livy's account of the Dublin folk, and took it in her head that you and the children would suffer for her sake, and this has put her sadly out of spirits, as you will perceive. I am vexed and very angry that Miss D—— worries you. For God's sake keep matters there as quiet as possible, for I by no means wish to be recalled for the present. I have not yet been able to obtain any satisfactory answer to your questions. The prussic acid, prepared according to Scheel's process, is given in doses of ℥j in ℥iv mixtures, *i. e.*, xv to xx grs. at a time, in the second stage of phthisis, as a calming medicine; and laurel water in still larger doses in palpitations, with what success I don't know. The prussic acid, in a state of purity, is the most active and instantaneous poison that exists; and as it seems only to be used as a substitute for opium, I have no great confidence in it, and should be loth to push its use upon the sole authority of Majendie, who is a dashing experimentalist, who kills more dogs than he cures patients. It requires, besides, great accuracy in the preparation, and does not keep. On the whole, I would advise you not to meddle with it till my

next, when I will endeavour to be more precise. The recent death of Montégre is not only a great loss to us socially, but to me in particular; all my acquaintance among the doctors are so high up the stick, they have no time to spare to answer inquiries. Tell Dr. Pentland that I have been disappointed of an introduction to Dubois, owing to the sickness of a friend, and that I have been too much occupied to make the necessary researches, but that I hope before I leave Paris to be able to give him some information. Apropos to that, I hope to set out for Italy by the middle of March, when I expect my book will be finished. It has excited here a very favourable notice, and will, I hope, make its way very well at home. The critics seem not to know what to make of it; there is, however, a Cambridge doctor of divinity writing against the system, so I shall have to go to war I suppose. Have you got it for Samuel yet? I wrote to Colburn to send it you. Send it to Staunton, and get him to say something of it. Did he ever get the "Philosophy?" and did he notice it in the "Journal?" Tell him that French news gets to London by express much sooner than by the post, and on that account I have not put him to the expense of postage. A thousand thanks for your trouble in my money matters. If you want the needful, send

in the amount of my debt and I will give you an order on Latouche's bank. Will you have the goodness to write in my name to Howling, my landlord, and tell him that I shall be away longer than I expected, but that if he wishes to have the rent of Kildare Street, you will let me know, and I will make arrangements for his receiving it? You will get his direction at Latouche's. His name is James Howling, attorney, &c. I beg your pardon for all this trouble. My love to the children, and my respectful compliments to the young man in the town below. Tell Livy I hope she is going on with "Werter," which is just in her way, and must succeed. God bless you both!

Yours most affectionately,

C. MORGAN.

Write soon, in order that we may hear from you before our departure.

P. S.—Morgan was charmed with Syd's attempt at a printed scrawl, and her notice of him. I would rather see them than all the world beside, God knows. I'll write to Mrs. Bushe soon: a thousand loves to Mrs. Fletcher—cling to such friends! The Honourable K. Hutchinson sat an hour over the fire with us t'other day, and has been at my Wednesday evenings: he is delightful, she is ex-

emplary in her conduct, and received at the best houses. S. M.

Lady Morgan to Lady Clarke.

Paris, March 31, 1819.

My dearest Livy,

Mr. Skinner's nephew, and Captain Skinner's, takes you this, and has promised to give you all the news about us, as he was at my last and final *soirée*. I begin by answering your last letter received by post. I never got the letter about the soap and candle fever, and your critique on "France." I am charmed it amused you all, delighted beyond all expression that you are all so well and prosperous; that my darlings, whom I love the better the longer I am without seeing them, are so healthy and good; and that all bids fair to our happy reunion. Then us old folk shall dog-trot on together, and enjoy ourselves over again in the young. I not only sent a very pretty box of sweetmeats to baby, containing all the royal family in sugar, several ingenious *bon-bons*, by Mr. Dick, but two of the prettiest books for the two girls I had yet met in France; one containing all the little French plays in use here for children, and the other "Anecdotes des Enfants célèbres." I know Mr. Dick got them, because I wrote him a letter with them describing what the packet contained,

which my servant gave to his; and as he did not leave Paris for two days after, he would of course have written to me to say no such packet reached him. It is this uncertainty that prevents me sending you anything valuable and pretty, to say nothing of the reluctance which people show to take anything whatever. I now send a kaleidoscope for your watch, a husband a-piece in sugar for the young ladies, and a wife for young Sir Arthur; but, as his worthy uncle is writing to him on the subject, I shall say no more on it.

My popularity here increases daily; and, without either vanity or affectation, my notoriety is now more *à charge* and tiresome to me than the profoundest obscurity could possibly have been. I never know the enjoyment of one day, one hour to myself. Strangers of all countries not only write to me to receive them, but actually force the door, dispute the point with my servant, enter my room, and then think they excuse this intrusion by talking to me of my "reputation European." You have no idea how I pant for silence, solitude, and a long journey, which, thank heaven, we are now about to begin. We have been for the last few weeks in a constant round of gaiety and dissipation. We were at a splendid *bal paré* at the Prince de Beauveau's—above three hundred; the most brilliant women I

have yet seen in France, and the freshness and beauty of the dresses indescribable. A few nights afterwards we were at a *bal masqué* at the Marechale Duchesse de Ragusa's. She not only sent invitations to ourselves, but, hearing some of my family were with me, sent invitations for the Miss Owensons (taking Mrs. Solly, and another pretty woman who goes out a good deal with me, for my relatives). We went in black silk domino hoods and masks,—my two beauties as Tyrolese peasants. I was obliged to unmask from the heat, and soon got a crowd about me. Some of the Ultras endeavoured to *intriguer* me, as it is called here, that is, to tease; but many of the Liberals said very fine things to me, and so the account was balanced. The duchess sent Dénon to look for me, to place me near her at supper; but I was gone, overcome with heat and fatigue. As a masquerade, though half the company were unmasked, it was dull, and greatly inferior to our Irish masquerades in point of wit, fun, and humour; but the splendour of the dressing beggars all idea or powers of description. Many of the women had jewels to the amount of twenty thousand pounds. The Duchess de Fréjus, a Spanish grandee (as a Virgin of the Sun), had diamond bracelets on her legs, which were no trifles; but, as I am going to write to Mrs. Fletcher,

I will reserve my descriptive powers. In a free-masons' lodge, the other night, I was introduced to the Persian ambassador, and had a good deal of conversation with him. I am going to pay him a morning visit in form to-morrow. The Patriarch of Jerusalem was also present. Their dresses, beards, &c., &c., were curious among the shaven Frenchmen and women. Since my reception as a freemason, almost all the lodges have invited us round, and given us most splendid entertainments. Saturday last I went to one without Morgan (who was engaged in his own lodge getting a fifth degree), accompanied by Mrs. Solly, whom I have made a mason also. We were left in an anteroom whilst the lodge were informed of our arrival, and were seated over the fire alone, and gossiping, when, to my utter confusion, a deputation was sent to receive me, in grand costume, and an oration, which lasted twenty minutes, was pronounced by a master mason. Of course they expected a flourishing answer; instead of which I was seized with one of my unhappy laughing fits, not a little increased by Mrs. Solly's face of wonder and awe. I was then told I was to be received with acclamation, and three rounds of applause; and, with this comfortable assurance, I was led into the masonic hall, amidst two hundred persons, who all

rose to receive me, crying out, "Honneur! honneur!" There were several Irish and English present, who seemed astounded; among others, a nephew of Mrs. J. Featherston, a Mr. Gray.* Imagine our astonishment, the other day, when in walked Colonel Belli! Never was there a happy man in this world before! He has got a mission to visit some military works on the Continent with a German friend of ours, General Chiffinger. Fortunately I had a number of engagements on my hands, and I took him everywhere with me—the first night to the Marchioness de Villette's, where he heard a delicious concert, Harderman at the harp, Frederick on the horn, Paer at the piano, and all the first artists at Paris; the next night, to a party at Dénon's, where he saw Humboldt and all the learned and literary; and he concluded with my own *soirée*, which, as it was known to be my last, was so crowded, that they not only stood in the anteroom, but on the stairs. Madame Gael, the famous composer of "Pescator del ondi," and many operas, sang for me—a great treat! as did a little Russian princess from the shores of the Black Sea; and, to add to my *congrès*, I had the Prince (or hospodar) of Moldavia, a Greek chief, in such a dress! He was attended by one of his gentlemen,

* Brother-in-law to Dr. Howley, Archbishop of Canterbury.

a Greek also. When he came in he took off a beautiful ermine mantle, which Morgan, on taking from him, discovered to be of white and gold tissue. I never saw such a beau, though he has his head shaved, and a beard as black as jet down to his middle. He admired the beauty of my English-women greatly. Lady Leitrim and Lady M. Clements, with about a dozen very pretty English and Irish women, were present. I introduced him to Dénon, Constant, Langlois, and all the learned; for he speaks French beautifully. He (the hospodar) is a sensible, agreeable man, remarkably handsome, and a good dash of the coxcomb. Belli pretends he cannot speak a word of English. When he met Lady Leitrim for the first time at my house, he went up and made her a speech in French. She laughed amazingly, and we both agreed his head was turned. When he came to take leave of us he was quite affected. He said he was going to travel, to make himself more worthy of me. Of the many persons, Irish and English, whom I have pushed on in society, he is the first that ever testified the least gratitude, and he by far overrates the little I have done or could do for him. He is an excellent and delightful creature. Madame Gael made a concert expressly for me last night, and we had the pick and choice singers of

the two great operas. I never heard finer music. Ponchard (the héro d'opéra here) and three more sang a Swiss glee, which would set you mad. It is not yet published. We have bought a good, comfortable travelling carriage, a German berline (barouche). It was absolutely necessary for Italy and crossing the Alps. For every town we shall pass through we have not only letters of introduction, but persons of the first rank have written to our Italian friends here, to say they are waiting to receive us, and do the honours by us. *Apropos d'Italiens.* About the latter end of July, two very distinguished Italians will present themselves at your door. They have letters from me, from Lord and Lady Leitrim, and many others, for Ireland; for they are going to make a tour of Great Britain, for the purpose of introducing English improvements on their Italian estates. They are both young, noble, rich, handsome, and accomplished. The elder, the Marquis Capponi, is a Florentine nobleman; and the Palace Capponi is among the sights at Florence. If all the women don't fall in love with him there is no longer any susceptibility in the sex to Brutus' heads and brilliant eyes. He has been amazingly run after here, and is not only a delightful creature, but one of those droll dogs and playful persons that we used to like, when we

did like anything—alas! now some time back. The Count di Velo is a grand seigneur di Vicenza—a Venetian—quite a boy in his gay and pleasant manners. They are both great friends of ours, and have been particularly kind to us in giving letters for Italy, &c., &c. They will only stay a few days in Dublin, on their way to Killarney. Will you give them either a breakfast or a little party? and will Clarke tell them what they ought to see? I have given them letters for Mr. Bushe and Mr. H. Rowan. They have letters for Lord Charlemont, from Lady Leitrim, and for Lord Cloncurry from me. They already know the young ladies, and I dare say we shall one day be paying a visit to Sydney, Marchioness of Capponi, and Josey, Countess di Velo! I am afraid I must also trouble you with a very amiable Pole—who wears one handsome ear-ring—a Count Borewski. If you give him a breakfast you will do all that is expected, and I think they will all amuse you. They all speak French perfectly, and begin to speak "a leetel Englis," but will be adepts before they reach Dublin. I am sorry to disturb your classes, but I cannot help it: they are all so civil, and are so anxious to see a sister of mine; for, truth to tell, I am a favourite with them of no small importance. I send you some of our freemasons' papers, and an

account of our lodge, with the ovation to me in it. You may make use of it if you like. As to politics, the Ultras are beaten in every election. Several of my liberal Wednesday-evening guests have been made peers, and our friend Benjamin Constant is elected Member of the House of Commons. The good cause is gaining ground with immense strides. We are only detained here by our two translations, which appear next week. We shall leave this on the 4th. Our first stop will be at Turin, where we shall only remain a few days. So do not be uneasy if you do not hear from us till we reach Milan. I shall write to Mrs. Fletcher, to whom I have long owed a letter, the day before I leave Paris, and you will have our address in her letter. Did you get a letter, sent under cover to Mr. Crew, for fun, a fortnight back? Henry is well, and making immense strides in his education, if reports be true. The way to get the children to speak French is to make them write down sentences.

You are quite right to cultivate friends. I met a son of Mr. H. Hutchinson's at Madame de Villette's concert. Sir Charles had a good deal of conversation with him, and liked him much. God bless you all, and kisses to all the darlings! Pray take care of all my freemason papers. We were

very civil to Dalton, and think he might have gone to see you.

Remember me particularly to Mrs. H. Bushe. If she does not make Capponi in love with her, she is not the woman I took her for. Love to Macarthys and Doyles, and say something civil to Mr. H. Rowan, if you see him.

S. M.

Rue des Saussaye, No. 13

M. DE CONSTANT presents his best compliments to Lady Morgan, and will be extremely obliged to her ladyship, if she will be so kind as to let him know where the ball of this evening, to which Madame Constant was together with Lady Morgan, invited last Tuesday at the Freemasons' Assembly at Madame de Villette's, is to take place. If this note should not find Lady Morgan at home, a line of answer would be a great kindness.

Diary.—We have bought a delightful travelling carriage, a berline, to perform our venturous journey in. It is German built, and is furnished with a cupboard, which we are advised to store with "the eatables and the drinkables," for the

state of the roads, and the misery of the inns, when once we leave France, are represented as most desperate!

Diary.—April 3, 1819.—I have just received a little note from Humboldt, to say that he and Dénon will be *des nôtres* at ten o'clock this evening, to give us their parting benedictions, and some little *renseignements* besides, not forgetting St. Peter's chair!

I can well understand Queen Mary's feelings in pronouncing "adieu, belle France!" and so adieu, chère Paris!

To have Humboldt and Dénon with us the night before our departure for Italy is *de bon augure.*

I undertake this awful journey with fear, if not with misgivings. We are neither of us well, and may never see again those who made life precious to us!

Geneva.—Hôtel de Balance, 1819.—I am always astonished to find myself in a place where I never was before, and when I write "Geneva" at the top of my page *je n'en reviens pas.* It is a new impression, very new indeed, as I have no antecedents or interest about the city of Calvin and the

"*Caverne de bons gens*" of Lord Byron. The first new impression of this stern, stone town is striking, not imposing. The tall stiff edifices of many stories, grim and gray, and yet which, oh, sacrilege of sentiment! are built from the Rock of la Meilleraye; the narrow, steep, ill-paved streets with their échappés gleaming here and there above "the blue waters of the arrowy Rhone," and the white peaks of the snowy Jura; the black cathedral with its spires lost in the clouds, and eight hundred years upon its venerable head; the pavements once stained by the blood of the first reformers, who preceded Calvin and made head against the stronghold of Catholicism, as written in "Les Actes et Gestes merveilleux de la cité de Genève, nouvellement convertis à l'Evangile," etc., par Antoine Froment et Nicholas Farel, two young French preux, in the cause of Reformation, and, above all, the ancient title of Republic, give it an interest and dignity not always allowed to it, and strongly contrast with the fantastic and historical Paris I have left, that city of pleasant *mémoires!* I really could, although unused "to the melting mood," drop a tear over the memory of these young reformers, who had NOT "taken the tide at the ebb leading on to fortune." Nevertheless they opened a highway in the desert of opinion to the spiritual

despotism of the cooper's son, Lucien Chavin, (dignified by its Latin translation into Calvinus,) long before he had lighted the fagots that reduced to ashes the brave and bold Servetus, whose moral courage in denying what he did not believe, at the risk of torture and a fiery death, was a grand sacrifice to truth, of which man is scarcely worthy. So glory be to Froment and Farel, for whom the women fought nobly in the streets of Geneva, whilst the men cried, "à haute voix, confusément, 'Au Rhône! au Rhône! Tue, tue les Luthériens!'" But at this rate we shall never get on.

Well, here pitch we our tent to-day—but where to-morrow? *cela dépend.*

Here we are, established at the Hôtel de Balance, which, from its coarse, uncomfortable appearance, may have been, in the sixteenth century, the "Hostel Tour de Perce," where the good Froment took up his first lodging in Geneva. Still with all its deficiencies, this old inn, where every room has its bed, and no *salon* to be had for love or money, has an interest for us. The more showy hotel, the "Secheron," where Byron and Shelley first met together, would not have suited us so well. We are in the very rooms occupied by Madame de Stael on her occasional visits to Geneva from Copet, and in which she held her *bureaux d'esprit*, and, above

all, where she celebrated her *gestes de coquetterie* with the handsome young De Rocca, her future husband.

Diary, April.—We have had lots of visitors, who "came like shadows," but who "did not so depart;" for their names, as they were announced, realised many a pleasant dream and hope, that, "posters of the sea and land" as we are, we might possibly meet them in the course of our travels. To begin, there have been Bonstetten, Dumont, Pictet, the Neckers, and Sismondi, to call on us. Sismondi was introduced to us in Paris by Dénon. I remember Dénon came limping up to me at the English embassy, and on my asking him what was the matter, he replied, "Sismondi, qui m'a écrasé le pied avec ses dix-huit volumes." There was a little malignity in this. Dénon, who wrote in epigrams, was possibly a little jealous of the historian, whose "dix-huit volumes" were then running their course and dispensing knowledge over all Europe. We improved our acquaintance begun in Paris; he was simple, gay, and, in short, *bon compagnon*. The Baron Bonstetten overwhelms us with hospitality and kindness, for he has invited us to dine with him every day while we stay here. He is an old darling, fresh, frisky, and full of agreeable con-

versation. *Figurez-vous*, he was a correspondent of the poet Gray, so I preserve one of his notes to me, though it is only the offer of his company and *char-à-banc* for a drive.*

From Baron de Bonstetten to Lady Morgan.

Wednesday, April, 1819.

As the heavens have moderated, I propose, my lady, to pay you a visit about one o'clock in my open carriage, and we will go and look at the fields to give you an inclination to come and see us. I love Geneva still more since I see you are esteemed there. They are not too hospitable there to *les heureux*, and you see how they treat you there, after my own heart.

De Bonstetten.

He is one of the great notables here, and author of many learned as well as pleasant works. His "Recherches sur la Nature et les Lois de l' Imagination," is in great repute among the metaphysicians of Paris. At home he is a grand *homme de province*, for here are his worldly titles of distinction: Ancien Baillif de Nyort, de l'Académie

* Byron says of him—"I have met at Copet and elsewhere, Gray's correspondent, the Baron Bonstetten. He is a fine, lively old man, and much esteemed for his correspondence. He is of good report, and everybody insists on addressing volumes of letters to him. He is a good deal at Copet. I send you a *fac-simile* of his writing.

Royale des Sciences de Copenhague et de la Société de Physique et d'Histoire Naturelle à Genève. One of his titles, however, to *our* consideration at present, is that he understands giving a good dinner "car le véritable grand génie est celui l'on dîne" (bien)!

Diary.—Dined yesterday at our dear Baron's; company—Professor de Candolle, the great botanist, simple and clever; Monsieur Rossi, who left us early, and whom I did not like, but "the reason why I cannot tell;" a sort of Italian exile, but for what cause no one seems to know; he is, however, our host tells us, the *coqueluchon* of all the *précieuses* of Geneva (no sinecure); Pictet, who holds a high position here, intellectual and industrial; and, best of all, Dumont, who speaks English with the accent of Lansdowne House, where he was long resident preceptor of Lord Henry Petty, and French as one who frequented the circle of Mirabeau, many of whose speeches he is said to have written. He is only lately arrived from England. We had some dowager *savantes* to tea, who dealt largely in the preterpluperfect and subjunctive moods. When they, and all but ourselves and a few choice spirits, had retreated, we fell into discourse on Madame de Stael and her clique at Copet, including Lord Byron.

Bonstetten mentioned instances of her want of tact and her great *naïveté*, which were extraordinary. Eloquent as she was when she had a clear stage (and she generally made one for herself), in desultory conversation she said the strangest things. "I was present that day," said he, "when, across a crowded dinner table at Copet, she asked Lord Byron whether he was not the original of Lady C. Lamb's portrait of Glenarvon. He answered coolly, 'C'est possible, Madame, mais je n'ai jamais posé.' She put a still more delicate question to him, by touching on his liaison with the person who was afterwards the mother of Allegra, and asking about her native country, a subject of endless *cancans* here.

"And who was the mother?" asked Dumont. "There was a hint," said the baron, "that a lady who stopped at the 'Secheron' had a philosophical desire to make the noble poet's acquaintance; she succeeded, but was suspected in consequence of a *virtu de moins*. But the mother of Allegra really was, I believe, a young person in the suite of the Shelleys, though no relation of theirs. She belonged to nobody, and the amiable Mrs. Shelley had offered her a home, when she had scarcely one for herself; but she gave her at least what she could—her protection."

"As to Byron," said Morgan, who was always up in arms for Byron, "rebellion lay in his way, and he found it."

"So much for the philosophy of morals, or the 'Morals of Philosophy,'" said I, taking up the book, which was lying on the table. The conversation then turned on Mirabeau.

Diary, April, 1819.—Another dinner to-day at the Hôtel Bonstetten. It is the perfection of conversational enjoyment—light, though literary; desultory, but always interspersed with just enough of personal anecdote and animadversion to render it piquant—for I fear there is a trifle of amiable malignity in our imperfect composition, which is not displeased with the relation of the faults or follies even of our friends. La Rochefoucault even goes further, and says there is something in "les malheurs de nos meilleurs amis qui ne nous déplaît pas;" and the subjects of our discussion, charming as they were, lent themselves not a little to this innate tendency of our nature.

The baron's *silhouette* of the Lady of Copet, though it stopped short of the *caricata*, and still more of the *caricatura*, was certainly very amusing. "Vanity and good-nature," he said "prompted her to 'se mêler de tout,' even to the undertaking the

reconciliation of Lord and Lady Byron, when both parties would have been most averse to the success of her attempt. I read her letter addressed to Lady Byron. It was most eloquent, as she intended it to be; but it answered no purpose, I believe, beyond displaying this power, which I once saw her exercise upon her coachman, who had overturned her into a ditch! When he appeared before her next morning, she asked him solemnly, 'Are you aware of the importance of the life you endangered?' The man, with much simplicity, answered that he was not: but she continued her peroration all the same. Corinna never did better; the man retired, satisfied at not losing his place, but unconvinced of his error, protesting it was an accident, and arising from no want of skill.

Bonstetten was with her when she first saw Rocca, and when he made his first impression, which ended in their marriage. "Talma," said he, "had arrived at Lyons to play a few nights at the theatre. Madame de Stael proposed that a party of us should fill a *char-à-banc*, and go and see his first representation. We had scarcely seated ourselves in our box when a strikingly handsome young man appeared in the one adjoining. His fine head immediately caught the attention of Madame de Stael. Germanicus pleaded in vain—Talma was

forgotten. At the end of the first act, having found out that he was a M. Rocca, well known and much considered at Geneva, she sent me to offer him a place in our *Loge*. 'Le coup fût parti!' She turned her back on the stage, and talked to him all the rest of the evening.

C'était Vénus toute entière à sa proie attachée.

And Byron, who often afterwards met him at Copet, fostered her prepossession by his own liking and admiration of the young artist. After their marriage they romoved to Paris, where they both fell into that state of ill health from which neither ever perfectly recovered."

I mentioned an anecdote of an English friend of mine going to pay them a visit, and finding them at a dinner of invalid dishes, in vain pressing each other to eat. "It was Death and the Lady," said he. They were both looking worn and depressed in spirits; but on the Duc de Richelieu being announced, Madame de Stael flushed up, and recovered somewhat of her wonted energy. A duke, and such a duke, was to her a potent elixir.

Dumont, whose manner is the most charming imaginable, did not lead the conversation to Mirabeau, though he responded freely to our inquiries on a subject on which he was, of all persons, most

competent to afford information. He gave some admirable touches relative to that great genius, who had profited so largely by his friend's superior judgment, as also did Bentham. Perhaps never were two men so opposite in their qualities brought into such close juxtaposition by the presiding judgment of one differing from both, and who yet translated their crude effusions even to themselves, and may be said to have edited them both. Mirabeau, the Demosthenes of the Revolution, was a man of great power and few sympathies. His greatest faculty was his ready adaptation of the ideas of others, and making them his own through the aid of his brilliant eloquence, surpassing that of all his contemporaries. Never in earnest but when his own ambition was concerned, without principle, but with a kindling enthusiasm which served the purposes of his oratory, he sometimes touched on the very verge of meanness, and, though careless of money, was unscrupulous as to the means by which he obtained it. The Catiline of modern times—"alieni appetens, sui profusus!" He was the last *rejeton* of the bold bad race which he represented, in his prodigious physical force and moral delinquency—a type of the noble freebooters of the feudal ages, who founded the nobility of Europe, even though

. . . . "Their blood
Had crept through scoundrels ever since the flood."

It was a remarkable thing that Mirabeau stood more in awe of La Fayette than of any other human power during his own struggle for supremacy. He used to say he always saw before his eyes "La Fayette dictateur." He feared his great moral qualities, as La Fayette feared the influence of Mirabeau's brilliant demoralisation. At one of his earliest conferences with La Fayette, the latter declared that they must renounce all projects of persecution against the Queen, if they wished to preserve any relations with him (La Fayette). "Eh bien! général," answered Mirabeau, with his jaunty air, "puisque vous le voulez, qu'elle vive! Une reine humiliée peut être utile, mais une reine égorgée n'est bonne qu'à faire composer une mauvaise tragédie à ce pauvre Guibert." * This *mot* was one of the many in which Mirabeau took pains to appear worse than he was. It was quoted by the Queen herself to La Fayette some months after, to his astonishment. It did not prevent the union of Mirabeau with the royalist party at a later period, when he himself stipulated for the interests of the Queen in the presence of La Fayette.

Sismondi spoke but little, but what he said was

* Le Comte de Guibert, the celebrated but faithless lover of Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse, was author of several bad tragedies and of some good works on military strategy.

always to the purpose; and an attempt made by Dumont to mystify him on the subject of his waltzing with the Princess of Wales at Naples, he played off well and good-humouredly. *Par politesse*, the conversation turned upon his admirable "History of France." "It has but one fault, mon cher," said Dumont, "it is too truthful, and the French never tolerate a historian who is not their eulogist. They like the man 'qui fait son histoire,' and not him who records." I could not help telling him that I wished he had been less faithful on one point—his discovery and publication of the original letter of Francis I., after the Battle of Pavia, which had destroyed the effect of his supposed terse note to his mother, "Madame, tout est perdu fors l'honneur!" The letter, as he gives it at length, is feeble and commonplace, and winds up thus: "Enfin, Madame, tout est perdu fors l'honneur et la vie."

When we adjourned to the *salon* we found there a most agreeable lady, whom I took for the pleasantest of all pleasant things, a pleasant Frenchwoman; but she was a Genevese, Madame Revilliod,*

* 1858.—I received a few months back two very curious and interesting works revised and published in all the old forms of Genevese typography, of the year of grace, 1532. One called "Les Actes et Gestes, merueilleux de la Cité de Geneue nouellement Conuertie à l'Evangile, by Antoine Froment," and the other "Avis et devis de la

a lady of high descent, a qualification of which the Republicans have the highest appreciation. Madame Necker,* the claqueur of her cousin, Madame de Stael, of whom she talks incessantly, and her husband, who would talk too if he were allowed, but she always cuts him short with "Attendez donc, mon ami," came in shortly after. Rossi† also dropped in, but, I know not how it is, his presence always casts a chill over the social circle. There is something *louche* about him, which does not accord with the *abandon* of careless, intimate intercourse.

Morgan, as usual, got into a corner with Monsieur Pictet, the head of the haute classe industrielle here. He (Morgan) has already made a *précis*

Source de l'Idolatrie et Tyrannie Papale," par François Bonivard, both "mis en lumière" by Gustave Revilliod, the grandson of the accomplished lady mentioned above, and all sent to me by the author. Whilst writing this note I received, by a melancholy coincidence, an "à faire part" of the death of this accomplished gentleman, from the members of his family.

* Since this was written, Madame Necker has come out as an author of note (in Geneva). Her *specialité* is education, but as her dogma is "toute est education dans la vie humaine;" there is no more to be said. Shakspeare educated in a tailor's shop, or Voltaire bound apprentice to a shoemaker, however well educated in their trades, would probably have done no credit to their preceptors of the shears and the lapstone. Nature very early in human life announces her intentions, "et chassez la Nature, elle revient au galop."—1858.

† This unfortunate gentleman was assassinated at Rome—almost the only crime that stained the Italian Revolution of 1848, and generally attributed to private vengeance.

of the statistics of Geneva that is quite wonderful. How strongly and finely opposed is his clear Anglo-Saxon intellect and profound reflection, to my flimsy, fussy, flirty, Celtic temperament, by courtesy called Mind; which gives me the title among my dear compatriots of being such a "talented creature."*

Diary, April, 1819.—This morning we paid our business visit to M. Bautte, with the intention of purchasing a watch. The baron was to pick us up in his *char-à-banc* to take us on an excursion. It happens that this great diamond merchant lives next door to our hotel. We straggled into a most uncouth building, crossing a flagged hall to ascend a rude stone staircase, and so to an open door giving us ingress to a sort of anteroom. Within this was the room containing the mines of Golconda. It was surrounded with counters, enclosing, in their glass cases, jewels and trinkets of all descriptions. Caskets of gold and coffers of mother-of-pearl,

* Dr. Southey, in the "Doctor," written so many years later, alludes in a lively manner to this contrast between the intellectual qualifications of myself and my husband; but I have had more than justice done to me by the public, and he far less, because "il dévançait son siècle." To write up to your own age, and not beyond it, is a great piece of *luck*. But every one writes as he can, for who can "preach a pulse to reason," the rebellious mechanical thing!

studded with rubies and filled with bijouterie to stock a hareem or corrupt a ministry.

Behind the principal counter stood a grave and very gentlemanlike personage, listening, with polite indifference, to the observations of a group of pretty, elegantly-dressed Englishwomen, one of whom he addressed as your Grace. The clerk, who came forward on our entrance, took him our cards as presented by Baron Bonstetten, when, to our surprise, leaving the Lady Rodolpha Lumbercourt and her august mother to the mercies of a clerk, he hurried to us, and with infinite courtesy handed us chairs, and sat down himself, saying, that before he began to talk business he must thank me for the pleasure he had had in reading my "France." A very agreeable conversation ensued, which was interrupted by the entrance of a most picturesque and splendid-looking stranger in Greek costume M. Bautte introduced him at once as the Prince Mavrocordato, who, like the jeweller, did us the honour to recognise us in our professional capacity. He spoke French very well, and Italian with fluency. He said he had to thank me, as a Greek, for "Ida of Athens," and many other civil things which I shall omit on this occasion only: for I have no intention of sparing myself in general any opportunities of doing the honours by myself! Be-

fore our council broke up, Bautte had engaged my husband and myself to meet, at dinner next day, the Hospodar of Moldavia and the Prince Mavrocordato, his friend and secretary.* We gladly accepted the attractive invitation.

Diary.—This morning M. Bautte's handsome carriage called to convey us to his villa situated in one of the most beautiful spots in this beautiful neighbourhood. But what was scenery to us compared to the persons who peopled it with forms belonging more fitly to the *Mille et Une Nuits!*

The Hospodar's party occupied two open carriages; the Albanian servants swinging behind in costumes that would have made the fortune of the Bal de l'Opéra. The occupants within made two splendid groups. In the first, the Hospodar and the princesses—his wife and daughter—and two beautiful children; in the second, two veiled ladies, with the Prince Constantine, his son, and the Prince Mavrocordato; all in their national dresses, glittering in the sun with gold and jewels; and the personal beauty of all, especially of the men, was most striking. We were presented in

* Byron in his Journal says of him, "Mavrocordato is worthy of the best times of Greece. Patriotism and virtue are not yet quite extinct."

due form, and received with graceful courtesy—the prince and his son speaking French and Italian, the ladies nothing but Greek. Dr. Johnson was not more astounded at the French of the little children in France than we were to hear the young Hellenists lisping their vulgar tongue. The ladies placed themselves as if they squatted on the sofas, and during all the day, at table and elsewhere, they retained their Albanian attendants, with whom the children seemed to keep up a great deal of fun. The entertainment was adapted to the guests, and was both sumptuous and elegant, and the scene and circumstances recalled to our minds the meeting of Prince Ali Ebn Becar with his adored Schemselnasar, the favourite of the Sultan. Before the evening ended, we had got into so easy an intimacy with our illustrious *convives*, as to undertake to bespeak horses for their carriages, from Geneva to Susa, on the sunny side of the Alps, where we gave each other rendezvous for a few days later.

But what brought these illustrious oriental potentates to Geneva, the cold and the formal? Here is their story. The Prince Caradja was a victim of the recent intrigues of the Ottoman Court, and was dashed from the summit of imperial favour by one of those *coups de foudre* which despotism in

all climes and ages has been prone to wield. He was ordered to quit his pachalic by the very shortest process—the bowstring. The officers had already arrived within sight of his castle, when arrangements were made for their reception which saved his head at the expense of theirs. His people surrounded and put to death the messengers of his doom, while the Hospodar fled with his family to the frontiers, and proceeded to Geneva, where much of the wealth he had accumulated was already in the hands of M. Bautte, in the shape of jewels. Some had been sent to this celebrated jeweller to be embodied in a magnificent piece of bijouterie, intended for a present to his capricious Sultan. His great alarm on first arriving was lest this imperial gift should have been already despatched to Constantinople.

From her Excellency Madame Tricoupi to Lady Morgan.

Portland Place, January 1, 1857.

My Lady,

Prince James Caradja,* with whom you were acquainted in Italy, was Hospodar of Wallachia.

* Having the honour of knowing her Excellency the lady of the present Greek minister at the Court of London, I wrote to beg of her to write to me the names accurately of my distinguished acquaintance the family of the Prince Caradja. Madame Tricoupi is the sister of the celebrated Mavrocordato mentioned here, whose society we frequently enjoyed during our residence in Italy.

In his flight from that principality, he was accompanied by the Princess Helena, his wife; the Princess Rallon, his daughter; the Prince Constantine, his son; the Baron Argyropoulo, his son-in-law; the Postelaine Mavrocordato, the Aga Vlangali, and a small number of servants.

SOPHIA TRICOUPI.

From Lady Morgan to Lady Clarke.

Geneva, April 30th, 1819.

I THINK I see you open your big eyes when you open this letter, and I suppose that I am about to realise the old story of Constantinople. I scarcely believe myself that I am writing to you from the Lake of Geneva; and now, to tell you how I got here. We left Paris with infinite regret, for the kindness and attention of all our friends seemed to redouble at the moment of our departure. We set off, however, under good auspices, for Humboldt and Dénon sat with us till two in the morning, and we were off at six. We were five mortal days going to Lyons, though we went as fast as French post-horses and a light carriage could take us. The three first days were through a most dreary country, for vineyards and corn-fields at this season are by no means amusing, the vine-grounds being nothing

but black earth and dry sticks until the middle of summer. The eternal plains of Burgundy (Lower) are literally the plains of Tipperary, which they resemble; and dreary villages and bad inns render the scene truly Irish; add to this, the cold was excessive, and the rain, thunder, and lightning incessant; such lightning, too, as would have done your heart good—white as snow, quite in a new *genre*. From the third day, however, to our arrival at the ancient and curious city of Autun, all cleared up. It was a succession of novel and beautiful scenery, particularly in the Beaujolois and the neighbourhood of Mâcon. On a Sunday morning on the summit of the hill that commands the most beautiful scenery that can be imagined we met two peasant girls, that might have been angels dropped from heaven, for all we knew to the contrary, for they were the prettiest and the oddest-looking creatures I ever saw. Imagine a costume composed of a black dress, trimmed curiously with scarlet velvet, a stomacher of velvet, embroidered in gold and silver, a scarlet apron, a high lace frill around the neck, the hair plaited back with three rows of black ribbon tied in large bunches under the ears, a sort of little fly cap at the very back of the head, and a silk hat about the size of a breakfast-plate on the very point of the cap. Our sur-

prise ceased sooner than our admiration, for we found, as we advanced in the country, the whole female population of the Beaulojois in the same costume.

It was late at night when we arrived at Lyons, and as this most singular town slopes down from the mountains to the banks of the Rhone and Saône, as it is scarcely lighted, we felt as if we were driving into some old city composed of prisons and fortresses; the street only admitted in some places the carriage to pass through; and what with the sense of our loneliness, so far from home, exhaustion and fatigue, I felt rather depressed when we drove up to a great gloomy building which the postilion told us was the hotel. Morgan stayed to take care of the baggage, and I followed the porter, who led the way, with a miserable candle, up immense stone stairs and across an open corridor, at the end of which he showed me just such an apartment as is described in the castle of Udolpho. It was too immense to be more than guessed at, and cold and dark beyond all endurance. I begged for some corner, anything that was small, within hearing of the inhabitants of the house, if there were any, and not separated from the main building by this gallery; and so I was conducted to a smaller room in the interior of the building, which small apartment

was about the size of your house and mine together. I went to bed most depressed, and in admiration of your stay-at-home wisdom. When I awoke in the morning the whole scene was changed. Our room, which a pair of wax lights left in the dark at night, was gay and handsome, hanging over the Saône; on the opposite shores the loveliest heights, green and high, covered with monasteries, plantations, corn-fields, &c. My hostess told me, too, that I occupied the room which Madame Récamier and Madame de Stael inhabited during their exile—so I was on classic ground. From that moment all has gone on well. As we only meant to stay at Lyons a day and rest ourselves, we brought no letters, save one to a magistrate, lest we should want advice or assistance. My magistrate was a nice, gay, pleasant beau cousin of Madame Récamier; but imagine our modest surprise when he told us that we had been expected by all the principal inhabitants of Lyons for some days back, where I was better known than in Paris, as he believed there was not a being, that read at all, that had not read everything I ever wrote; that the Mayor of the town would wait upon us, the Director of the museum, public library, &c., &c. The fun of it is that all this was literally true. Morgan found "Miss Florence" lying on the table of the chef de police when

he went for the passport. The mayor, a Royalist and man of rank, gave up his box at both the theatres while we remained (and these boxes were on the stage draped with silk, &c.). M. Artaud, who is at Lyons what Dénon was at Paris, showed us all the antiquities and curiosities; and Mons. and Madame Casinove, the first people of the town, made an assembly and concert for us: in short, I thought we should never get away; and if I had not come to Geneva, I should say I never anywhere met the same cordial heart-whole kindness I found at Lyons. For Geneva, however, we at last set off instead of going by Chamberry; influenced in our change of plan partly by gratitude, partly by curiosity, and partly by the hope which was now held out to us by every one of crossing the Alps by the Simplon, instead of Mont Cénis. To explain the word gratitude to you, we learnt from some Genevese ladies at Lyons that we were expected at Geneva; that the worthy Republicans were determined to do the honours by us, and that the Baron Bonstettin, one of the first men in the town, and one of the most delightful and cultivated writers of Europe (whom, by-the-by, you will see quoted in the last number of the "Edinburgh Review" with honour), was resolved to take us completely to himself!

Geneva is two days' journey from Lyons; it is

a sort of cross road through Mount Jura and the Lesser Alps—and such a road! It would be utterly impossible to give you any idea of this journey in a letter, or of the deep interest we took in all we saw and heard, for, as we passed, we stopped at every post house and village. We were frequently obliged to alight, and walk over the magnificent heights of Mount Jura. We nearly crossed the whole of Mount Cedron on foot, and I literally talked myself from Lyons to Geneva, asking and gossiping wherever I could understand the *patois* of the country or make my own *patois* understood. We arrived at Geneva at sunset; the snows of Mont Blanc rising above a scene of the richest verdure, cultivation, and loveliness, and the lovely lake reflecting a thousand beautiful objects. This was the first time we ever breathed the free air of a Republic. We were up at six the next morning; and, as we stood on the shores of the lake, Morgan exclaimed, "I don't know whether to cry or dance!" As you know how fond he is of tears and dancing you may judge his extasy: but the scene is nothing to the people. The best society is exclusively composed of men of science and literature, professors and many celebrated authors. The women are extremely handsome, well read, and perfectly English; and to give you some idea of how we have been

received, we have regularly two invitations for each day. All the clever men fill our room (and it is a bedroom, for the inn is wretched) after breakfast, and accompany us *en troupe*, to see all that is worth seeing. They took us to the booksellers to show us that our works were everywhere. In one shop I saw a new edition of "France" I never saw before, and which Colburn told me nothing of; in another they were binding up "Florence Macarthy," which is now the fashionable subject of discussion, for every creature here speaks and reads English. Before dinner they bring us a *char-à-banc* to drive round the lake, and from that till twelve o'clock (when all Geneva goes to bed), we were running from house to house. We have fixed day after day for going, and then comes some dinner or evening party made expressly for us, and here we are. We had quite made up our mind to be off on the 2nd of May, when a *fabriquant d'horlogerie* (much such a man in every respect to Rundell and Bridgess' in London) came to beg we would honour his family by dining with them; that he had engaged a Greek prince and his family to meet us (the Hospodar ot Wallachia, whom I passed an hour with yesterday); in short, I never saw such *empressement;* and though we would not stay for the Syndic of the town (we had so completely made up all our plans for going)

this act of hospitality and attention from a true Genevese *bourgeois* was irresistible. Oh! if I had time or space to describe to you his magazine, his musical workboxes, where a parcel of beautiful little birds pop up and sing like canaries, and the magnificent jewels which he sends all over Europe! What, however, would still more amuse you is Ferney, Voltaire's residence, where Morgan and I passed a morning alone, seated in his bedroom, wandering through his *salon* and garden, and visiting his pretty village and church. Passing through the village to the château is the church, raised by Voltaire, with a simple inscription—

"To the Supreme Being."

A plain altar was served by an old domestic priest, named Le Père Adam, who, after all, was a poor Jesuit; a proof that Voltaire's hostility was neither personal nor prejudiced, but levelled against a system and a power which he considered fatal to the interests of society. We have also been at Rousseau's humble, but paternal dwelling, where he was born and passed his youth. We have collected a volume of curious anecdotes, and are living in the heart of Madame de Stael's exile; her cousin, Madame Necker, was among the first to visit us. I fear you cannot read this. We set off for Italy, by Mount Cénis, on Sunday; so write us to Milan.

God bless you all! I wish we were all settled for life on the lake of Geneva. We have been at a *fête de noces* in the country which was extremely characteristic, all the rooms hung with flowers and the most brilliant lights I ever saw—the women lovely, and much dressed. The drawback on all this is the *bise*, which is now blowing dreadfully, and to which our north-east wind is a zephyr. The Alps, which look as if they were coming in at our windows, are covered with snow, and the cold intolerable.

I hope Clarke has received my letter with a draught for ten pounds. I kiss you all round and square, and shake the two gentlemen's hands again.

S. M.

Diary.—Geneva, Hôtel de Balance.—Oh what a delightful drive! Drive, forsooth, no! pilgrimage, and worth the whole seven pilgrimages to the seven Churches at Rome! or to the seven churches in the vale of Avoca—

"In whose bosom the bright waters meet!"

Last night the dear Baron Bonstettin, after having, as we thought, given his last *bon soir*, came back to say: "Oh, I had almost forgotten to tell you that I shall be to-morrow at the 'Balance,' at

ten o'clock in my *char-à-banc.* I want you to see a church unique in its invocation." And so there he was to a minute in his *char-à-banc* with Dumont beside him.

As we went rumbling and jumbling over the solemn pavement of the solemn city, the baron named every site that was notable; among others he drew up in front of an old watchmaker's shop, where the father of Rousseau had carried on his petit commerce, and where the founder of sentimental philosophy was born. Some years ago I should have sighed and lingered, but now I simply said, *Où le génie va-t-il se nicher?*" We passed on to a much less genial locale.

"The tradition is," said the baron, "that it was here poor Servetus was burned alive by Calvin, of whose sufferings he himself said, '*Ter reboabat Hispanico more, misericordia.*' It is a spot where the stones are said to be still blackened by the fires which consumed the victim of a religious cruelty never surpassed by the Inquisition, not even in the persecution of Galileo and the torture and burning of Savonarola."

Morgan actually writhed. "All religious reformers," he said, "become in their turn persecutors—as soon as they become powerful."

"Except one," I interrupted, "whose divine

charity, more prone to spare than to condemn, turned in disgust from the ferocious rabbis who brought the sinner to him, and pronounced her pardon with that mild grave injunction 'Go and sin no more.'"

Morgan said, in an absolute passion, "Calvin was a villain, and a bilious villain! I know nothing or very little of his victim: who was Michael Servetus?"

"He was a learned physician," said Bonstettin, with a look of humour, "who meddled with what did not concern him."

"And was condemned," said Morgan, laughing, "by some 'Advocate of Christianity' at Cambridge, which gave him a good income for his pious espionage."

"Oh!" said Dumont, "poor Servetus was punished for his confidence in Calvin, for having written in a private letter on theological subjects in which his opinion was more physiological than theological; Calvin betrayed his confidence, and condemned him to be *brulé vif* for a heretic."

"But how did the Genevese stand this?" he asked.

"Oh, it was rather approved of; the Dictator of Geneva was no longer himself the fugitive heretic

of France who wrote against intolerance. Master in Geneva—*d'autres temps d'autres sentiments.*"

"Why, he was a pope in power among you," said Morgan.

"More than that," said Dumont; "he was a legislator, and assisted the magistrates in founding that *codc civile* and *ecclésiastique* which is still the fundamental law of the Republic."

"Republic!" said Morgan disdainfully. So seeing he was about to explode I cut in, and observed, "And he was a bad husband, and never in love; he married a widow and treated poor Idolette, his wife and convert, with great severity."

"It is curious," said Dumont, "his chief disciple and chef en second, Théodore de Béze, was the reverse, and was best known, during a great period of his life, as a charming if not chaste *chansonnier* in France in the sixteenth century as Béranger is now in the nineteenth."

"I have all his works," said Morgan, "both in Latin and French: but the best trait in his character was his easy toleration."

"There was no toleration as we understand it now," said Dumont, "or if there were it was condemned as infidelity. The first who openly preached it was Bayle, and, above all, Voltaire."

"Whose church, by-the-by," said the baron, "I am now taking you to see."

"And his house at Ferney?" said I.

"If we can get admittance," said Bonstettin, "of which there is no doubt if the present liberal owner be at home."

But, alas! when we arrived before a very plain unphilosophical looking house, an unpoetical, unphilosophical looking female servant came to the door, which she scarcely opened, with the answer that the family were all away and she could not show the house to strangers!

If we had not been very tired, very hungry, and very deeply engaged for the evening to a dinner and party at M. Pictet's, we should have been heartily disappointed. With a mutual assignation, which Morgan and I made with looks that we would return alone and enjoy Ferney *toute notre saoul*, we took it with due resignation, and proceeded to the church, a plain, comfortable tabernacle, with the inscription over the portal—

"DEO OPTIMO MAXIMO."

It really impressed us with a solemn feeling: there was no St. Mary or St. Catherine, St. Timothy or St. Thomas, to divide our attention with the Most High; and we were tempted to fall on our

knees and thank the Providence to whom this Temple was raised for all the blessings we at that moment enjoyed.

1858.—Whilst I was putting up these last pages, the "Saturday Review" came to hand for December 25th, containing an article on Voltaire. To mention Voltaire at all, in a periodical aspiring "to circulate in the bosom of families" during the present *renaissance* of bigotry, shows a moral courage as respectable as rare; for Voltaire was the open and acknowledged enemy of all jesuitry. "The head and front of his offence—was that—no more." The concluding passage of the article, being purely literary, may be quoted here in critical sympathy with their admiration of the great genius of his age. "We must, in conclusion, say a word on the literary merits of Voltaire's novels. They are, in our judgment, altogether unequalled. The clearness, animation, and rapidity of the story—the condensation and point of the style, are merits of which we are rapidly losing even the tradition."

From Lady Morgan to Lady Clarke.

Geneva, Hôtel de Balance,
May 3rd, 1819, two in the morning.

FAREWELL! dearest Olivia and dears all! alas! farewell from a land of liberty! a little spot, indeed, but still a free one—and for the present beyond the despotism of its mighty neighbours. I am in very low spirits, and I shall make this a mere letter of business, which is philosophy in action, and, what is better still, wisdom!

Well, then, Mr. Warden, our American friend in Paris, has taken charge of a precious box, which

he will forward to Colburn forthwith, who, having paid the expenses upon it, will forward the same to Clarke at Dublin. The first on the list, though last in the box, is Dénon's folio edition of his "Egypt." It was done at the expense and desire of the Emperor Napoleon, and never in the market. Dénon was, I think, the chief of the literary staff who accompanied him to Egpyt, and the fine drawings and engravings were by the first artists, under his control. The heads are portraits, and the names of the original writers are under them by Dénon's own pencil.

The works of the Comte de Ségur, with an autograph letter addressed to me—the works of a man of genius written by a man of fashion, for they are full of energy and grace. The works of Ginguéné, on Italian literature, in nine vols. A great work, by-the-by, and I hope you and your children will one day receive delight and instruction from its perusal. The history of intellect in Italy is the history of civilisation; and though the church set up her barrier to check its progress, "E pur si muove!" Sismondi's "Républiques Italiennes," in eight volumes, and his "History of European Literature," in four volumes. The "Maxims of La Rochefoucault," given me by his lineal descendant, the Comte Gaiton de la Roche-

foucault. The works of Madame de Sevigné (the darling!), and of Voltaire, d'Alembert, Didérot, Grimm, Volney, on which we have ourselves laid out a little fortune; the others were all presentation copies. But oh, if we live to return to Ireland, what *pâture* for the winter evenings in Kildare Street and Rutland Square! that is, if the whole cargo *diabolique* does not smell of brimstone, and so be seized by the Inquisition of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, and be carried off to the holy office of the Protestant ascendancy.

"Oh Father Abraham, what these Christians be!"

At the top of the box you will find Morgan's collection of music, "Le Devin du Village," by Rousseau, Grétry's beautiful opera of "Cœur de Lion," and some old trash picked up by him (Morgan) in a stall in the Marais, composed by the young Mr. Noahs during their leisure hours in the Ark, and brought by them to Ireland, where the old historians declare they were the first Colonisers, "on the testimony of credible witnesses!" and from them we derive our talent and love of music. They compose a concert in themselves. Shem a tenor, Ham a barytone, and Japhet a basso cantante. The Irish harp is also ascribed to them, and some paternal propensities which survive in

their Irish descendants to this day! Pray forgive this nonsense, "the fun lay in my way, and I found it."

The book in silver paper tied with a red ribbon is the divine comedy of Beaumarchais, in which there is more charming wit than was ever dreamed of in the "Divina Comedia," of Dante. There is a little autograph note in it from the author to Dénon, who was then a *joli garçon* and *gentilhomme de la chambre* to Louis XV. The author was *harpiste* to the *enfans de France*, then represented by two elderly ladies in hoops and hoods: see Walpole's Letters. Apropos to harps, I mean to take my own little Irish harp, though Morgan was rather averse to it, and wanted me to leave it at Geneva till our return.

And now, dear, the day is already brightening the summits of Mont Blanc, and Morgan is calling out from his room, "What are you about, Sydney? don't you mean to go to bed to-night?" which indeed I am so awake I would rather not. I assure you there is no need for you to be uneasy at our travelling so far without servants, as we have resolved on taking two Italians, man and maid, who, on our arrival in Milan, (where every accommodation is provided for us by the dear Count Confalonieri), I mean to exploiter them both, and turn them

into Arlequino and Columbina—the hero and heroine of the Italian stage.

Now, dear, don't send any of the "Crawleys" trapseing after me! and don't give any one my Italian address, except to the O'Conor Don, who is an honour to our country and one of its most graceful representatives.

I am in very low spirits, and rather nervous and wakeful; but from this moment I am all Italy's. I feel as though we had a grand vocation: of our earnest truthfulness I have no doubt, but in our power for aiding the great cause, the regeneration of Italy, we feel little confidence. "Who is sufficient for these things?" as St. Paul asked long ago—himself a Roman citizen, and, as he boasts, "free born." And so once more, dears, farewell.

SYDNEY MORGAN.

THE END.

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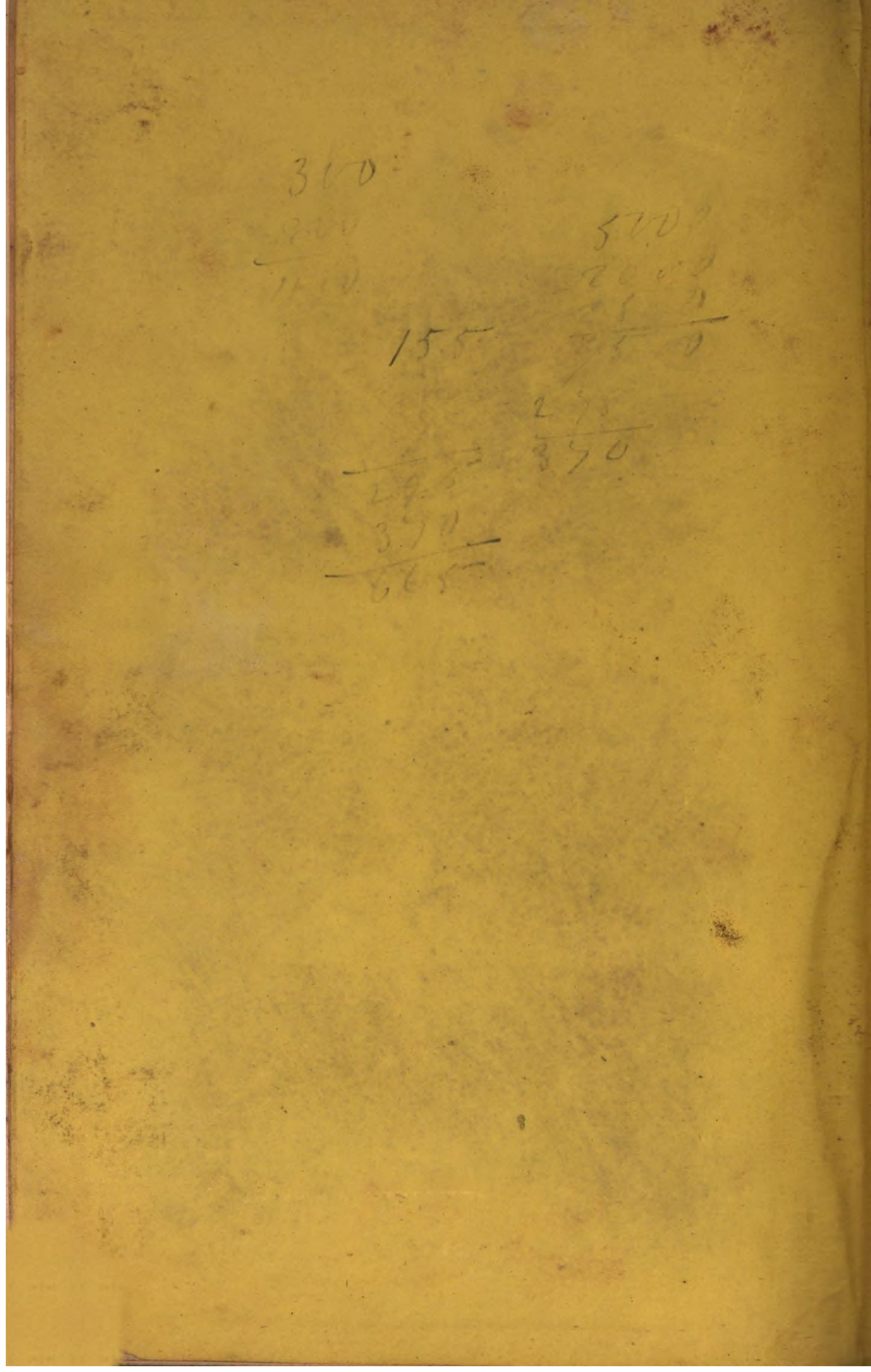

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